"Dear Mother and Father"

Letters from
William A. Weeks
1933 - 1937

William Amherst Weeks was born November 27, 1917, the second son of Amherst and Rachel (Carpenter) Weeks of Clarendon, Vermont. Named for his father and his father's father, little William was born prematurely and his family did not know if he would survive. They wrapped him warmly (as the house had no electricity), placed his cradle next to the wood stove, fed him often, and hoped for the best. In time, William grew into a healthy boy who loved to follow his father around the farm each day. William, like his grandfather, father and brother before him, attended a 2-room school house up the road from his house. The school contained grades 1 - 8 in one room. After 8th grade, William and his classmates attended high school in the "big city" of Rutland, Vermont, about 5 miles away.

William and his
older brother, Carroll

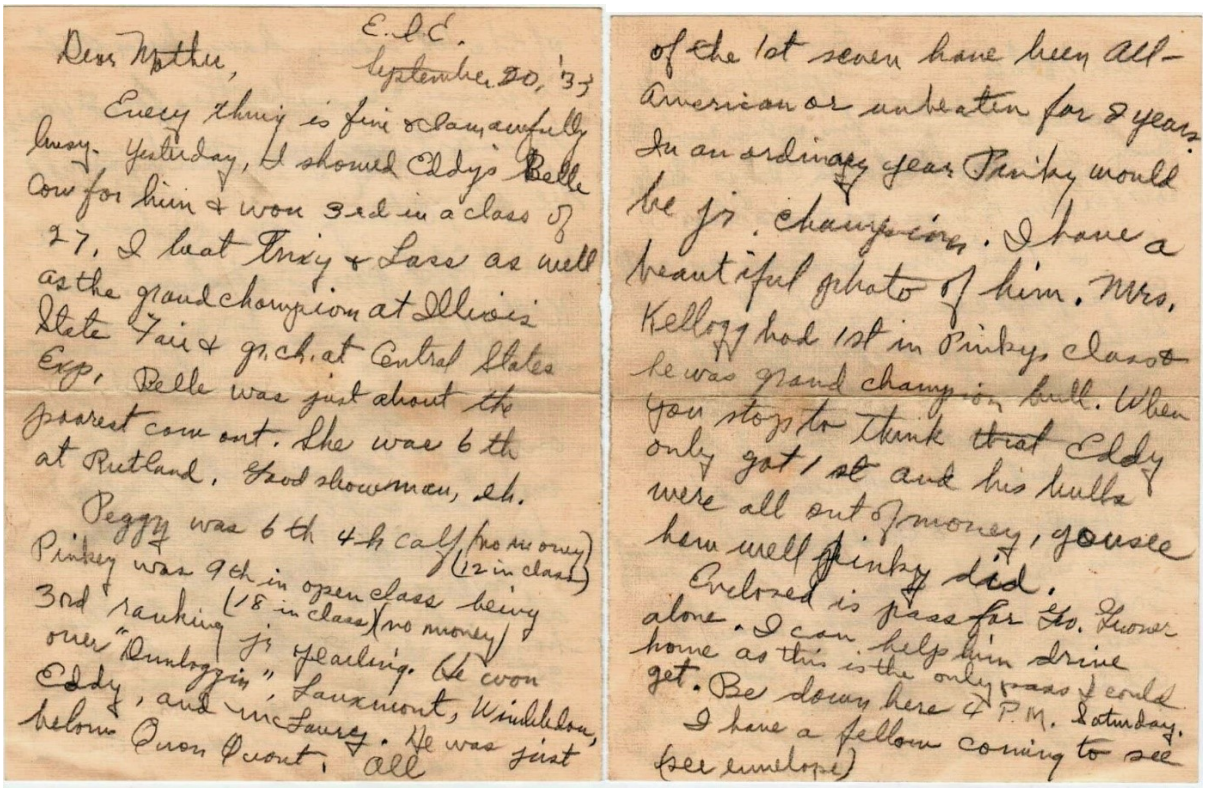
William standing across the road
from the heifer barn in about 1924

William was a good student, although somewhat of a class clown, but his real love was the farm, especially the cows. From the age of 6, he exhibited calves at the local fair and was active in 4-H. By the time he was a teenager, William had built a nice herd of his own registered Holsteins and was an accomplished dairy showman and judge.

William, age 12, named
Rutland County 4-H
Outstanding Dairy Club Boy

William, age 6, in 1924 with his first
show heifer, Ona Hengerveld Ormsby

This book's story began in 1933, when William, then age 15, traveled with his friend, Ed Congdon, to Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts to show his heifer, Peggy, and his bull, Pinky. A neighbor, George Grover, trucked the boys' animals to the fair. After the show, William wrote home to his mother:

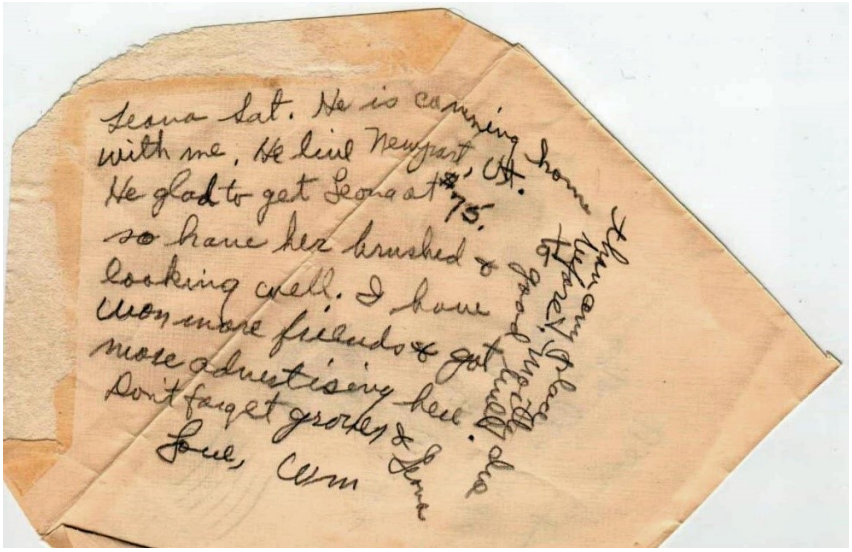


E.S.E.
Dear Mother, September 20, '33

Every thing is fine & I am awfully busy. Yesterday, I showed Eddy's Belle Cow for him & won 3rd in a class of 27. I beat Trixy & Lass as well as the grand champion at Illinois State Fair & gr. ch. at Central States Exp. Belle was just about the poorest cow out. She was 6th at Rutland. Good showman, eh.

Peggy was 6th 4-h calf (no money) (12 in class) Pinkey was 9th in open class being 3rd ranking jr yearling. (18 in class) (no money) He won over "Dunloggin", Lauxmont, Wimbledon, Eddy, and McLaury. He was just below Quon Quont. All of the 1st seven have been All-American or unbeaten for 8 years. In an ordinary year Pinky would be jr. champion. I have a beautiful photo of him. Mrs. Kellogg had 1st in Pinky's class & he was grand champion bull. When you stop to think that Eddy only got 1st and his bulls were all out of money, you see how well Pinky did.

Enclosed is pass for Geo. Grover alone. I can help him drive home as this is the only pass I could get. Be down here 4 P.M. Saturday. I have a fellow coming to see (see envelope)



Leona Sat. He is coming home with me. He live Newport, Vt. He glad to get Leona at $75. so have her brushed & looking well. I have won more friends & got more advertising here. Don't forget Grover & Leona

Love, Wm

September 20, 1933

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Everything is fine and I am awfully busy. Yesterday I showed Eddy's Belle cow for him and won 3rd in a class of 27. I beat Trixy and Lass as well as the Grand Champion at Illinois State Fair & grand champion at Central States Exposition. Belle was just about the poorest cow out. She was 6th at Rutland. Good showman, eh.

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I have a fellow coming to see Leona Saturday. He is coming home with me. He lives in Newport, Vt. He's glad to get Leona at $75. So have her brushed and looking well. I have won more friends and got more advertising here than any place before, mostly due to good bull.

Don't forget Grover and Leona.

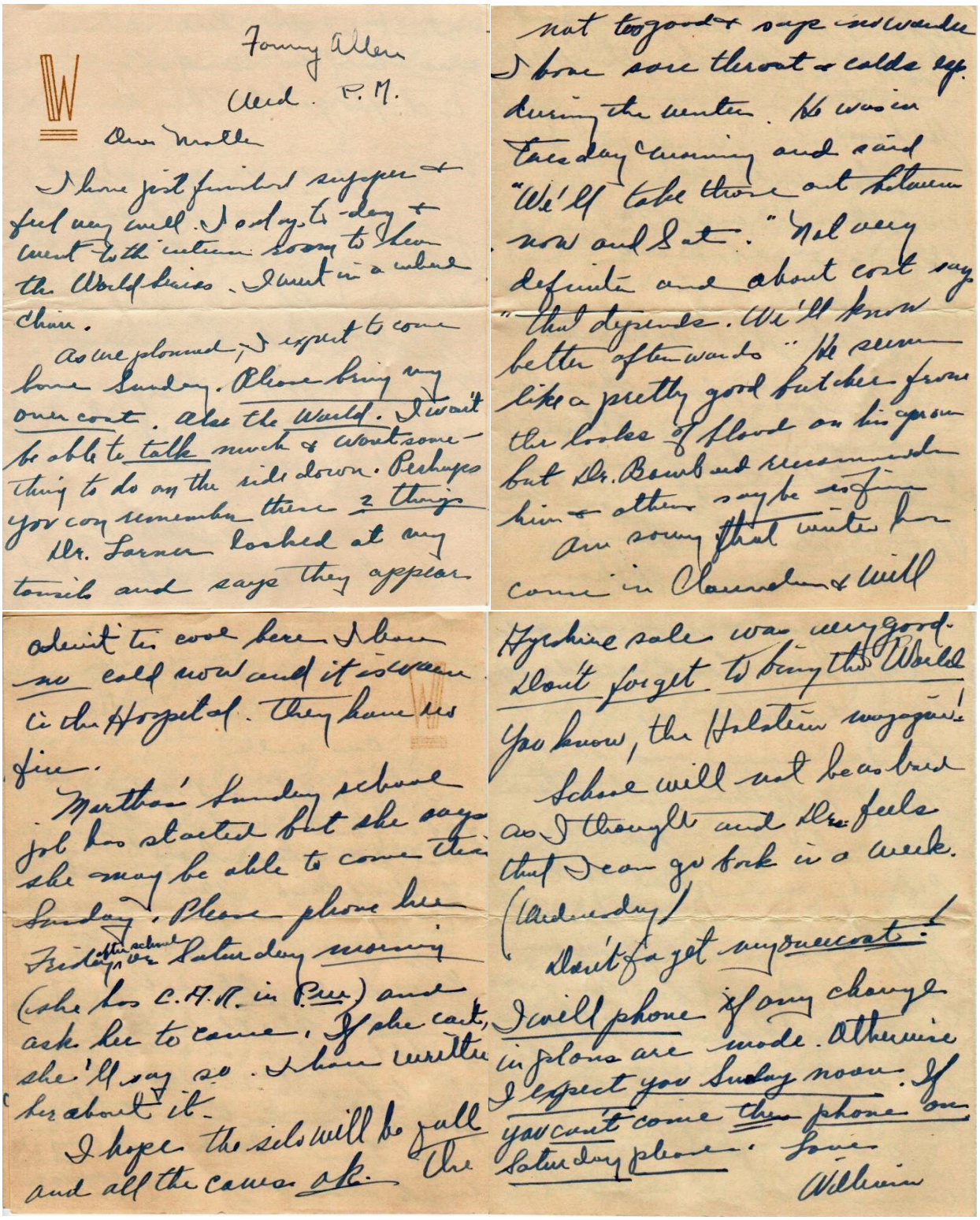
Love,

Wm.

Carnation Inka Homestead

In his letter home from Eastern States Exposition, William refers to “Pinky”. That was his nickname for his bull, Carnation Inka Homestead. Pinky was born March 8, 1932, at the world-famous Carnation Farm in Carnation, Washington. When William saw an ad in the September 1932 Carnation Farm newsletter offering the bull calf for sale, 14-year-old William answered the ad and purchased him for the sum of $250. Pinky went on to sire 31 registered Holstein daughters in the Skyway herd and was found to be a carrier of the red factor in Holsteins.

In late August 1934, William brought a show string of cattle to the Champlain Valley Fair in Essex Junction, Vermont. He became ill at the show and was taken to Fanny Allen Hospital in neighboring Winooski, Vermont. While in the hospital, 16-year-old William wrote to his mother:



Fanny Allen
Wed. P.M.

Dear Mother

I have just finished supper & feel very well. I sat up to-day & went to the interim room to hear the World Series. I went in a wheel chair.

As we planned, I expect to come home Sunday. Please bring my over coat. Also the World. I won't be able to talk much & want something to do on the ride down. Perhaps you can remember these 2 things.

Dr. Larner looked at my tonsils and says they appear not too good & says no wonder I have sore throat & colds esp. during the winter. He was in Tuesday morning and said "We'll take those out between now and Sat." Not very definite and about cost says "that depends. We'll know better afterwards." He seems like a pretty good butcher from the looks of blood on his apron but Dr. Bombard recommends him & others say he is fine.

Am sorry that winter has come in Clarendon & will admit its cool here. I have no cold now and it is warm in the Hospital. They have no fire.

Martha's Sunday school job has started but she says she may be able to come this Sunday. Please phone her Friday after school or Saturday morning (she has C.A.R. in Pres.) and ask her to come. If she can't, she'll say so. I have written her about it.

I hope the silo will be full and all the cows ok. The Hyrshire sale was very good. Don't forget to bring the World. You know, the Holstein magazine!

School will not be as hard as I thought and Dr. feels that I can go back in a week. (Wednesday)

Don't forget my overcoat!

I will phone if any change in plans are made. Otherwise I expect you Sunday noon. If you can't come then phone on Saturday please. Love

William

Dear Mother,

I have just finished supper and feel very well. I got up today and went to the intern room to hear the World Series. I went in a wheel chair.

As we planned, I expect to come home Sunday. Please bring my over coat. Also the World. I won't be able to talk much & want something to do on the ride down. Perhaps you can remember these 2 things.

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Love,

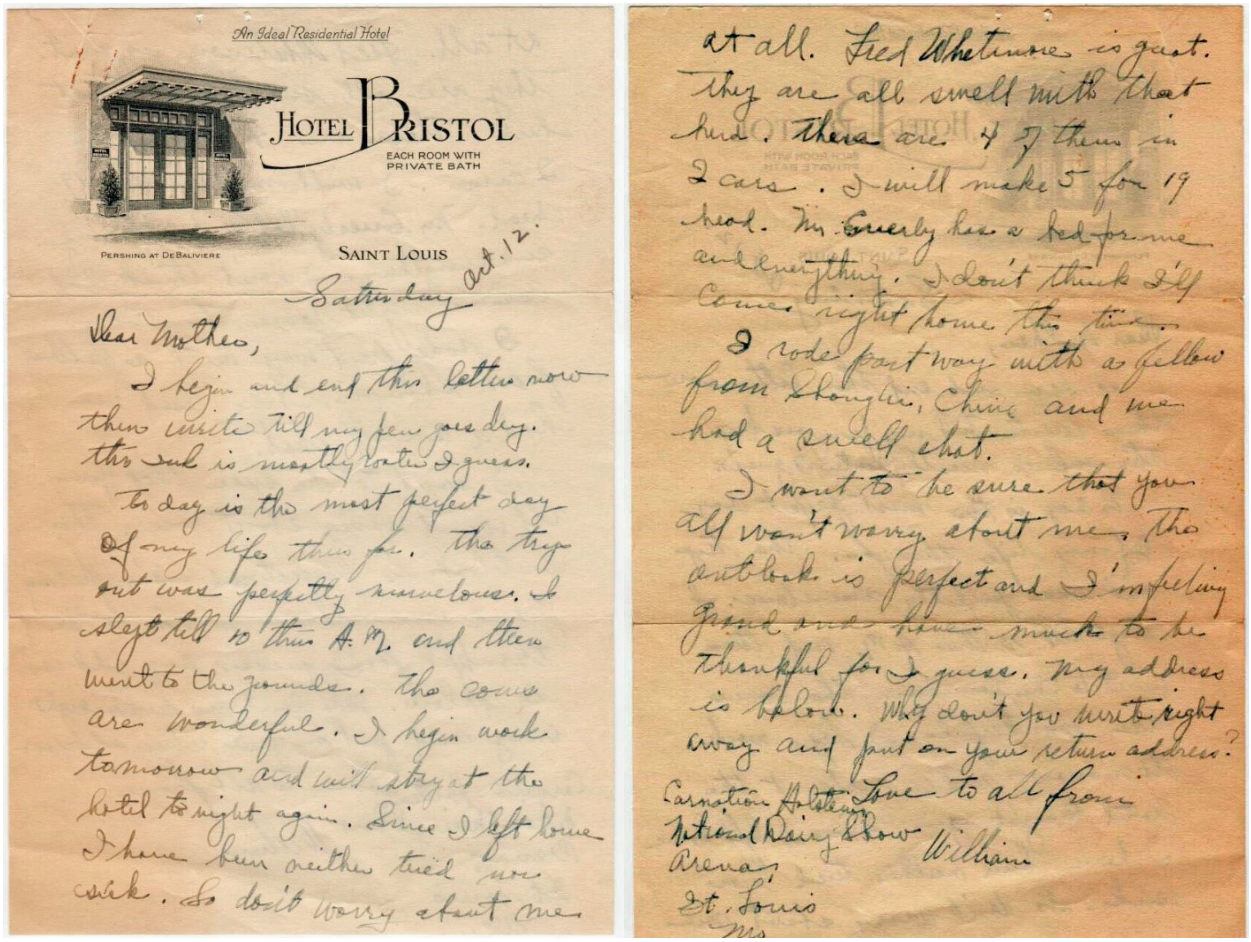
William

William, age unknown but sometime during high school, with one of his show calves

William graduated from Rutland High School in June, 1935. In October, he bought a one-way bus ticket to St. Louis, Missouri, bound for the National Dairy Show which was being held there. Early on the morning of October 10, 1935 17-year-old William boarded a bus in Rutland, Vermont, dreaming of finding employment with one of the famous herds exhibiting cattle at the show. After 2 days of traveling across the country, he arrived in St. Louis and checked into the Hotel Bristol. Unbeknownst to him at the time, one of the Carnation Farm employees at the show had fallen ill and been send back to Washington. When William went to the show grounds and struck up a conversation with the Carnation Farm staff, they offered him a position working at the show. Perhaps Mr. Wetmore or Mr. Everly remembered him from his purchase of Carnation Inka Homestead 2 years before, or perhaps he just impressed them with his eagerness and enthusiasm.

William's high school graduation picture

On October 12, 1935, William wrote to his mother:



An Ideal Residential Hotel

HOTEL BRISTOL

EACH ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH

PERSHING AT DEBALIVIERE

SAINT LOUIS

Saturday Oct. 12.

Dear Mother,

I begin and end this letter now then write till my few days. this ink is mostly water I guess.

To day is the most perfect day of my life thus far. the trip out was perfectly marvelous. I slept till 10 this A.M. and then went to the grounds. the cows are wonderful. I begin work tomorrow and will stay at the hotel to night again. Since I left home I have been neither tired nor sick. So don't worry about me at all. Fred Whetmore is great. they are all swell with that bunch. there are 4 of them in 2 cars. I will make 5 for 19 head. Mr. Everly has a bed for me and everything. I don't think I'll come right home this time.

I rode part way with a fellow from Stoughton, Chris and me had a swell chat.

I want to be sure that you all won't worry about me. the outlook is perfect and I'm feeling good and have much to be thankful for I guess. My address is below. Why don't you write right away and put on your return address?

Carnation Holsteins
National Dairy Show
Arena
St. Louis
Mo

Love to all from
William

October 12, 1935

Dear Mother,

I begin and end this letter now then write till my pen goes dry. This ink is mostly water I guess.

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I rode part way with a fellow from Shanghai, China and we had a swell chat.

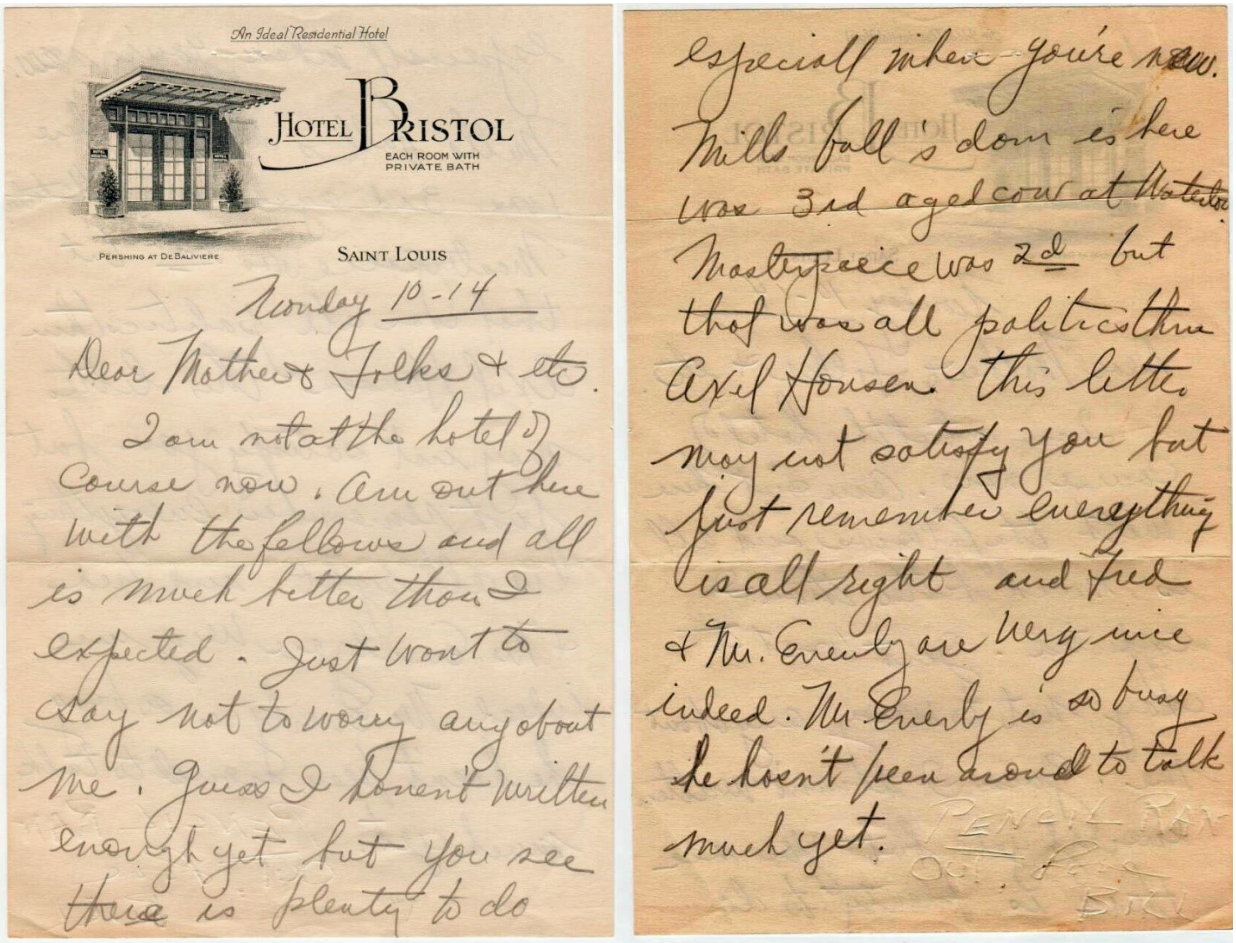
I want to be sure that you all won't worry about me. The outlook is perfect and I'm feeling grand and have much to be thankful for I guess. My address is below. Why don't you write right away and put on your return address?

Love to all from

William

Carnation Holsteins
National Dairy Show Arena
St. Louis, Mo.

Two days later, William wrote home:



An Ideal Residential Hotel

HOTEL BRISTOL

EACH ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH

PERSHING AT DE BALIVIERE

SAINT LOUIS

Monday 10-14

Dear Mother & Folks & etc.

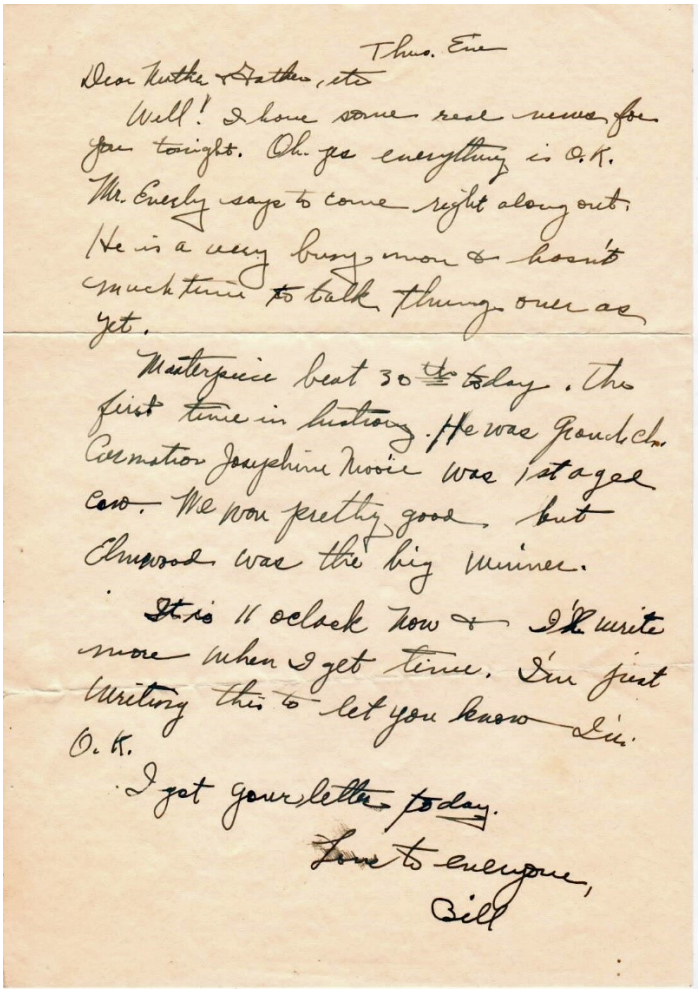
I am not at the hotel of course now. Am out here with the fellows and all is much better than I expected. Just want to say not to worry any about me. Guess I haven't written enough yet but you see there is plenty to do especially when you're new.

Mills bull's dam is here, was 3rd aged cow at Waterloo. Masterpiece was 2nd but that was all politics through Axel Housen. This letter may not satisfy you but just remember everything is all right and Fred & Mr. Everly are very nice indeed. Mr. Everly is so busy he hasn't been around to talk much yet. Pencil ran out.

Love

Bill

William's next letter had the good news that he had gotten a permanent job with Carnation Farm in Washington state:



Thurs. Eve

Dear Mother and Father, etc.

Well! I have some real news for you tonight. Oh yes everything is O.K. Mr. Everly says to come right along out. He is a very busy man & hasn't much time to talk things over as yet.

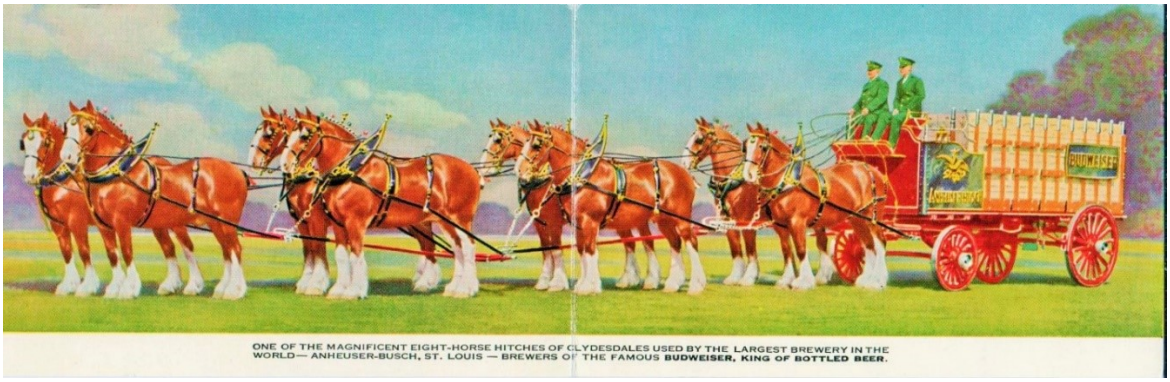
Masterpiece beat 30th today. The first time in history. He was Grand Champion. Carnation Josephine Moore was 1st aged cow. We won pretty good but Elmwood was the big winner.

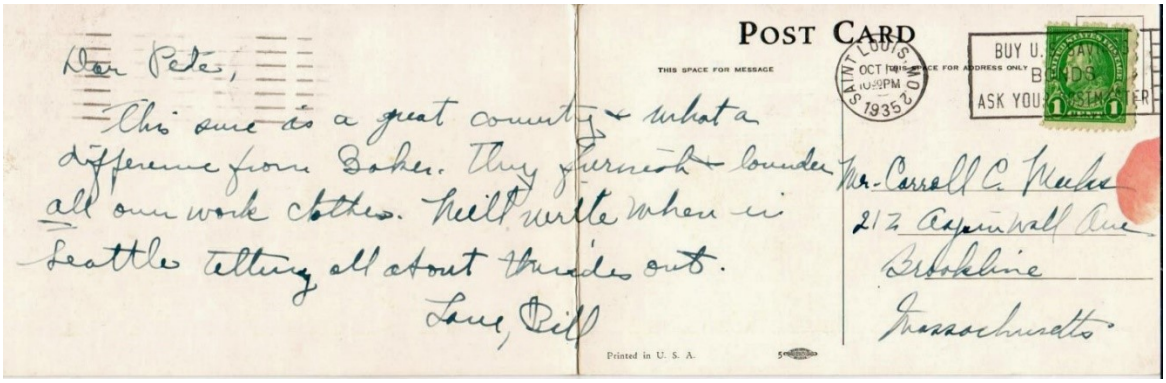
It is 11 o'clock now & I'll write more when I get time. I'm must writing this to let you know I'm O.K. I got your letter today.

Love to everyone,

Bill

On October 14, 1935, William sent this beautiful and unusual folded postcard to his older brother, Carroll:





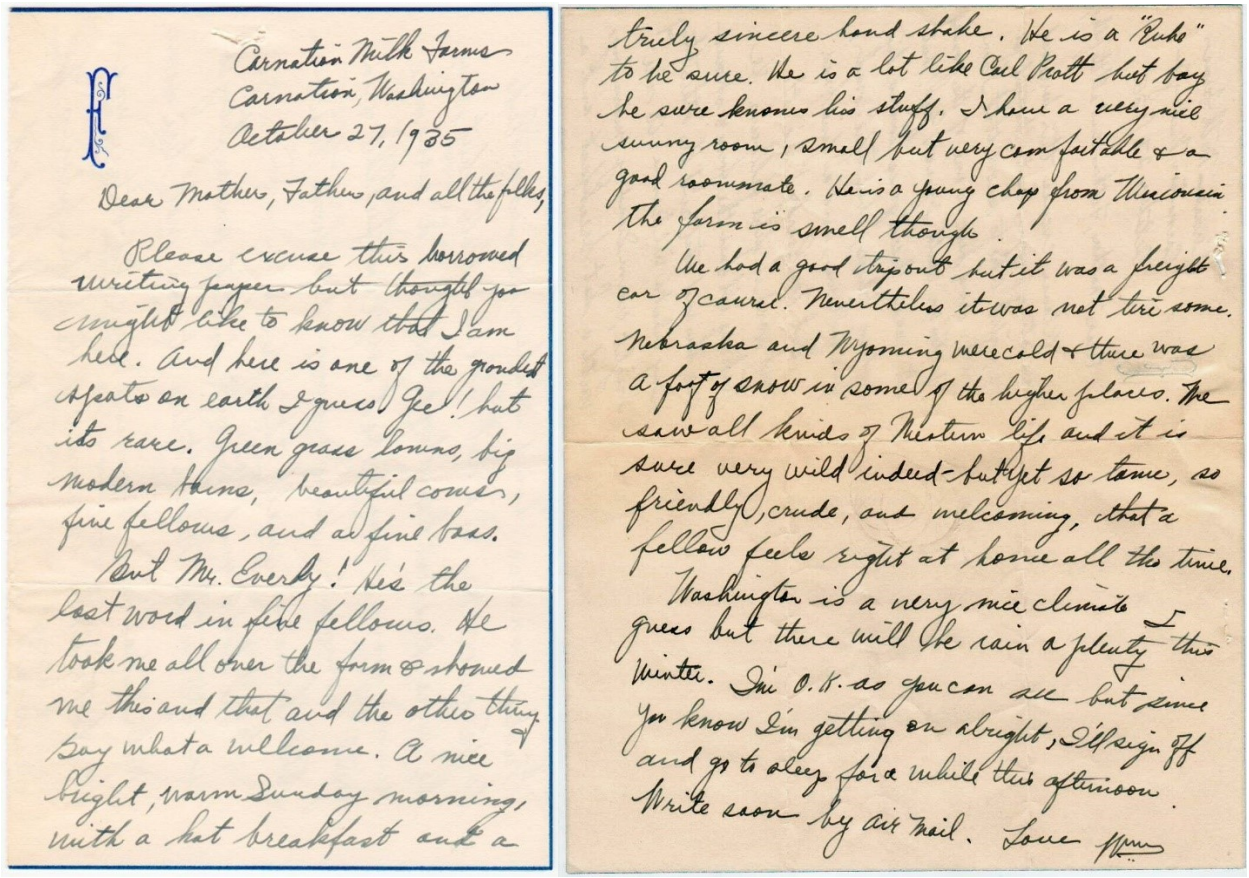
Dear Pete,

This sure is a great country & what a difference from Baker. They furnish & launder all our work clothes. Will write when in Seattle telling all about the ride out.

Love,

Bill

After William arrived at Carnation Farm in Washington, he wrote:



Carnation Milk Farms
Carnation, Washington
October 27, 1935

Dear Mother, Father, and all the folks,

Please excuse this borrowed writing paper but thought you might like to know that I am here. And here is one of the grandest spots on earth I guess. Gee! but it is rare. Green grass lawns, big modern barns, beautiful cows, fine fellows, and a fine boss.

But Mr. Everly! He's the last word in fine fellows. He took me all over the farm & showed me this and that and the other thing. Boy what a welcome. A nice bright, warm Sunday morning, with a hot breakfast and a truly sincere hand shake. He is a "Rube" to be sure. He is a lot like Carl Pratt but boy he sure knows his stuff. I have a very nice sunny room, small but very comfortable & a good roommate. He is a young chap from Wisconsin the farm is swell though.

We had a good trip out but it was a freight car of course. Nevertheless it was not tiresome. Nebraska and Wyoming were cold & there was a foot of snow in some of the higher places. We saw all kinds of Western life and it is sure very wild indeed – but so tame, so friendly, crude, and welcoming, that a fellow feels right at home all the time.

Washington is a very nice climate I guess but there will be rain a plenty this winter. Am O.K. as you can see but since you know I'm getting on alright, I'll sign off and go to sleep for a while this afternoon.

Write soon by air mail. Love Wm

October 27, 1935

Dear Mother, Father, and all the folks,

Please excuse this borrowed writing paper but thought you might like to know that I am here. And here is one of the grandest spots on earth I guess. Gee! but it is rare. Green grass lawns, big modern barns, beautiful cows, fine follows, and a fine boss.

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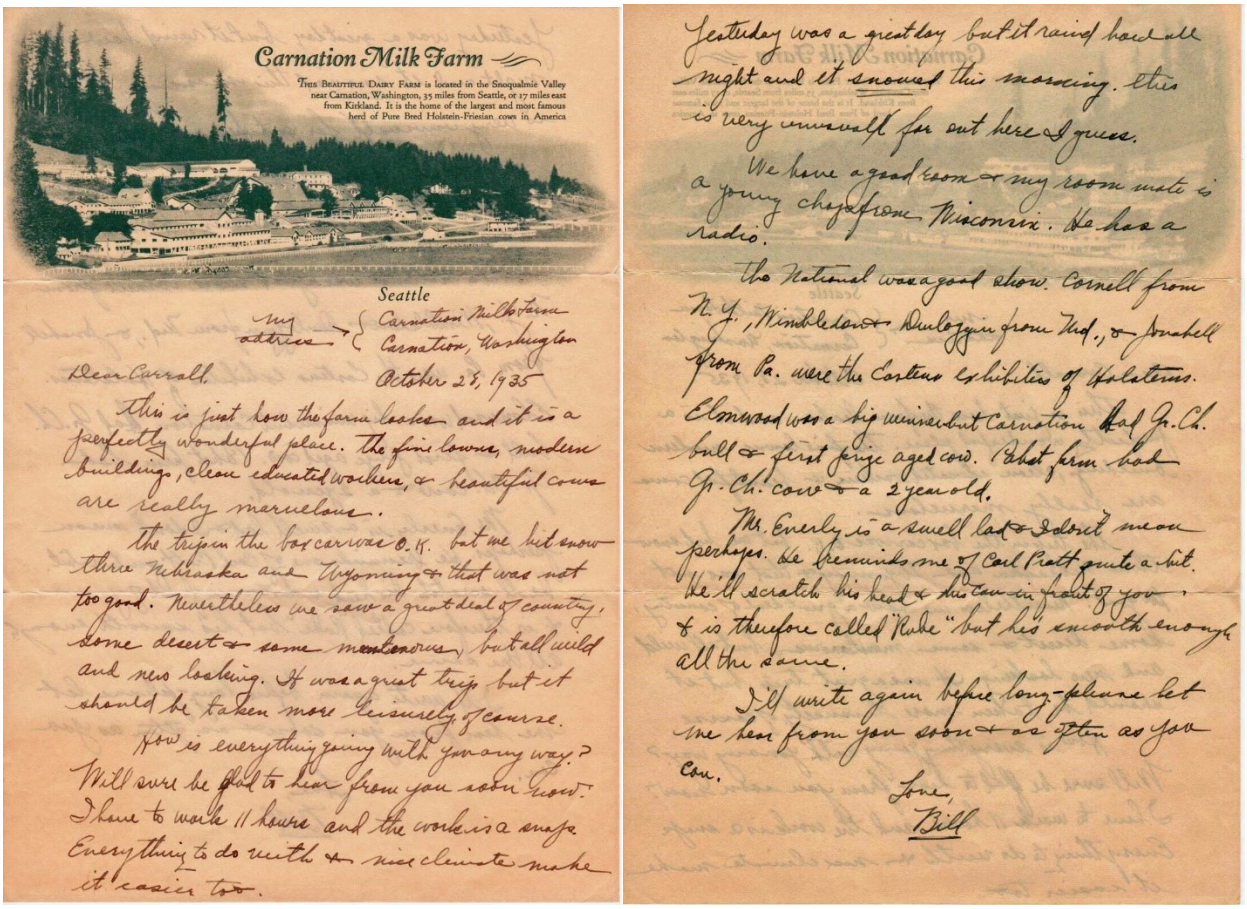
Love,

Wm.

The next day, William wrote to his brother, Carroll, on illustrated Carnation Milk Farm stationery:



Carnation Milk Farm
Carnation Washington
October 28, 1935

Dear Carroll,

This is just how the farm looks and it is a perfectly wonderful place. The fine lawns, modern buildings, clean educated workers, & beautiful cows are really marvelous.

The trip in the box car was O.K. but we hit snow thru Nebraska and Wyoming and that was not too good. Nevertheless we saw a great deal of country, some desert and some mountainous, but all wild and new looking. It was a great trip but it should be taken more leisurely, of course.

How is everything going with you anyway? Will sure be glad to hear from you soon now. I have to work 11 hours and the work is a snap. Everything to do with and nice climate to make it easier too. Yesterday was a great day but it rained hard all night and it snowed this morning. This is very unusual for out here I guess.

We have a good room and my roommate is a young chap from Wisconsin. He has a radio.

The National was a good show. Cornell from New York, Wimbledon and Dunloggin from Maryland, and Jonahill from Pennsylvania were the Eastern exhibitors of Holsteins. Elmwood was a big winner but Carnation had Grand Champion bull and first prize aged cow. Pabst farm had Grand Champion cow and a 2 year old.

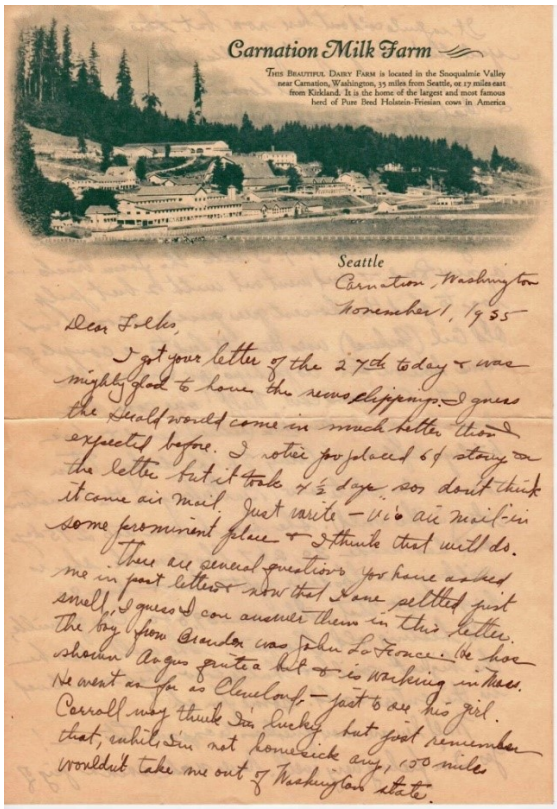
Mr. Everly is a swell lad and I don't mean perhaps. He reminds me of Carl Pratt quite a bit. He'll scratch his head and his can in front of you and is therefore called "Rube" but he's smooth enough all the same.

I'll write again before long. Please let me hear from you soon and as often as you can.

Love,

Bill

William wrote a long letter home a few days later:



Carnation Milk Farm

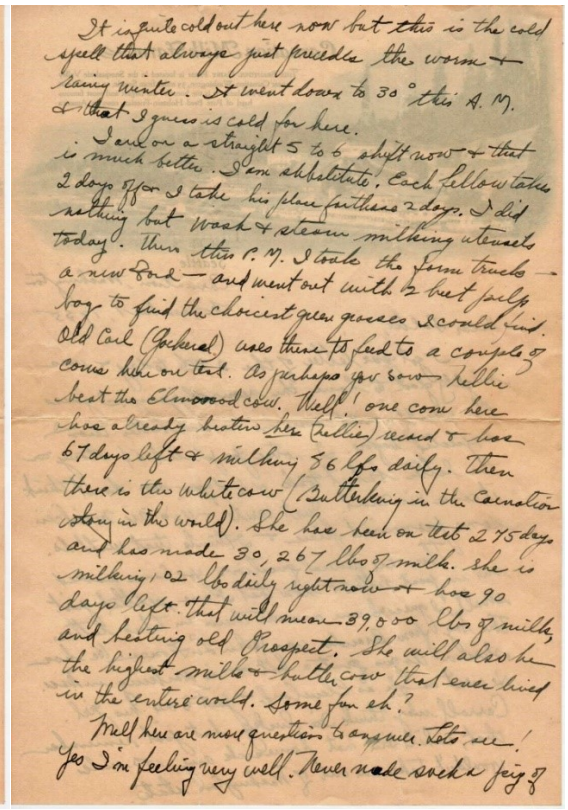
THIS BEAUTIFUL DAIRY FARM is located in the Snoqualmie Valley near Carnation, Washington, 35 miles from Seattle, or 17 miles east from Kirkland. It is the home of the largest and most famous herd of Pure Bred Holstein-Friesian cows in America

Seattle
Carnation, Washington
November 1, 1935

Dear Folks,

I got your letter of the 27th today & was mighty glad to have the news clippings. I guess the Herald would come in much better than I expected before. I notice you placed 6¢ stamp on the letter but it took 4½ days, so don't think it came air mail. Just write — via air mail — in some prominent place & I think that will do.

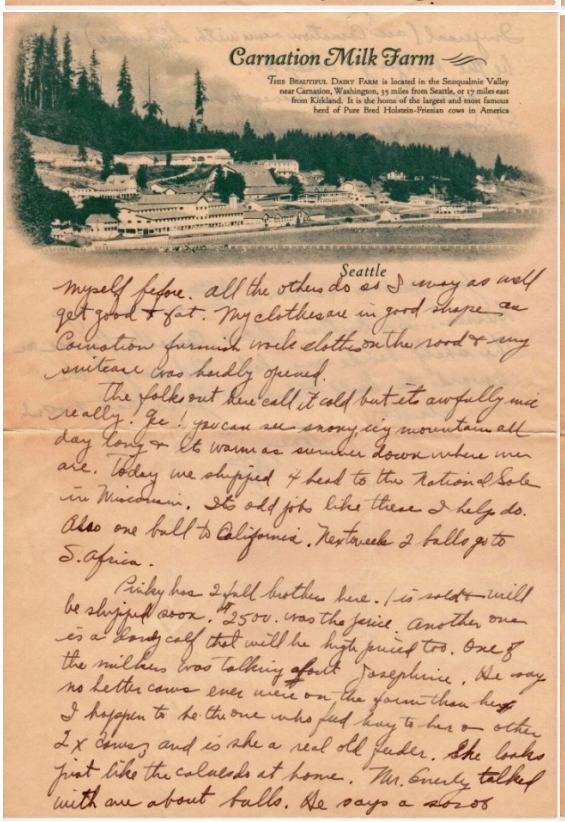
There are several questions you have asked me in past letters & now that I am settled just swell, I guess I can answer them in this letter. The boy from Crandon was John La Fonce. He has shown Angus quite a bit & is working in Mass. He went as far as Cleveland — just to see his girl. Carroll may think I'm lucky but just remember that, while I'm not homesick any, 100 miles wouldn't take me out of Washington state.



It is quite cold out here now but this is the cold spell that always just precedes the warm & rainy winter. It went down to 30° this A.M. & that I guess is cold for here.

I am on a straight 5 to 6 shift now & that is much better. I am substitute. Each fellow takes 2 days off & I take his place for these 2 days. I did nothing but wash & steam milking utensils today. Then this P.M. I took the farm truck — a new Ford — and went out with 2 beet pulp bag to find the choicest green grasses I could find. Old Carl (Jackerel) uses these to feed to a couple of cows here on test. As perhaps you saw Nellie beat the Elmwood cow. Well! one cow here has already beaten her (Nellie) record & has 67 days left & milking 56 lbs daily. Then there is the white cow (Butterking in the Carnation stay in the world). She has been on test 275 days and has made 30,267 lbs of milk. She is milking 102 lbs daily right now & has 90 days left. That will mean 39,000 lbs of milk, and beating old Prospect. She will also be the highest milk & butter cow that ever lived in the entire world. Some fun eh?

Well here are more questions to answer. Lets see! Yes I'm feeling very well. Never made such a pig of



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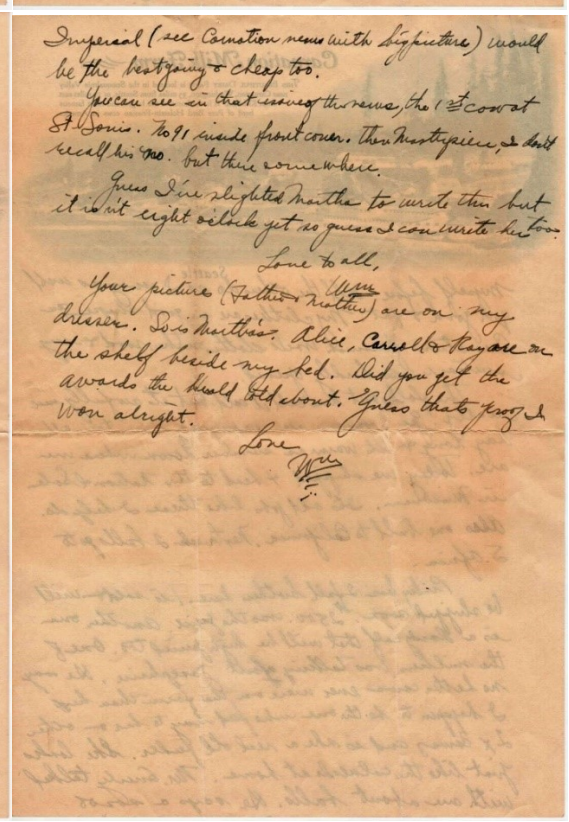
Seattle

myself before. All the others do so I may as well get good & fat. My clothes are in good shape as Carnation furnish work clothes on the road & my suitcase was hardly opened.

The folks out here call it cold but its awfully nice really. Gee! you can see snowy icy mountains all day long & its warm as summer down where we are. Today we shipped 4 head to the National Sale in Wisconsin. Its odd jobs like these I help do. Also one bull to California. Next week 2 bulls go to S. Africa.

Pinky has 2 full brothers here. 1 is sold & will be shipped soon. $2500. was the price. Another one is a dandy calf that will be high priced too. One of the milkers was talking about Josephine. He says no better cows ever were on the farm than her. I happen to be the one who feed hay to her & other 2x cows, and is she a real old feeder. She looks just like the calves do at home. Mr. Enerly talked with me about bulls. He says a sosoo



Imperial (see Carnation news with big picture) would be the best going & cheap too.

You can see in that issue of the news, the 1st cow at St. Louis. No 91 inside front cover. Then Mastepiece, I don't recall his no. but there somewhere.

Guess I've slighted Martha to write this but it isn't eight o'clock yet so guess I can write her too.

Love to all,

Wm

Your picture (Father & Mother) are on my dresser. So is Martha's. Alice, Carroll & Ray are on the shelf beside my bed. Did you get the awards the Herald told about. Guess that's proof I won alright.

Love

Wm

Carnation, Washington
November 1, 1935

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I am on a straight 5 to 6 shift now and that is much better. I am substitute. Each fellow takes 2 days off and I take his place for those 2 days. I did nothing but wash and steam milking utensils today. Then this P.M. I took the farm truck – a new Ford – and went out with 2 beet pulp bags to find the choicest green grasses I could find. Old Carl (Gockerell) uses these to feed to a couple of cows here on test. As perhaps you saw Nellie beat the Elmwood cow. Well! one cow here has already beaten her (Nellie) record and has 67 days left and milking 86 pounds daily. Then there is the white cow (Butterking in the Carnation story in the World). She has been on test 275 days and has made 30,267 lbs. of milk. She is milking 102 lbs. daily right now and has 90 days left. That will mean 39,000 lbs. of milk, and beating old Prospect. She will also be the highest milk and butter cow that ever lived in the entire world. Some fun eh?

Well here are more questions to answer. Let's see! Yes I'm feeling very well. Never made such a pig of myself before. All the others do so I may as well get good and fat. My clothes are in good shape as Carnation furnished work clothes on the road and my suitcase was hardly opened.

The folks out here call it cold but it's awfully nice really. Gee! you can see snowy, icy mountains all day long and it's warm as summer down where we are. Today we shipped 4 head to the National Sale in Wisconsin. It's odd jobs like these I help to do. Also one bull to California. Next week 2 bulls go to S. Africa.

Pinky has 2 full brothers here. 1 is sold and will be shipped soon. $2,500 was the price. Another one is a dandy calf that will be high priced too. One of the milkers was talking about Josephine. He says no better cows ever were on the farm her. I happen to be the one who feeds hay to her and other 2x cows, and is she a real old feeder. She looks just like the calves

do at home. Mr. Everly talked with me about bulls. He says a son of Imperial (see Carnation news with big picture) would be the best going and cheap too.

You can see in that issue of the news, the 1st cow at St. Louis. No. 91 inside front cover. Then Masterpiece, I don't recall his no. but somewhere.

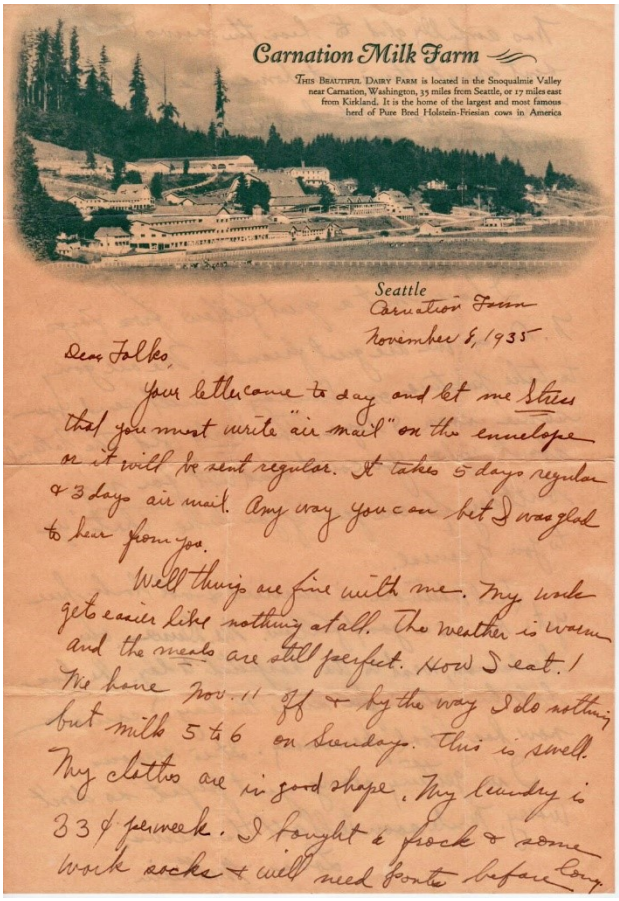
Guess I've slighted Martha to write this but it isn't eight o'clock yet so guess I can write her too.

Love to all,

Wm.

Your pictures (Father and Mother) are on my dresser. So is Martha's. Alice, Carroll and Roy are on the shelf beside my bed. Did you get the awards the Herald told about? Guess that's proof I won alright.

The following week's letter home:



Seattle
Carnation Farm
November 6, 1935

Dear Folks,

Your letter came to day and let me know that you must write "air mail" on the envelope or it will be sent regular. It takes 5 days regular & 3 days air mail. Any way you can bet I was glad to hear from you.

Well things are fine with me. My work get easier like nothing at all. The weather is warm and the meals are still perfect. How I eat! We have two off & by the way I do nothing but milk 5 to 6 on Sundays. This is swell. My clothes are in good shape. My laundry is 33¢ per week. I bought a frock & some work socks & will need pants before long.

Was awfully glad to hear the news Father sent about things at home. Is Ralph still there? I wanted to know because I will write him a letter if I ever find time. Tell Aunt Helen & Uncle John I think of them often & will write when I can. Soon I hope.

I have met a great fellow from Fargo N. D. & we are great friends. We are going to take pictures on Sunday & will send you some soon I hope. The World told the Nation about right. You could send that for my birthday for one year if you like. That's up to you of course.

Fred Whetmore is married & not back here yet. He is a good fellow. Mr. Dunn, the herdsman, went to the hospital to day. He has had rheumatism ~~for~~ since the day I came & now has blood poisoning. It is serious.

I'm getting along just perfect so don't worry. Write soon tell all the news.

Love, Millicent

Carnation Farm
November 8, 1935

Dear Folks,

Your letter came today and let me stress that you must write "air mail" on the envelope or it will be sent regular. It takes 5 days regular and 3 days air mail. Any way you can but I was glad to hear from you.

Well things are fine with me. My work gets easier like nothing at all. The weather is warm and the meals are still perfect. How I eat! We have Nov. 11 off and by the way I do nothing but milk 5 to 6 on Sundays. This is swell. My clothes are in good shape. My laundry is 33¢ per week. I bought a frock and some work socks and well need pants before long.

Was awfully glad to have the news Father sent about things at home. Is Ralph still there? I wanted to know because I will write him a letter if I ever find time. Tell Aunt Helen and Uncle John I think of them often and will write when I can. Soon I hope.

I have met a great fellow from Fargo, N.D. and we are great friends. We are going to take pictures on Sunday and will send you some soon I hope. The World told the National about right. You could send that for my birthday for one year if you like. That's up to you of course.

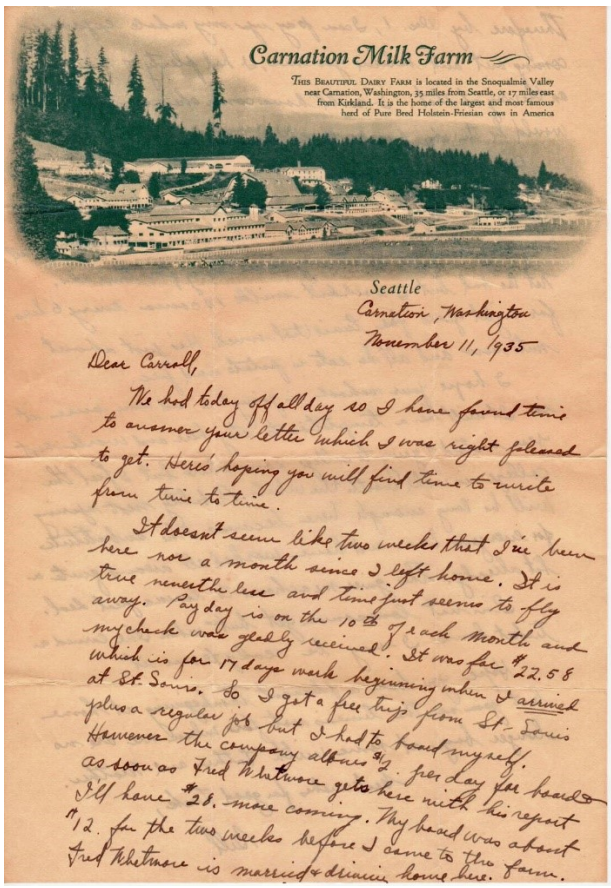
Fred Wetmore is married and not back here yet. He is a good fellow. Mr. Dunn, the herdsman, went to the hospital today. He has had rheumatism since the day I came and now he has blood poisoning. It is serious.

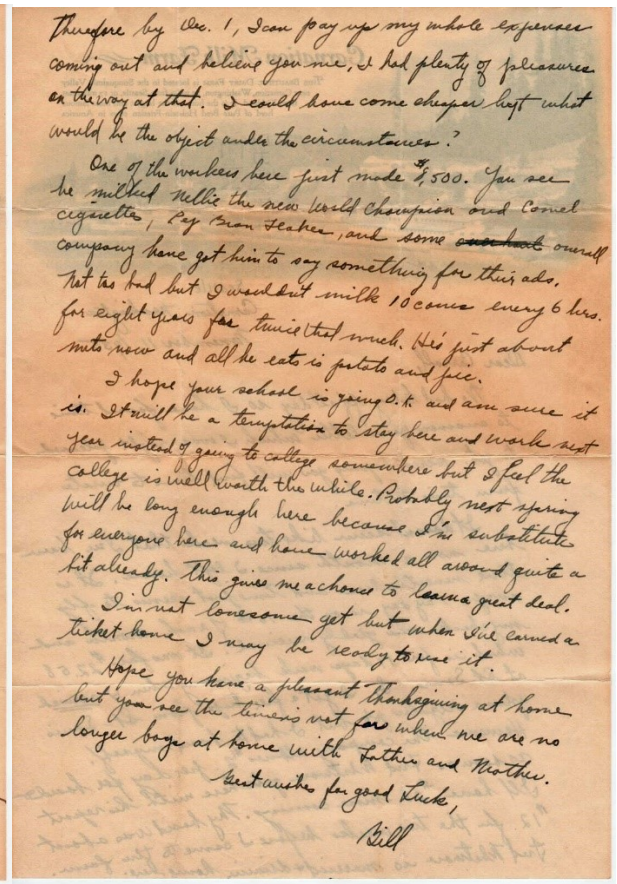
I'm getting along just perfect so don't worry. Write soon tell all the news.

Love,

William

A few days later, William wrote to his brother, Carroll. He in this letter he talks of "test cows" and "test milkers" at Carnation Farm. "Test cows" were those who had their milk, as well as the fat and protein content of the milk, measured at each milking for a specific period of time. At Carnation, a cow might be tested as a 2-year-old on 3-times-a-day milking (3x) to get an idea of her ability. Then during a later lactation, she would be placed on 4x milking with a "test milker" to make the biggest record of her life. The "test milker" personally milked the cow at each milking and completely supervised her feed intake during the test period.





Carnation, Washington
November 11, 1935

Dear Carroll,

We had today off all day so I have found time to answer your letter which I was right pleased to get. Here's hoping you will find time to write from time to time.

It doesn't seem like two weeks that I've been here nor a month since I left home. It is true nevertheless and time just seems to fly away. Pay day is on the 10th of each month and my

check was gladly received. It was for $22.58 at St. Louis. So I got a free trip from St. Louis plus a regular job but I had to board myself.

As soon as Fred Wetmore gets here with his report I'll have $28 more coming. My board was about $12 for the two weeks before I came to the farm. Fred Wetmore is married and driving home here. Therefore by Dec. 1, I can pay up my whole expenses coming out and believe you me, I had plenty of pleasure on the way at that. I could have come cheaper but what would be the object under the circumstances?

One of the workers here just made $8,500. You see he milked Nellie the new World Champion and Camel cigarettes, Chex Bran Flakes, and some overall company have got him to say something for their ads. Not too bad but I wouldn't milk 10 cows every 6 hours for eight years for twice that much. He's just about nuts now and all he eats is potato and pie.

I hope your school is going O.K. and am sure it is. It will be a temptation to stay here and work next year instead of going to college somewhere but I feel the college is well worth the while. Probably next spring will be long enough here because I'm substitute for everyone here and have worked all around quite a bit lately. This gives me a chance to learn a great deal.

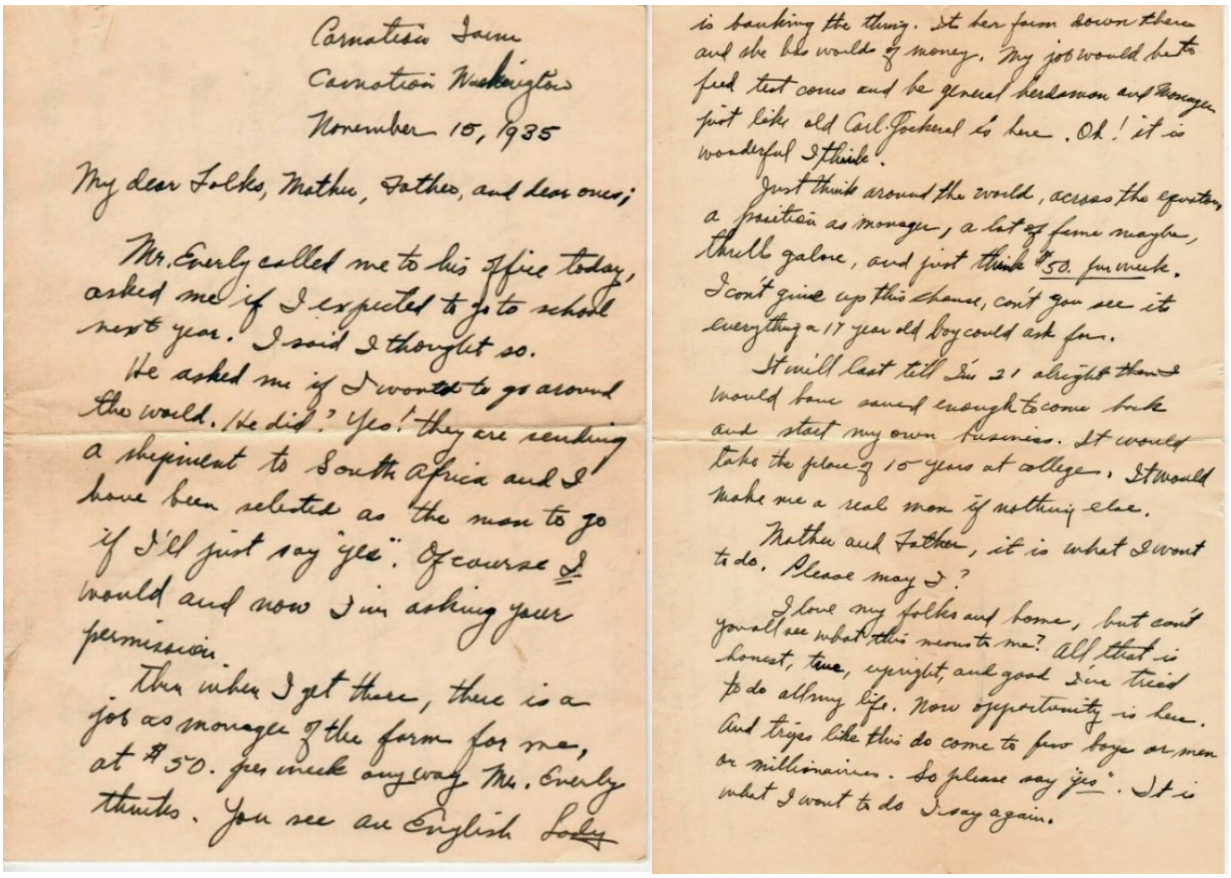
I'm not lonesome yet but when I've earned a ticket home I may be ready to use it.

Hope you have a pleasant Thanksgiving at home but you see the time is not for when we are no longer boys at home with Father and Mother.

Great wishes for good luck,

Bill

William's next letter home contained big news. In November 1935, Carnation Farm sold 23 head of registered Holsteins to Guy Chalkley, a wealthy rancher in South Africa, and someone was required to accompany the cows on their trip through the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and then inland to his farm. The shipment included 22 heifers and one bull that Chalkley had purchased for $11,725; with the bull alone costing $3,500. Several heifers had already had one calf but were now dry, bred with their second. William wrote:



Carnation Farm
Carnation Washington
November 10, 1935

My dear folks, Mother, Father, and dear ones;

Mr. Everly called me to his office today, asked me if I expected to go to school next year. I said I thought so.

He asked me if I wanted to go around the world. He did? Yes! they are sending a shipment to South Africa and I have been selected as the man to go if I'll just say "yes". Of course I would and now I'm asking your permission.

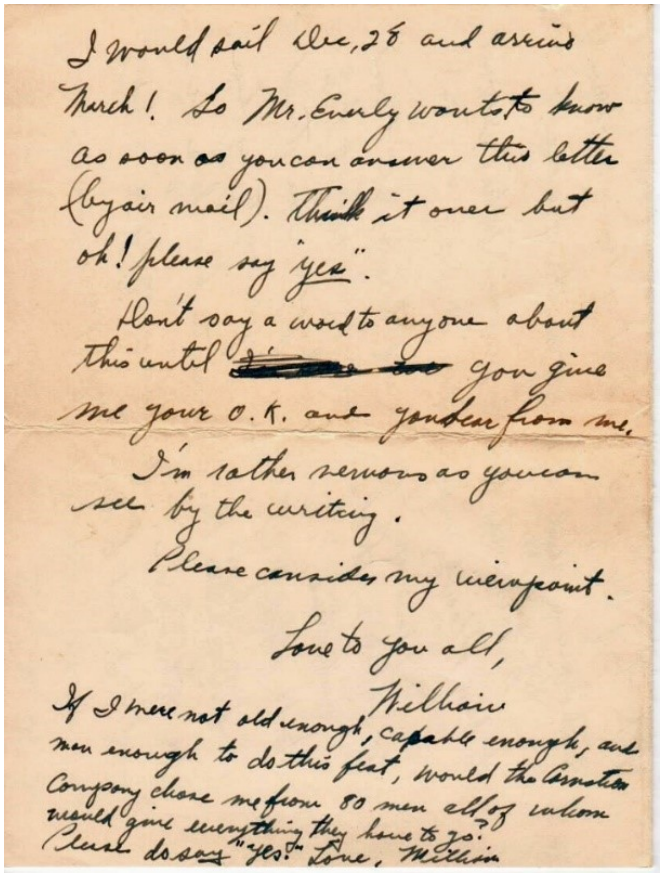
Then when I get there, there is a job as manager of the farm for me, at $50. per week anyway Mr. Everly thinks. You see an English Lady is banking the thing. It her farm down there and she has wads of money. My job would be to feed test cows and be general herdsman and manager just like old Carl Jockers is here. Oh! it is wonderful I think.

Just think around the world, across the equator, a position as manager, a lot of fame maybe, thrills galore, and just think $50. per week. I can't give up this chance, can't you see it everything a 17 year old boy could ask for.

It will last till I'm 21 alright then I would have saved enough to come back and start my own business. It would take the place of 10 years at college. It would make me a real man if nothing else.

Mother and Father, it is what I want to do. Please may I?

I love my folks and home, but can't you all see what this means to me? all that is honest, true, upright, and good I've tried to do all my life. Now opportunity is here. And trips like this do come to few boys or men or millionaires. So please say "yes". It is what I want to do I say again.


I would sail Dec, 28 and arrive March! So Mr. Everly wants to know as soon as you can answer this letter (by air mail). Think it over but oh! please say "yes".

Don't say a word to anyone about this until [redacted] you give me your O.K. and you hear from me.

I'm rather nervous as you can see by the writing.

Please consider my viewpoint.

Love to you all,

Willard

If I were not old enough, capable enough, and man enough to do this feat, would the Carnation Company chose me from 80 men all of whom would give everything they have to go?

Please do say "yes". Love, Willard

Carnation Farm
Carnation, Washington
November 15, 1935

My dear Folks, Mother, Father, and dear ones;

Mr. Everly called me to his office today, and asked me if I expected to go to school next year. I said I thought so.

He asked me if I wanted to go around the world. He did? Yes! They are sending a shipment to South Africa and I have been selected as the man to go if I'll just say "yes". Of course I would and now I'm asking your permission.

Then when I get there, there is a job as manager of the farm for me, at $50 per week anyway Mr. Everly thinks. You see an English Lady is banking on the thing. It's her farm down there and she has worlds of money. My job would be to feed test cows and be general herdsman and manager just like old Carl Gockerell is here. Oh! It is wonderful I think.

Just think around the world, across the equator, a position as manager, a lot of fame maybe, thrills galore, and just think $50 per week. I can't give up this chance, can't you see it's everything a 17 year old boy could ask for.

It will last till I'm 21 alright then I would have saved enough to come back and start my own business. It would take the place of 15 years at college. It would make me a real man if nothing else.

Mother and Father, it is what I want to do. Please may I?

I love my folks and home, but can't you all see what this means to me? All that is honest, true, upright, and good I've tried to do all my life. Now opportunity is here. And trips like this do come to few boys or men or millionaires. So please say "yes". It is what I want to do I say again.

I would said Dec. 28 and arrive March 1! So Mr. Everly wants to know as soon as you can answer this letter (by air mail). Think it over but oh! Please say "yes".

Don't say a word to anyone about this until you give me your O.K. and you hear from me. I'm rather nervous as you can see by the writing.

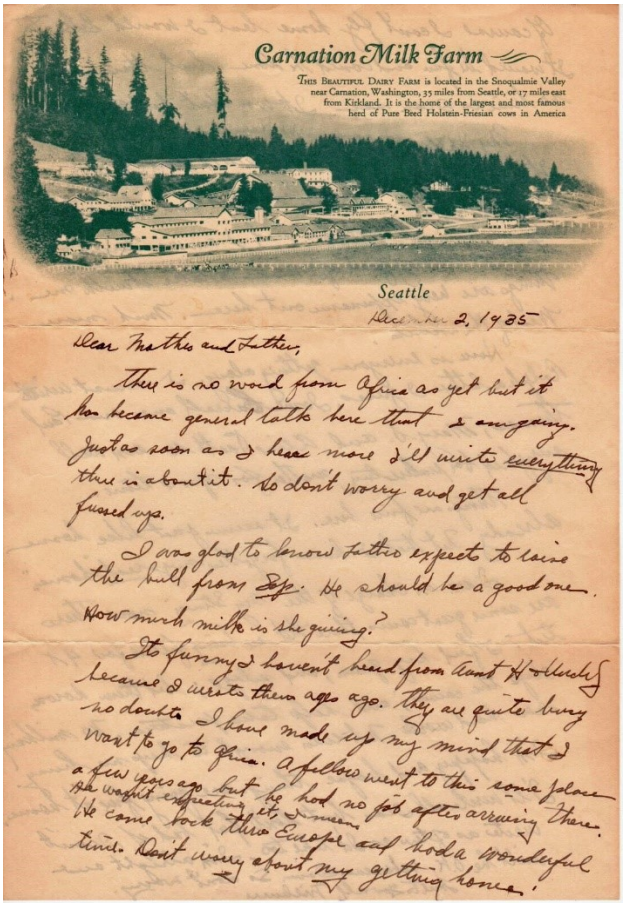
Please consider my viewpoint.

Love to all,

William

If I were not old enough, capable enough, and man enough to do this feat, would the Carnation Company choose me from 80 men all of whom would give everything they have to go? Please do say "yes". Love, William

William's 18th birthday was November 27, 1935. The following week, he wrote:



December 2, 1935

Dear Mother and Father,

There is no word from Africa as yet but it has become general talk here that I am going. Just as soon as I hear more I'll write <u>everything</u> there is about it. So don't worry and get all fussed up.

I was glad to know Father expects to raise the bull from <u>Sap</u>. He should be a good one. How much milk is she giving?

It's funny I haven't heard from Aunt H. and Uncle J. because I wrote them ages ago. They are quite busy no doubt. I have made up my mind that I want to go to Africa. A fellow went to this same place a few years ago but he had no job after arriving there. He came back thru Europe and had a wonderful time. Don't worry about my getting home. Of course I can't fly home but I would <u>like</u> to. It would be fun and could be done but there is no time as I can see. It wouldn't be dangerous.

My radio cost $10 delivered from Chicago. It's a RCA and is beautiful and clear tone. I get the same programs and I am wondering if it would be any good if I were to take it with me. Things are very expensive out here. Much more west of the Rockies.

How is everyone getting along? I must write Ralph a letter I guess. I owe Carroll one and Paul Thomas, Mary S. and Alice Pratt so am well supplied for reading matter for some time.

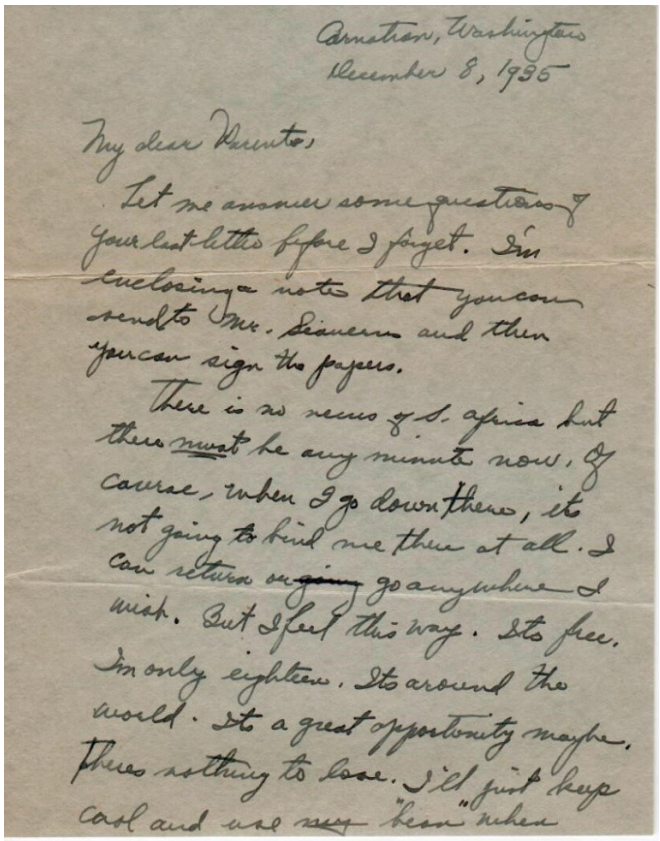
Things are fine here. It seems just like home already. Not that I have forgotten my real "home".

I am in charge of the "Dry String" now. There are some great cows there that are being fitted for 4x test. I feed hay, grain, and silage; bed them down, clip the cows; and help take pictures. No milking nor hard work. Not even enough to keep me busy. I'm happy and hope things are going fine at home. I'll write all I can but don't feel bad if I can't write as often as I'd like to. I'm alright and will be O.K. wherever I am. So don't worry.

Love to you all

William

The following week's letter:



Carnation, Washington
December 8, 1935

My dear Parents,

Let me answer some questions of your last letter before I forget. I'm enclosing a note that you can send to Mr. Seaveen and then you can sign the papers.

There is no news of S. Africa but there must be any minute now. Of course, when I go down there, it's not going to bind me there at all. I can return or ~~going~~ go anywhere I wish. But I feel this way. It's free. I'm only eighteen. It's around the world. It's a great opportunity maybe. There's nothing to lose. I'll just keep cool and use ~~my~~ "bean" when necessary. So dont worry and dont feel lonesome. I'm ok and you surely are. These folks are honest and on the level so why shouldn't I go? There's everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Bosses don't "kid" with employees here at all. So I feel lucky when they kid me. Jack (Chief big shot in the barn) says it's terrible to find a poor nut like me, teach him how to milk, get him good and fat; really make a man out of him - then some day you find him out on the front steps crunching maple sugar. He says that's bad stuff for a fellow.

He wonders how they learned to write well enough to put that label on the forks they make in Wallingford. Tell Mr. Taft that every fork here at Carnation has the (Wallingford) label on it.

There is a two year old cow here that is milking 94 lbs per day and testing 4.6%. She's not too bad for a heifer.

My radio is lovely. I like ~~it~~ very much. Don't know if I can get along without it when I go to Abyssinia.

Hope you write a lot until I go and Mother!! don't say Mee-um. Would you like me to say Muuuer. I will someday before long don't worry. No don't feel lonesome for a couple days because I wrote that.

How is everyone at home? Don't continue the Herald until I find out for sure about my African plans.

I'll write everything about ~~that~~ when I find out. I appreciate your letting me make my own decision on the affair. It's not hard to make but needs great care in the making.

Aunt H. nor Uncle J. have written an answer to my letter.

Hope you are all well. It's just like June here today. Love to you all.

William

Carnation, Washington
December 8, 1935

My dear Parents,

Let me answer some questions of your last letter before I forget. I'm enclosing a note that you can send to Mr. Seavers and then you can sign the papers.

There is no news of S. Africa but there must be any minute now. Of course, when I go down there, it's not going to bind me there at all. I can return or go anywhere I wish. But I feel this way. It's free. I'm only eighteen. It's around the world. It's a great opportunity maybe. There's nothing to lose. I'll just keep cool and use my "bean" when necessary. So don't worry and don't feel lonesome. I'm ok and you surely are. These folks are honest and on the level so why shouldn't I go? There's everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Bosses don't "kid" with us employees here at all. So I feel lucky when they kid me. Jack (chief big shot in the barn) says it's terrible to find a poor nut like me, teach him how to milk, get him good and fat, really make a man out of him, then some day you find him out on the front steps crunching maple sugar. He says that's bad stuff for a fellow.

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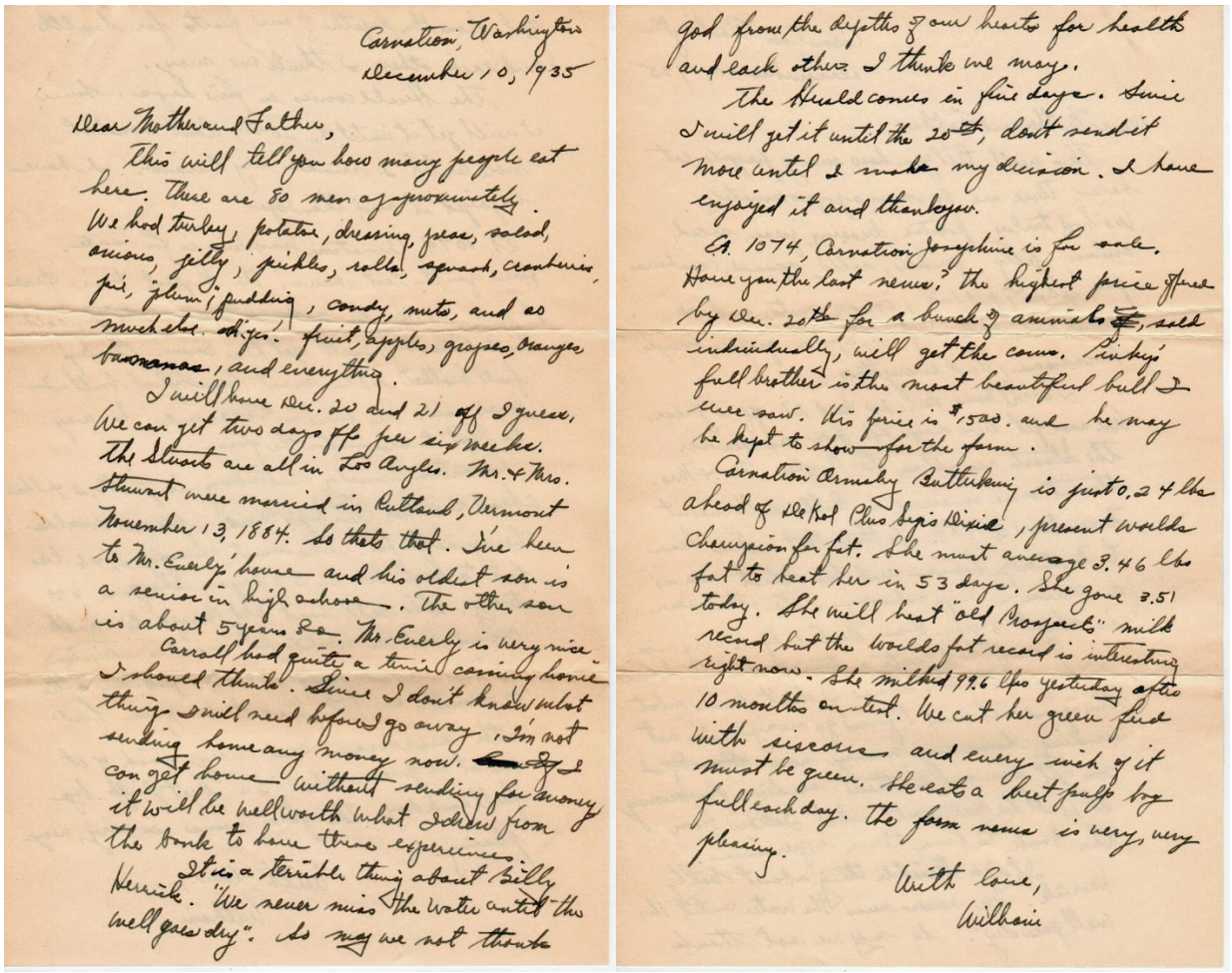
William

After almost a month, William is still waiting for news about his trip to Africa:



Carnation, Washington
December 10, 1935

Dear Mother and Father,

This will tell you how many people eat here. There are 8 men approximately. We had turkey, potatoe, dressing, peas, salad, onions, jelly, pickles, rolls, squash, cranberries, pie, "plum" pudding, candy, nuts, and so much else. Oh yes! fruit, apples, grapes, oranges, bananas, and everything.

I will have Dec. 20 and 21 off I guess. We can get two days off per six weeks. The Stuarts are all in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were married in Rutland, Vermont November 13, 1884. So that's that. I've been to Mr. Everly's house and his oldest son is a senior in high school. The other son is about 5 years old. Mr. Everly is very nice.

Carroll had quite a time coming home I should think. Since I don't know what things I will need before I go away, I'm not sending home any money now. If I can get home without sending for money it will be well worth what I drew from the bank to have these experiences.

It is a terrible thing about Billy Herrick. "We never miss the water until the well goes dry." So may we not thank from the depths of our hearts for health and each other. I think we may.

The Herald comes in five days. Since I will get it until the 20th, don't send it more until I make my decision. I have enjoyed it and thank you.

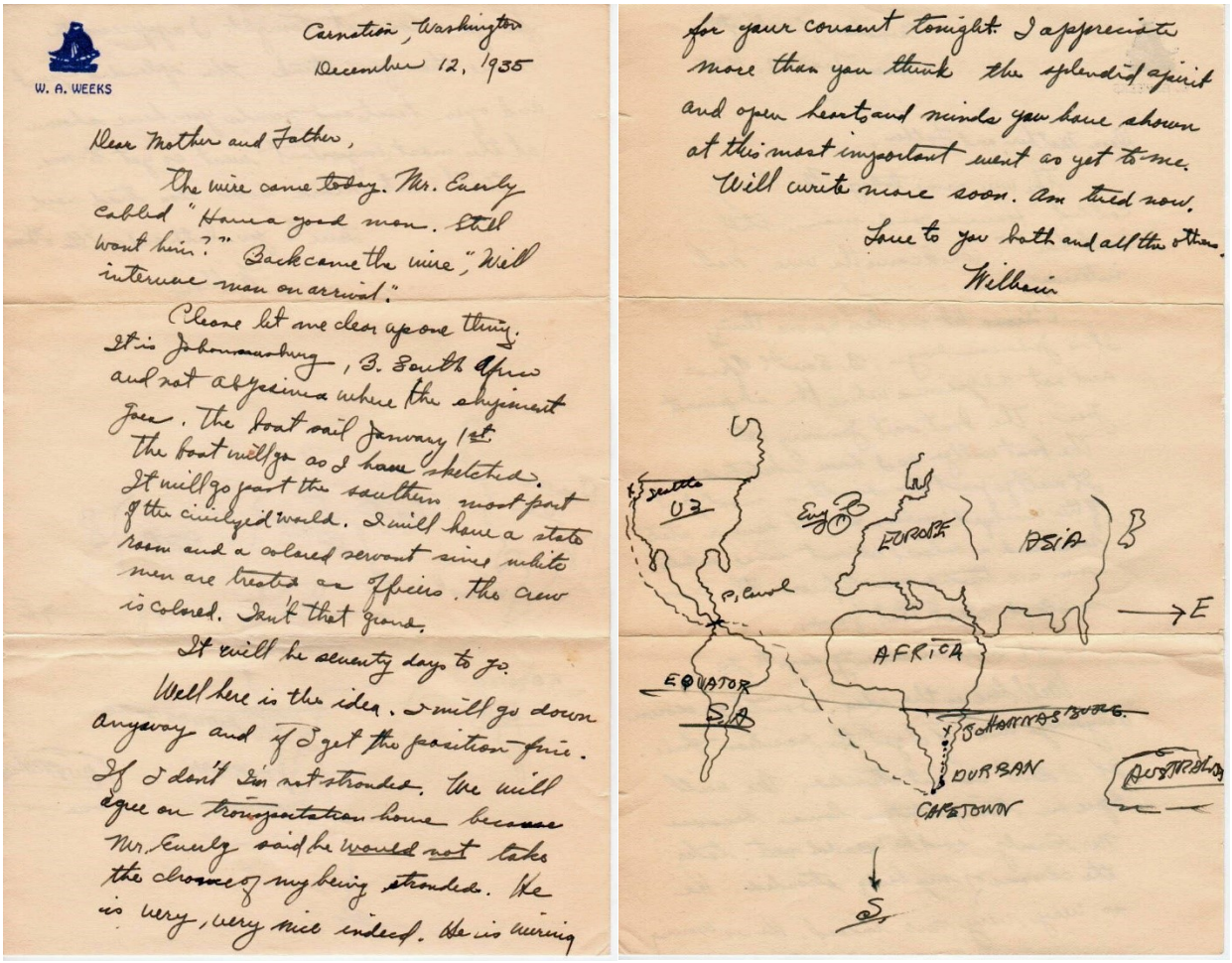
C.A. 1074, Carnation Josephine is for sale. Have you the last news? The highest price received by Dec. 20th for a bunch of animals, sold individually, will get the cows. Pinky's full brother is the most beautiful bull I ever saw. His price is $1,500 and he may be kept to show for the farm.

Carnation Ormsby Butterking is just 0.24 lbs. ahead of DeKol Plus Segis Dixie, present World's Champion for fat. She must average 3.46 lbs. fat to beat her in 53 days. She gave 3.51 today. She will beat "Old Prospect's" milk record but the world's fat record is interesting right now. She milked 99.6 lbs. yesterday after 10 months on test. We cut her green feed with scissors and every inch of it must be green. She eats a beet pulp bag full each day. The farm news is very, very pleasing.

With love,

William

William's next letter home features a small, personalized stamp of his name and ship design. He also drew a map the route of his planned trip to Africa:



Carnation Washington
December 12, 1935

Dear Mother and Father,

The wire came today. Mr. Everly cabled: "Have a good man. Still want him?" Back came the wire: "Will interview man on arrival."

Please let me clear up one thing. It is Johannesburg, B. South Africa and not Abyssinia where the shipment goes. The boat sails January 1st. The boat will go past the southernmost point of the civilized world. I will have a state room and a colored servant since white men are treated as officers. The crew is colored. Isn't that grand.

It will be seventy days to go. Well here is the idea. I will go down anyway and if I get the position – fine. If I don't I'm not stranded. We will agree on transportation home because Mr. Everly said he would not take the chance of me being stranded. He is very, very nice indeed.

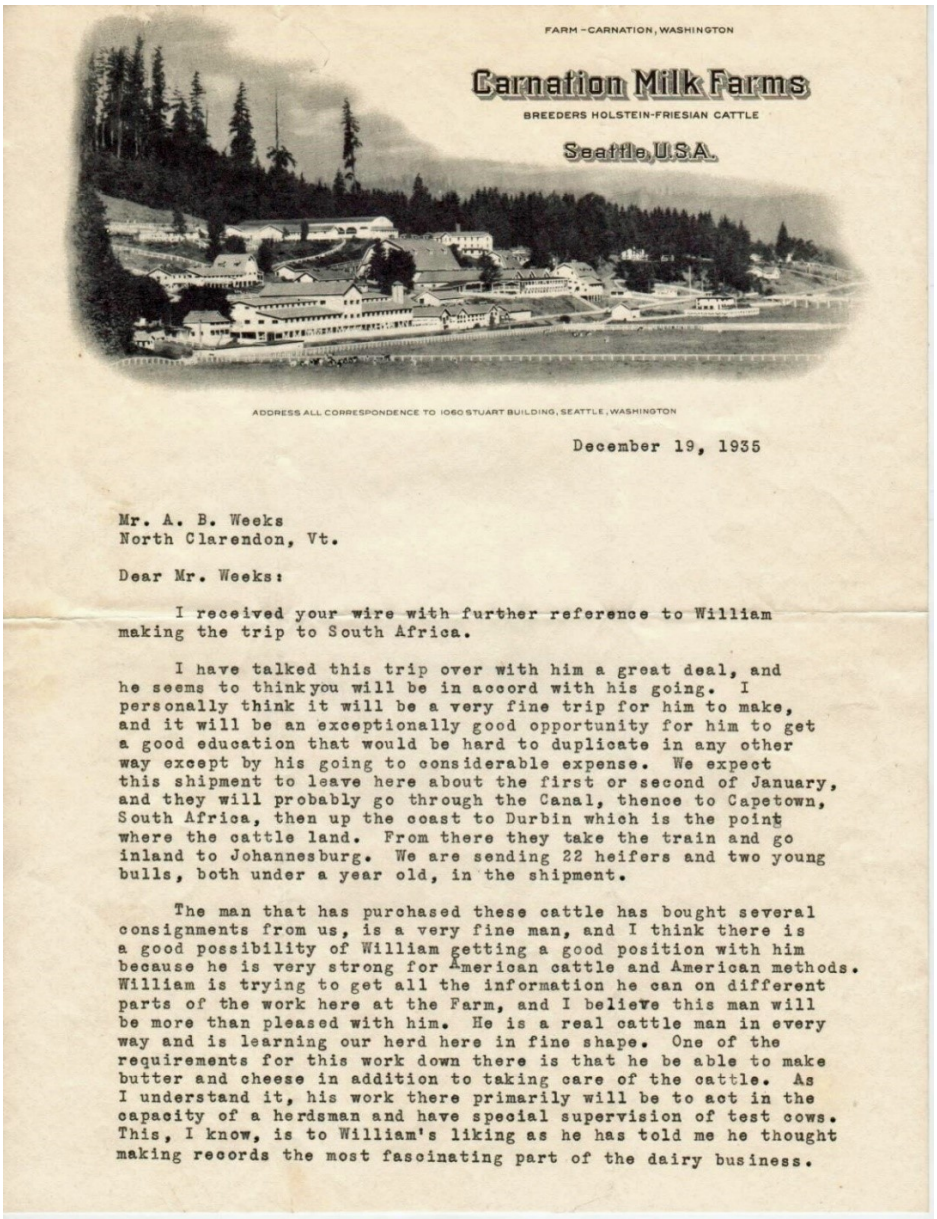
He is wiring for your consent tonight. I appreciate more than you think the splendid spirit and open hearts and minds you have shown at this most important event to me.

Will write more soon. Am tired now.

Love to you both and all the others,

William

The following week, Mr. R. E. Everly, manager of Carnation Farm, wrote to William's father, Amherst Weeks:



FARM - CARNATION, WASHINGTON

Carnation Milk Farms

BREEDERS HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE

Seattle, U.S.A.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO 1060 STUART BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

December 19, 1935

Mr. A. B. Weeks
North Clarendon, Vt.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

I received your wire with further reference to William making the trip to South Africa.

I have talked this trip over with him a great deal, and he seems to thinkyou will be in accord with his going. I personally think it will be a very fine trip for him to make, and it will be an exceptionally good opportunity for him to get a good education that would be hard to duplicate in any other way except by his going to considerable expense. We expect this shipment to leave here about the first or second of January, and they will probably go through the Canal, thence to Capetown, South Africa, then up the coast to Durbin which is the point where the cattle land. From there they take the train and go inland to Johannesburg. We are sending 22 heifers and two young bulls, both under a year old, in the shipment.

The man that has purchased these cattle has bought several consignments from us, is a very fine man, and I think there is a good possibility of William getting a good position with him because he is very strong for American cattle and American methods. William is trying to get all the information he can on different parts of the work here at the Farm, and I believe this man will be more than pleased with him. He is a real cattle man in every way and is learning our herd here in fine shape. One of the requirements for this work down there is that he be able to make butter and cheese in addition to taking care of the cattle. As I understand it, his work there primarily will be to act in the capacity of a herdsman and have special supervision of test cows. This, I know, is to William's liking as he has told me he thought making records the most fascinating part of the dairy business.

I probably should have consulted you before I mentioned this thing to him, but he seems to think this thing will meet with your approval. I personally think there is very little if any danger connected with the trip. I know the boats we have been shipping on, and he will be well cared for on board, and as I said, it will be a wonderful education for a young man. I have a son of my own that is sixteen years old, and he has been after me to go on one of these trips. Think that as soon as he is through with his school I shall let him take one of these trips, because I think they are very much worth while.

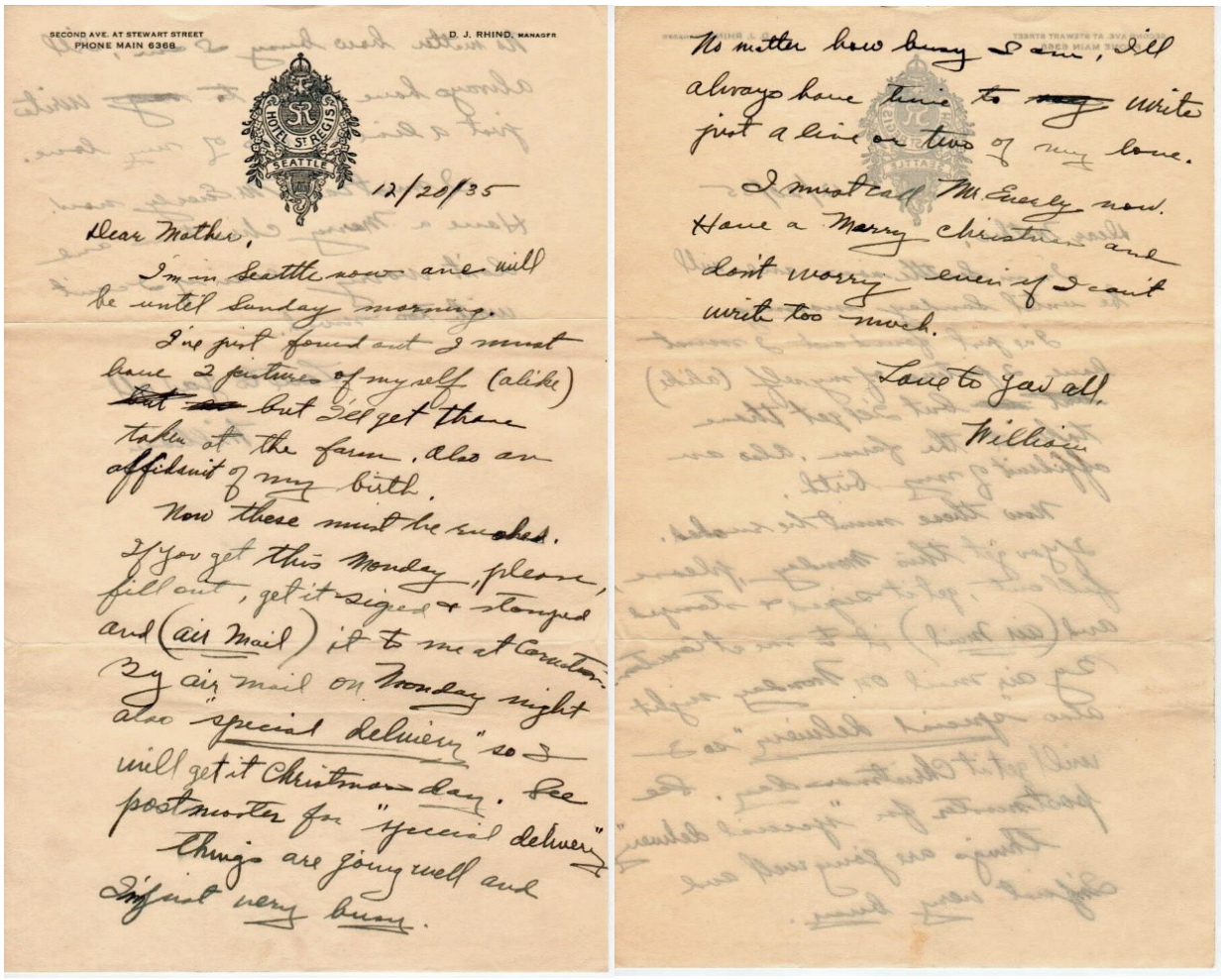
I will pay William's salary on the way down and will make him some sort of a guarantee as far as his return fare is concerned in the event he does not go to work for the man who is buying these cattle. I did not want him to make this trip without your approval, and would appreciate hearing from you at your earliest convenience about this matter again, because I would like to feel that you are entirely in accord with this trip.

Very truly yours,

R. E. Everly, Manager

REE.m

William wrote home on his two days off before Christmas:


SECOND AVE. AT STEWART STREET
PHONE MAIN 6368

D. J. RHIND, MANAGER

HOTEL SR REGIS
SEATTLE

12/20/35

Dear Mother,

I'm in Seattle now and will be until Sunday morning.

I've just found out I must have 2 pictures of myself (alike) but I'll get those taken at the farm. Also an affidavit of my birth.

Now these must be recorded. If you get this Monday, please fill out, get it signed & stamped and (Air Mail) it to me at Carnation. By air mail on Monday night also "special delivery" so I will get it Christmas Day. See postmaster for "special delivery".

Things are going well and I'm very busy.

No matter how busy I am, I'll always have time to write just a line or two of my love.

I must call M. Early now.

Have a Merry Christmas and don't worry even if I can't write too much.

Love to you all.

William

12/20/35

Dear Mother,

I'm in Seattle now and will be until Sunday morning.

I've just found I must have 2 pictures of myself (alike) but I'll get those taken at the farm. Also an affidavit of my birth.

Now these must be recorded. If you get this Monday, please fill out, get it signed and stamped and (Air Mail) it to me at Carnation. By Air Mail on Monday night also "special delivery" so I will get it Christmas Day. See postmaster for "special delivery".

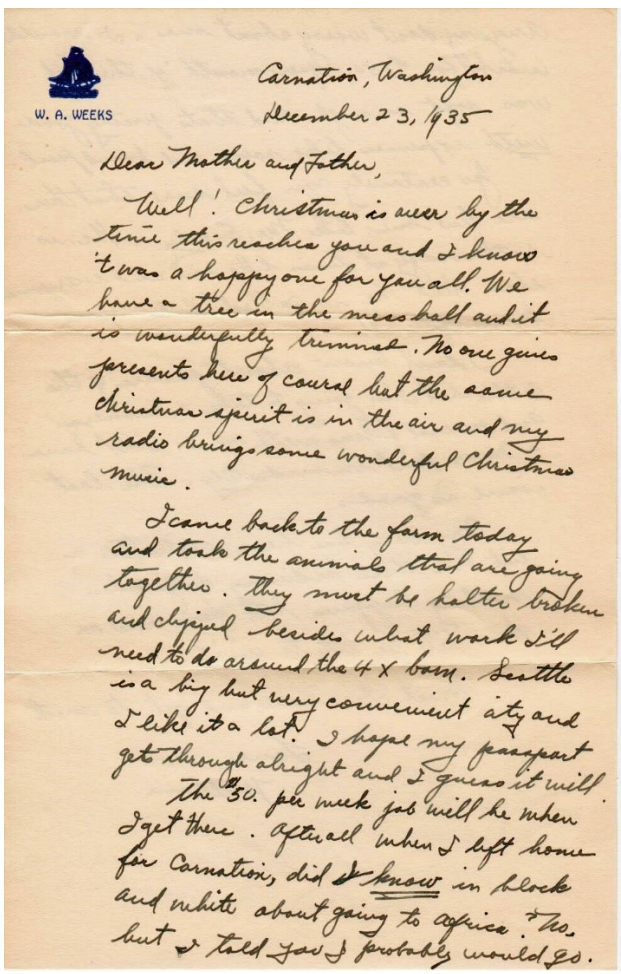
Things are going well and I'm very busy. No matter how busy I am, I'll always have time to write just a line or two of my love.

I must call Mr. Everly now. Have a Merry Christmas and don't worry even if I can't write too much.

Love to you all,

William

Back at Carnation Farm for the Christmas holiday, William wrote:

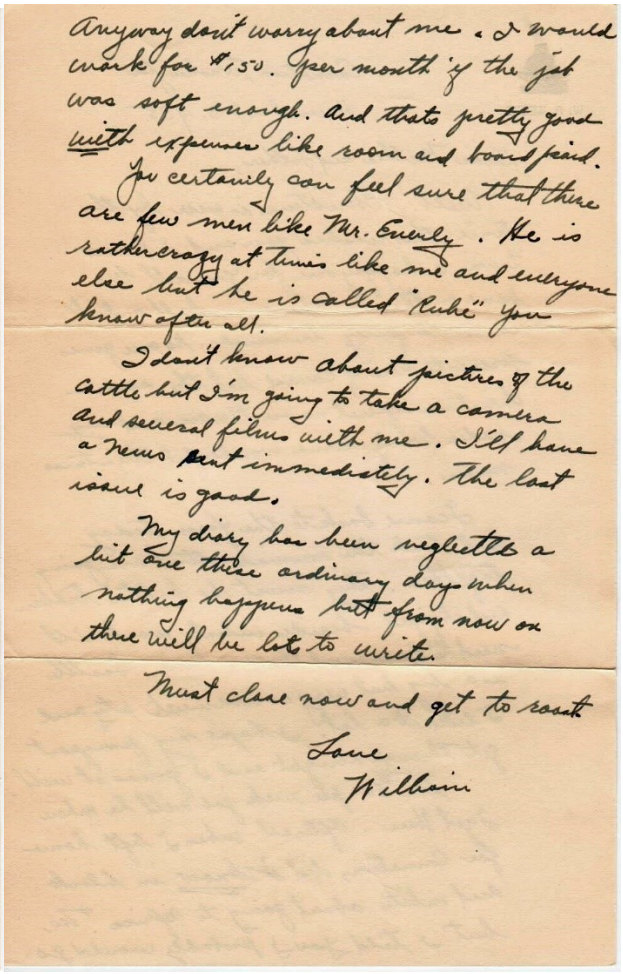


W. A. WEEKS

Carnation, Washington
December 23, 1935

Dear Mother and Father,

Well! Christmas is over by the time this reaches you and I know 'twas a happy one for you all. We have a tree in the mess hall and it is wonderfully trimmed. No one gives presents here of course but the same Christmas spirit is in the air and my radio brings some wonderful Christmas music.



Anyway don't worry about me. I would work for $150. per month if the job was soft enough. And that's pretty good with expenses like room and board paid.

You certainly can feel sure that there are few men like Mr. Everly. He is rather crazy at times like me and everyone else but he is called "Ruhe" you know after all.

I don't know about pictures of the cattle but I'm going to take a camera and several films with me. I'll have a news sent immediately. The last issue is good.

My diary has been neglected a bit one three ordinary days when nothing happens but from now on there will be lots to write.

Must close now and get to work

Love
William

Carnation Washington
December 23, 1935

Dear Mother and Father,

Well! Christmas is over by the time this reaches you and I know 'twas a happy one for you all. We have a tree in the mess hall and it is wonderfully trimmed. No one gives presents here of course but the same Christmas spirit is in the air and my radio brings some wonderful Christmas music.

I came back to the farm today and took the animals that are going together. They must be halter broken and clipped besides what work I'll need to do around the 4x barn. Seattle is a big but very convenient city and I like it a lot. I hope my passport gets through alright and I guess it will.

The $50 per week job will be when I get there. After all when I left home for Carnation, did I know in black and white about going to Africa? No, but I told you I probably would go. Anyway don't worry about me. I would work for $.50 per month if the job was soft enough. And that's pretty good with expenses like room and board paid.

For certainly you can feel sure that there are few men like Mr. Everly. He is rather crazy at times like me and everyone else but he is called "Rube" you know after all.

I don't know about pictures of the cattle but I'm going to take a camera and several films with me. I'll have a news sent immediately. The last issue is good.

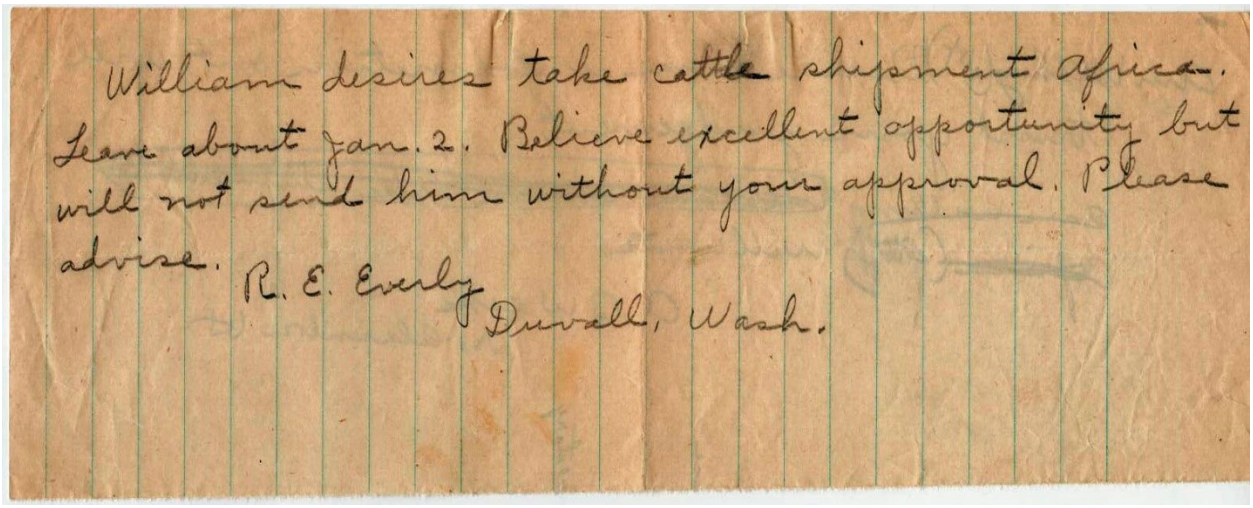
My diary has been neglected a bit on these ordinary days when nothing happens but from now on there will be lots to write.

Must close now and get to roost.

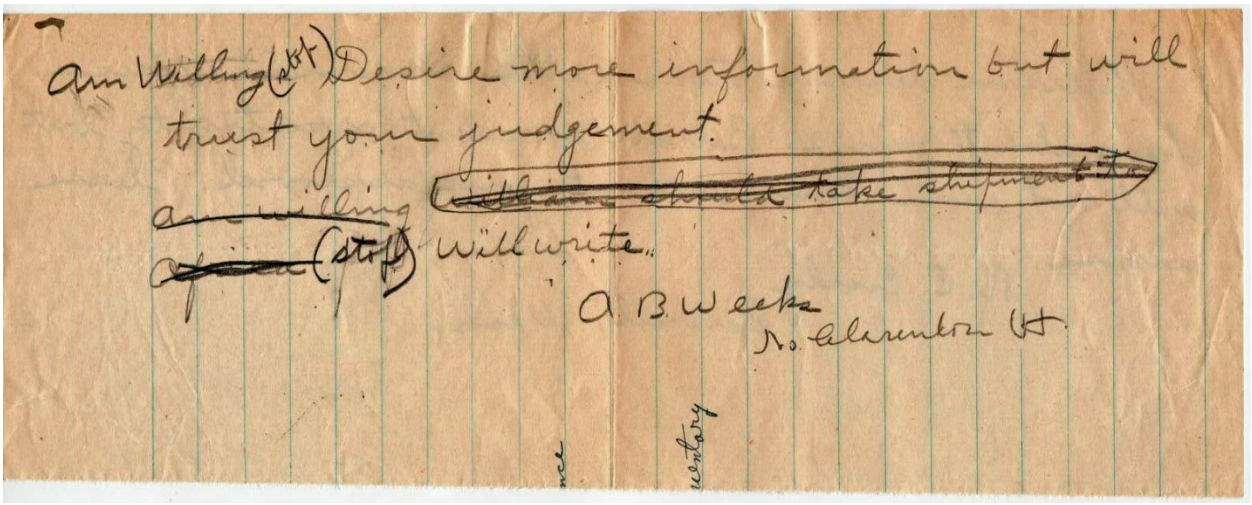
Love,

William

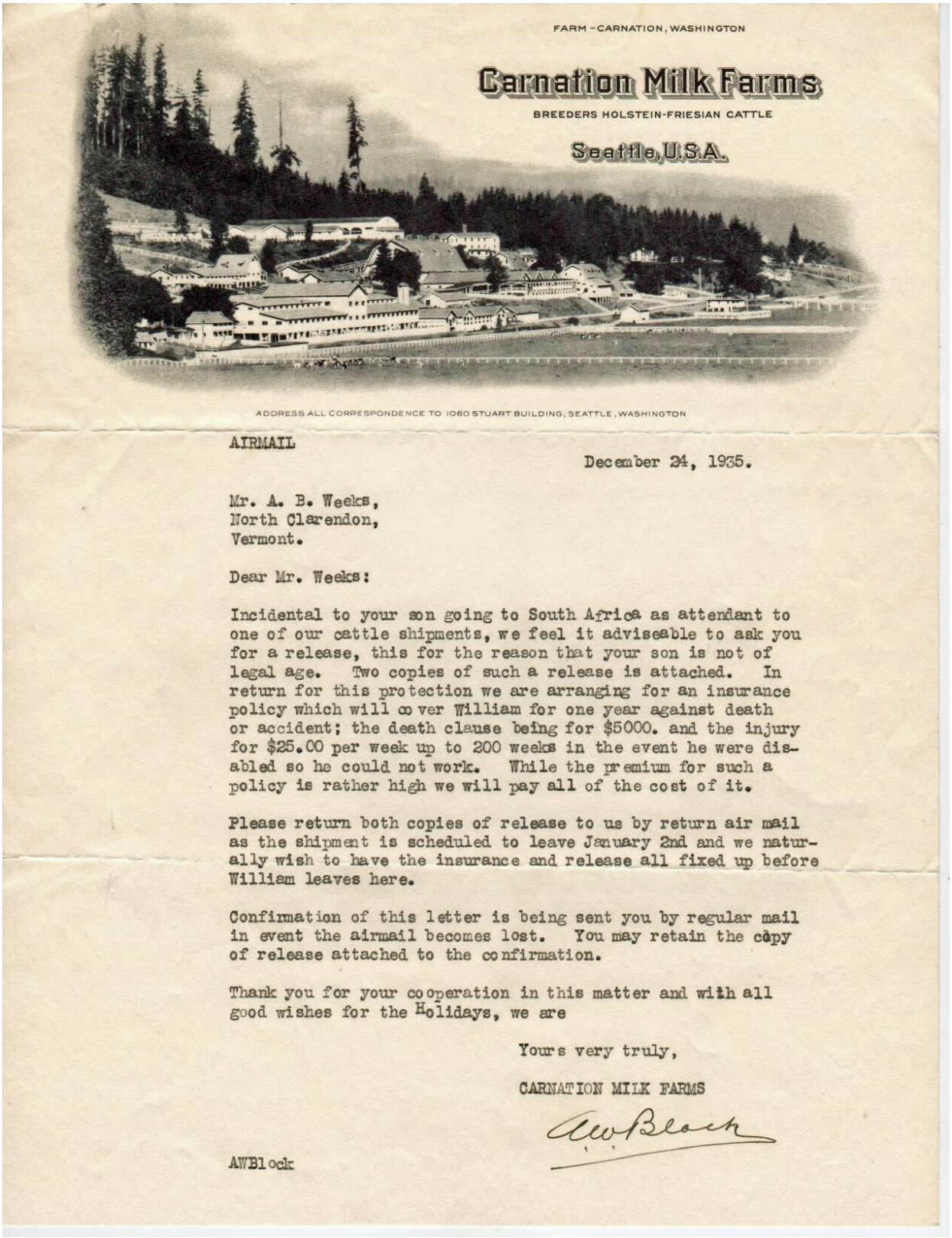
This note appears to be a telegram from R. E. Everly to William's father, Amherst. The handwriting is Amherst's, probably jotted down during a phone call from the Western Union office:


William desires take cattle shipment Africa. Leave about Jan. 2. Believe excellent opportunity but will not send him without your approval. Please advise. R. E. Everly Duvall, Wash.

Here is Amherst's reply, most likely phoned to the Western Union office in Rutland:


Am Willing (stop) Desire more information but will trust your judgement.
~~am willing~~ ~~William should take shipment to~~
~~Africa~~ (stop) Will write.
A. B. Weeks
No. Clarendon Vt.

On Christmas Eve, 1935, Mr. Everly wrote to Amherst Weeks asking for written permission for William to go to Africa:



FARM - CARNATION, WASHINGTON

Carnation Milk Farms

BREEDERS HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE

Seattle, U.S.A.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO 1060 STUART BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

AIRMAIL

December 24, 1935.

Mr. A. B. Weeks,
North Clarendon,
Vermont.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

Incidental to your son going to South Africa as attendant to one of our cattle shipments, we feel it adviseable to ask you for a release, this for the reason that your son is not of legal age. Two copies of such a release is attached. In return for this protection we are arranging for an insurance policy which will cover William for one year against death or accident; the death clause being for $5000. and the injury for $25.00 per week up to 200 weeks in the event he were disabled so he could not work. While the premium for such a policy is rather high we will pay all of the cost of it.

Please return both copies of release to us by return air mail as the shipment is scheduled to leave January 2nd and we naturally wish to have the insurance and release all fixed up before William leaves here.

Confirmation of this letter is being sent you by regular mail in event the airmail becomes lost. You may retain the copy of release attached to the confirmation.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter and with all good wishes for the Holidays, we are

Yours very truly,

CARNATION MILK FARMS

A W Block

AWBlock

To which Amherst responded by sending this document (signed):

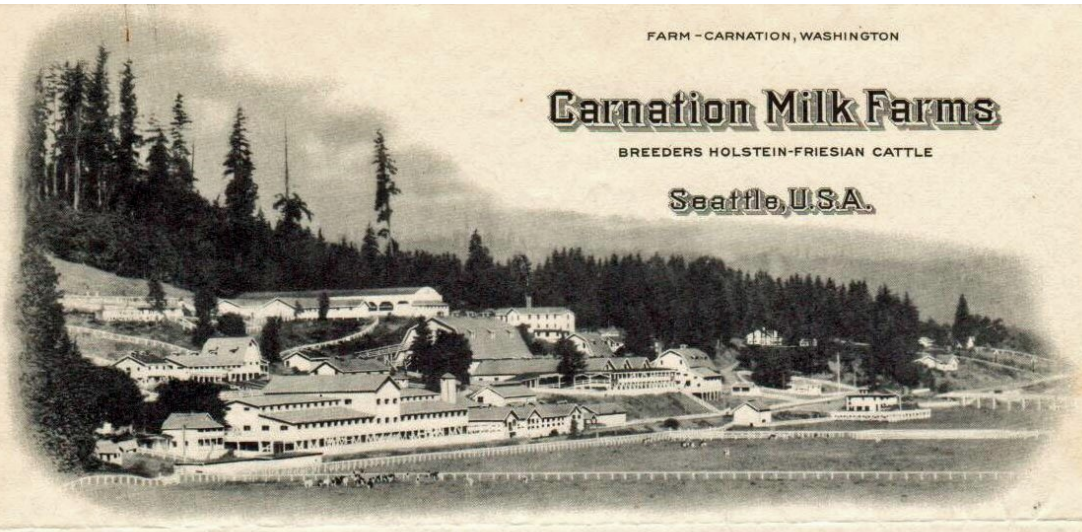
RELEASE

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That A. B. WEEKS of North Clarendon, Vermont, the undersigned, for and in consideration of the Carnation Milk Farms, a corporation, acting as guarantor to the owners of the S. S. MAPIA, against any claim made by the undersigned or William A. Weeks and in consideration of the said Carnation Milk Farms paying ~~a part of~~ the cost of accident insurance on the said William A. Weeks, all of which has been heretofore accomplished, does hereby release and forever discharge the said Carnation Milk Farms, a corporation, from any and all claims, actions or causes of action and demands which he, or any other person on his behalf may have against the said Carnation Milk Farms, now or at any time in the future, growing out of the voyage which said William A. Weeks is about to make on the S. S. MAPIA from Seattle, Washington, to Durbin, South Africa, as attendant for cattle being shipped by said Carnation Milk Farms, or growing out of the return passage from South Africa to the United States by whatever route and vessel or vessels the said William A. Weeks may choose, and particularly releasing said Carnation Milk Farms from any claim or demand in connection with said voyage or voyages in respect to compensation, personal injury, death, loss of or damage to luggage or effects, participation in salvage money and hospital, medical, burial or repatriation expenses incurred by the said William A. Weeks.

_____

Dated at North Clarendon, Vermont,
this _____ day of December, 1935.

And Mr. Everly responded:



ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO 1060 STUART BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

December 24, 1935

Mr. A. B. Weeks
North Clarendon, Vt.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

This will acknowledge receipt of your wire granting William permission to make the trip to South Africa with our shipment of cattle. I am glad that you have given him permission to go because I think it will be a wonderful opportunity for him to get some worth while experience. I think I can realize how you feel about his going so far from home, but on the other hand, I do not consider that there is much danger attached to the trip. I have seen many of the ships operated by this Company, and they are exceptionally good ships and of good size.

His work on the trip will consist of nothing but feeding and taking care of twenty-two heifers and two young bulls. There will probably be nothing in milk. The length of the voyage is approximately sixty days and I understand that there are several ports where the boat will call.

The Mr. Chalkley who is purchasing these cattle is a very valued customer of ours, and from what we know is a very high class gentleman. He is a Virginian by birth, but as we understand it Mrs. Chalkley is a titled English lady. We also understand that they are very well to do and the man that made the last shipment for us spoke very highly of Mr. Chalkley and the treatment he received at his hands.

Mr. Chalkley is very anxious to have a man from this country take over his herd and he is especially anxious to have someone who is capable of handling test cows. He also wants someone to make butter and cheese for him. I think that William can qualify in the cattle department and I am going to try and get him some time off from the Farm so that he can visit some of our plants in and around Seattle and take a short course in butter and cheese making. I feel sure that he will be able to stay on with Mr.

Chalkley and will be able to get some very valuable experience.

I am going to give William $250.00 for making this trip, which should be practically ample for his return fare in the event that he does not go to work for Mr. Chalkley.

I just want you to know that we would not have urged him to make this trip unless we thought it would be beneficial in every way. We have had many applicants for making the trip from men who have been employed at the Farm for sometime, but it seemed to me that William had the necessary qualifications and so with your permission, he will get the opportunity.

I hope that you and Mrs. Weeks will not worry about him because I do not think there is any occasion to do so even though he is going about 8000 miles from home. The cattle will land at Durbin and will go inland to the vicinity of Johannesburg. His address, in case you would want to write him, will be care of:

Mr. Guy Chalkley
Folly Farm
White River, Transvaal
South Africa

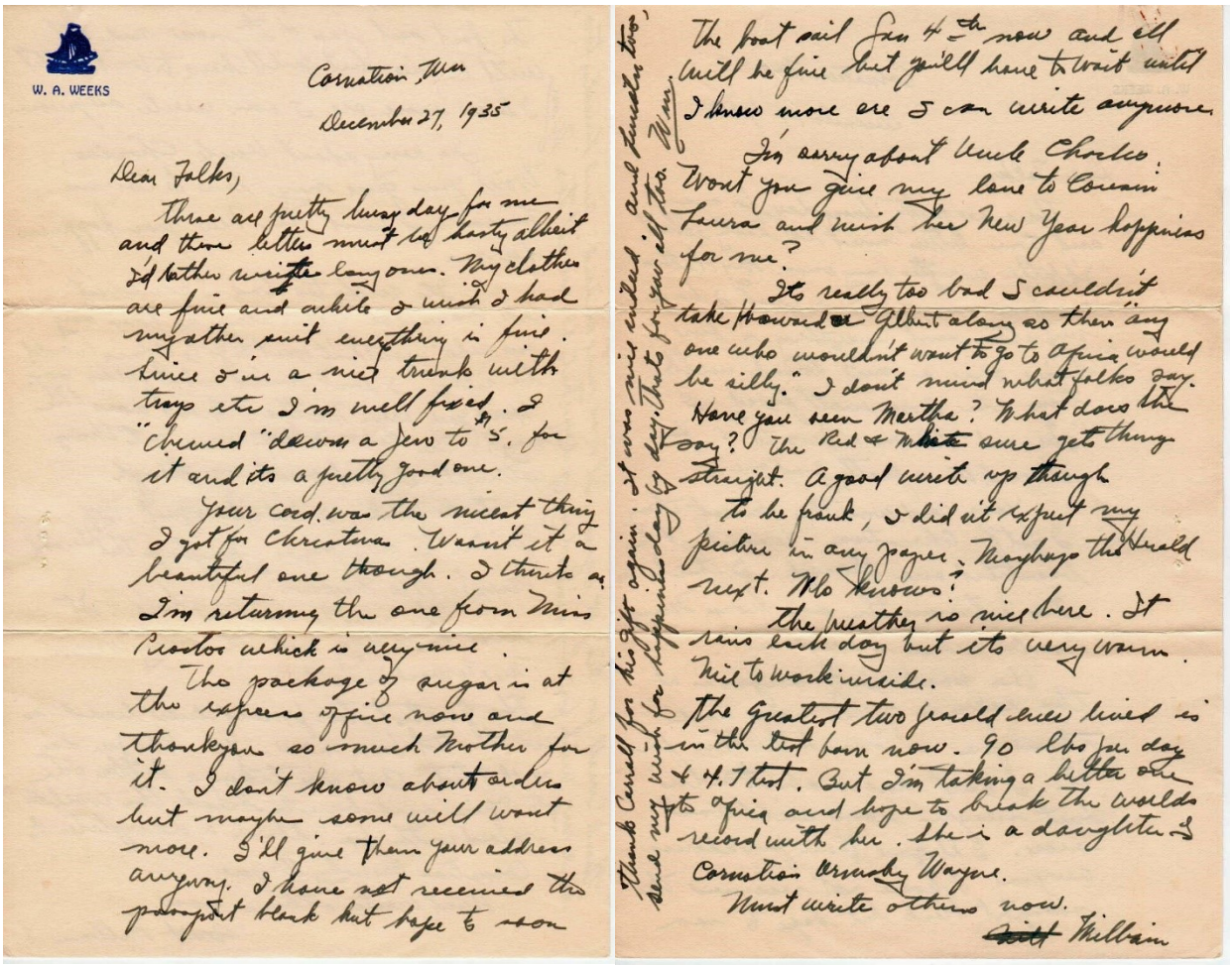
We are enclosing, herewith, a formal release from you which grants your permission for William to make the trip, and as you will note we are taking out an insurance policy for him. Would like to have you sign this and drop me a note by return mail as we expect the boat will leave about January 1st or 2nd.

Very truly yours,
R. E. Evens, Manager
CARNATION MILK FARMS

REE.m

The name of the boat is S.S.Mapia of the Silver Java Pacific Line

Two days after Christmas, William wrote:



W. A. WEEKS

Carnation Wash
December 27, 1935

Dear Folks,

These are pretty busy days for me and these letters must be hasty albeit I'd rather write a long one. My clothes are fine and while I wish I had my other suit everything is fine. Since I've a nice trunk with trays etc. I'm well fixed. I "chewed" down a Jew to $5 for it and it's a pretty good one.

Your card was the nicest thing I got for Christmas. Wasn't it a beautiful one though. I think as I'm returning the one from Miss Proctor which is very nice.

The package of sugar is at the express office now and thank you so much Mother for it. I don't know about orders but maybe some will want more. I'll give them your address

anyway. I have not received the passport blank but hope to soon. The boat sails Jan. 4th now and all will be fine but you'll have to wait until I know more ere I can write anymore.

I'm sorry about Uncle Charles. Won't you give my love to Cousin Laura and wish her the New Year happiness for me?

It's really too bad I couldn't take Howard or Gilbert along so then anyone who wouldn't want to go to Africa would be silly. I don't mind what folks say.

Have you seen Martha? What does she say? The Red and White sure gets things straight. A good write up though. To be frank, I didn't expect my picture in any paper. Maybe the Herald next. Who knows?

The weather is nice here. It rains each day but it's very warm. Nice to work inside.

The greatest two year old ever lived is in the test barn now. 90 lbs. per day and 4.7 test. But I'm taking a better one to Africa and hope to break the world's record with her. She is a daughter of Carnation Ormsby Wayne.

Must write others now.

~~Bill~~ William

Thank Carroll for his gift again. It was nice indeed. And Lincoln too, send my wish for happiness day by day. That's for you all too.

Wm.

Another letter from Mr. Everly to Amherst Weeks, two days before William is scheduled to leave:

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO 1060 STUART BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

January 4, 1936

Mr. A. B. Weeks
North Clarendon, Vt.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

Thank you very much for your letter of December 27th with further reference to William making the trip to South Africa.

I appreciate your prompt reply, and also your viewpoint when it comes to making a decision in this matter. I sincerely feel that it is a fine thing for him and hope that none of us have cause to regret it.

As near as we know now, the ship is due to sail the fourth of January which is this coming Saturday, (sailing date changed to January 6th, Monday), and if anything should occur that I feel would be of interest to you regarding the trip, I will certainly let you know.

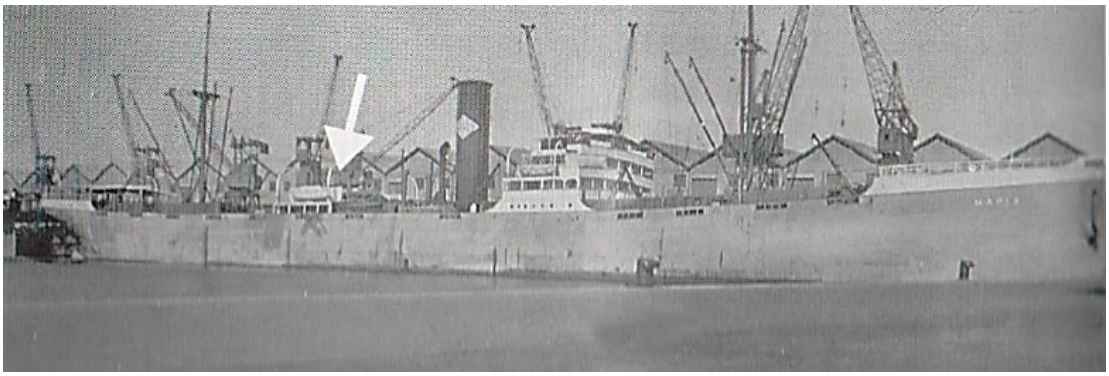
Very truly yours,

R. E. Everly

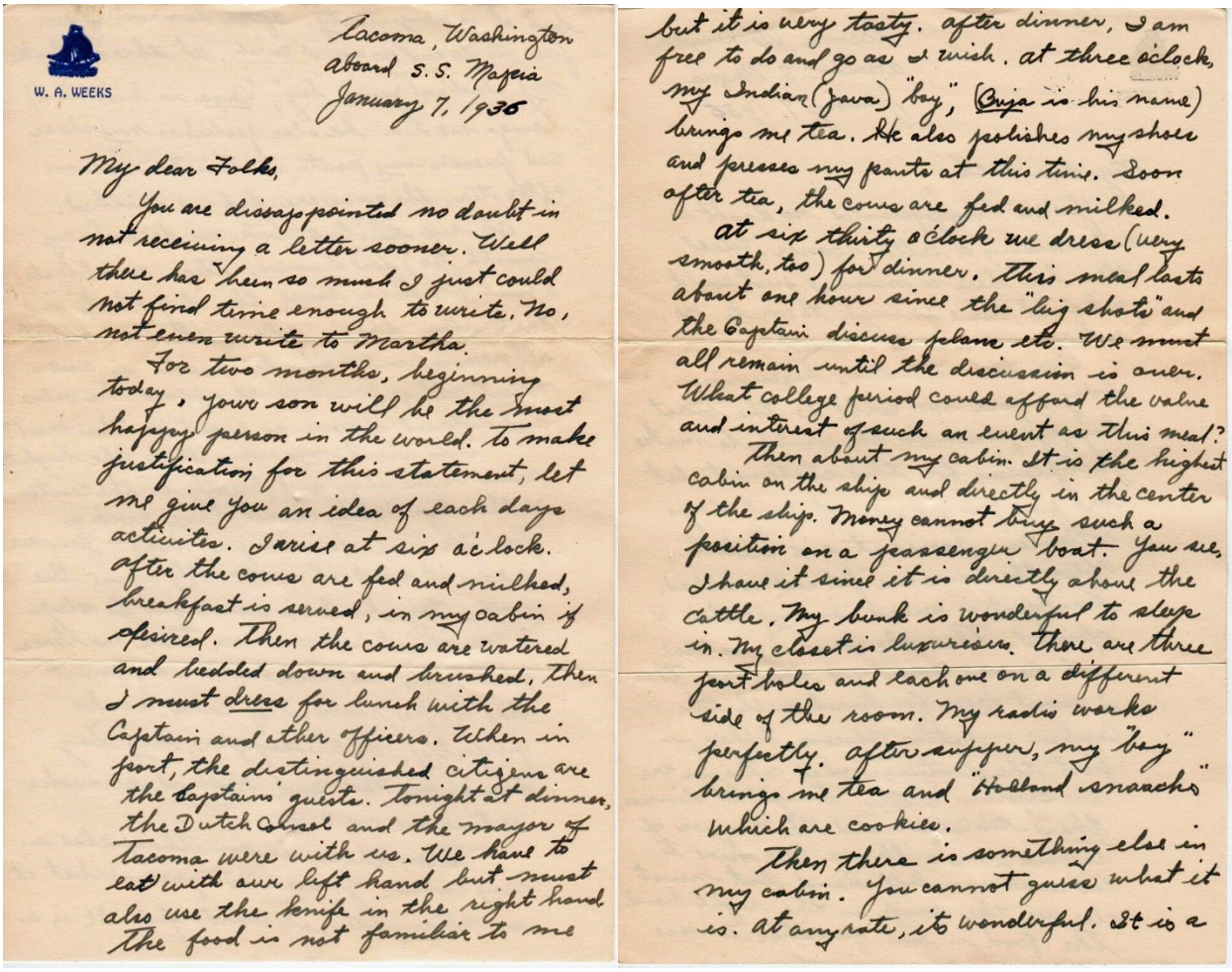
R. E. Everly, Manager

REE.m

Finally, the first week of January, 1936, William prepared to set sail aboard the S.S. Mapia. Cattle were hauled from the farm to the docks in Seattle and individual 3' x 8' stalls were built on the deck of the ship. Hay was stored below decks and water was loaded into empty holding tanks. In addition to 24 head of cattle, the ship also carried 12 pair of Red Carneaux pigeons. The crew consisted of Captain H.E. Royenschildt and 9 Dutch officers, a Javanese cook, and 52 natives of Calcutta, India, including Abdul Sutter, who would become William's good friend during the 78 day voyage. The ship set sail at 6:00 a.m. on January 6, 1935:



The steamship S.S. Mapia in Seattle harbor. Arrow points to location of cattle stalls on deck.



W. A. WEEKS

Tacoma, Washington
aboard S.S. Mapia
January 7, 1936

My dear Folks,

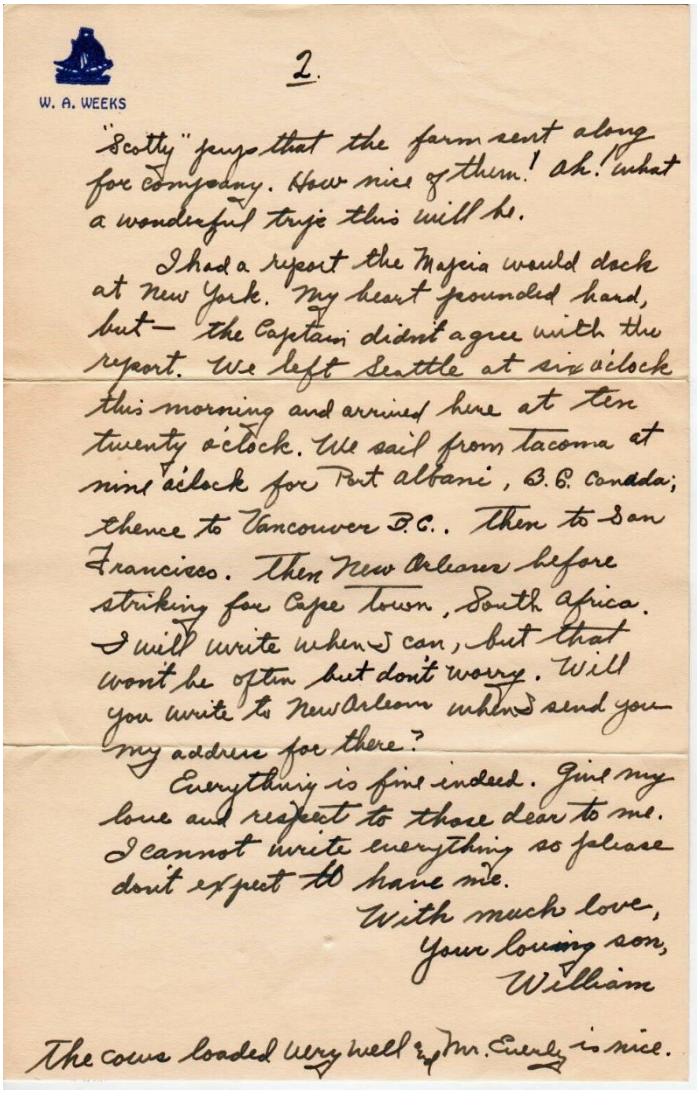
You are dissappointed no doubt in not receiving a letter sooner. Well there has been so much I just could not find time enough to write. No, not even write to Martha.

For two months, beginning today, your son will be the most happy person in the world. To make justification for this statement, let me give you an idea of each days activities. I arise at six o'clock. after the cows are fed and milked, breakfast is served, in my cabin if desired. Then the cows are watered and bedded down and brushed, then I must dress for lunch with the Captain and other officers. Taken in front, the distinguished citizens are the Captains guests. Tonight at dinner, the Dutch Consul and the mayor of Tacoma were with us. We have to eat with our left hand but must also use the knife in the right hand the food is not familiar to me but it is very tasty. after dinner, I am free to do and go as I wish. at three o'clock, my Indian (Java) "boy", (Ouja is his name) brings me tea. He also polishes my shoes and presses my pants at this time. Soon after tea, the cows are fed and milked.

at six thirty o'clock we dress (very smooth, too) for dinner. this meal lasts about one hour since the "big shots" and the Captain discuss plans etc. We must all remain until the discussion is over. What college period could afford the value and interest of such an event as this meal?

Then about my cabin. It is the highest cabin on the ship and directly in the center of the ship. Money cannot buy such a position on a passenger boat. You see, I have it since it is directly above the cattle. My bunk is wonderful to sleep in. My closet is luxurious. there are three feet holes and each one on a different side of the room. My radio works perfectly. after supper, my "boy" brings me tea and "Holland snaacks" which are cookies.

Then there is something else in my cabin. You cannot guess what it is. at any rate, it wonderful. It is a



2.

W. A. WEEKS

"Scotty" jumps that the farm went along for company. How nice of them! ah. what a wonderful trip this will be.

I had a report the Mapia would dock at New York. My heart pounded hard, but— the Captain didn't agree with the report. We left Seattle at six o'clock this morning and arrived here at ten twenty o'clock. We sail from Tacoma at nine o'clock for Port albani, B.C. Canada; thence to Vancouver B.C.. Then to San Francisco. Then New Orleans before striking for Cape Town, South africa. I will write when I can, but that wont be often but don't worry. Will you write to New Orleans when I send you my address for there?

Everything is fine indeed. Give my love and respect to those dear to me. I cannot write everything so please don't expect to have me.

With much love,
Your loving son,
William

The cows loaded very well & Mr. Everly is nice.

Tacoma, Washington
Aboard the S.S. Mapia
January 7, 1936

My dear Folks,

You are disappointed no doubt in not receiving a letter sooner. Well there has been so much I just could not find time enough to write. No, not even write to Martha.

For two months, beginning today, your son will be the most happy person in the world. To make justification for this statement, let me give you an idea of each day's activities. I arise at six o'clock. After the cows are fed and milked, breakfast is served, in my cabin if desired. Then the cows are watered and bedded down and brushed. Then I must dress for lunch with the Captain and the other officers. When in port, the distinguished citizens are the Captain's guests. Tonight at dinner, the Dutch Consul and the Mayor of Tacoma were with us. We have to eat with our left hand but must also use the knife in the right hand. The food is not familiar

to me but it is very tasty. After dinner, I am free to do and go as I wish. At three o'clock my Indian (Java) "boy" (Buja is his name) brings me tea. He also polishes my shoes and presses my pants at this time. Soon after tea, the cows are fed and milked.

At six thirty o'clock we dress (very smooth, too) for dinner. This meal lasts about one hour since the "big shots" and the Captain discuss plans etc. We must all remain until the discussion is over. What college period could afford the value and interest of such an event as this meal?

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Then there is something else in my cabin. You cannot guess what it is. At any rate, it's wonderful. It is a "Scotty" pup that the farm sent along for company. How nice of them! Oh! what a wonderful trip this will be.

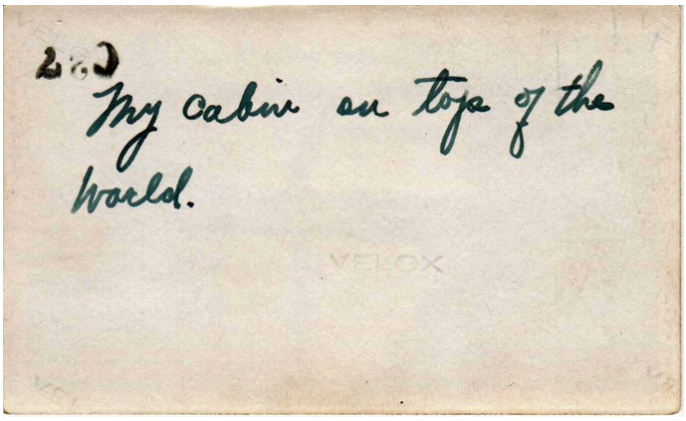
I had a report the Mapia would dock at New York. My heart pounded hard, but – the Captain didn't agree with the report. We left Seattle at six o'clock this morning and arrived here at ten twenty o'clock. We sail from Tacoma at nine o'clock for Port Alberni, B.C., Canada; thence to Vancouver, B.C., then to San Francisco. Then to New Orleans before striking for Cape Town, South Africa. I will write when I can, but that won't be often but don't worry. Will you write to New Orleans when I send you my address for there?

Everything is fine indeed. Give my love and respect to those dear to me. I cannot write everything so please don't expect to have me.

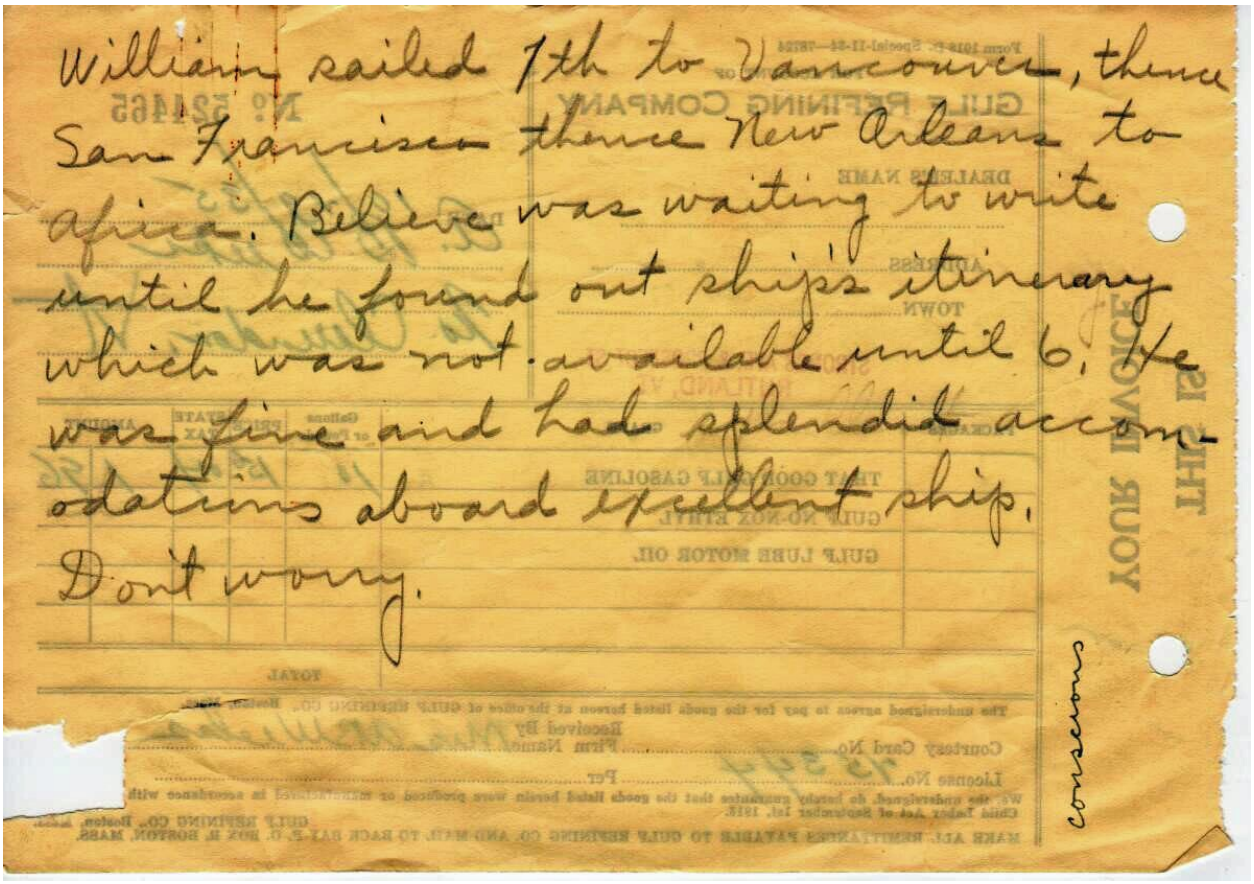
With much love, your loving son,

William

The cows loaded very well and Mr. Everly is nice.

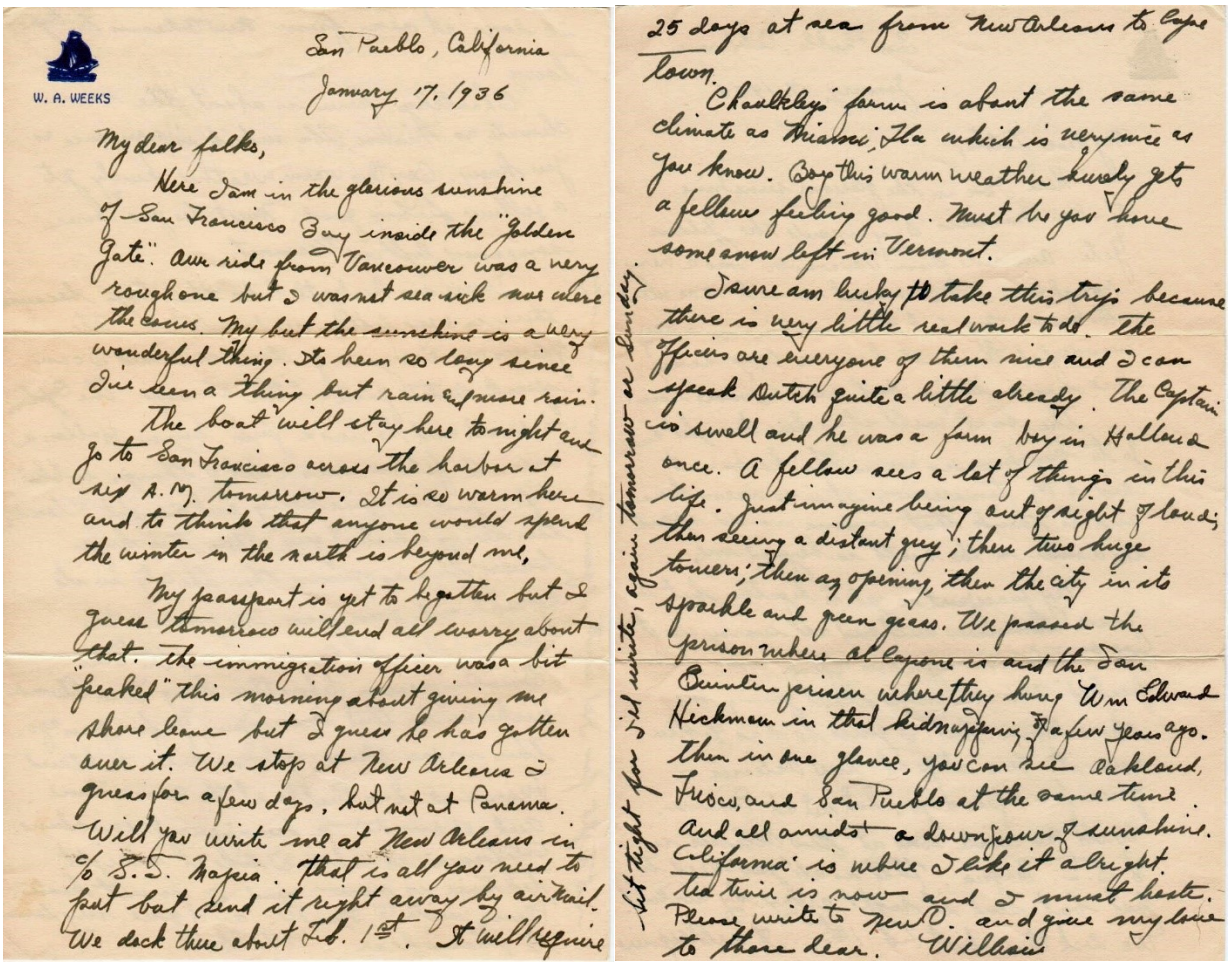


This reassuring telegram from Mr. Everly was telephoned to William's parents shortly after he left:


William sailed 7th to Vancouver, thence San Francisco thence New Orleans to africa. Believe was waiting to write until he found out ships itinerary which was not available until 6. He was fine and had splendid accomodations aboard excellent ship. Don't worry.

William sailed 7th to Vancouver, thence San Francisco thence New Orleans to Africa. Believe was waiting to write until he found out ship's itinerary which was not available until 6. He was fine and had splendid accommodations aboard excellent ship. Don't worry.

After loading lumber in British Columbia, the ship sailed south along the coasts of Washington, Oregon and California. Despite encountering a severe storm, William was not afflicted with seasickness. Off the coast of Oregon, the Mapia encountered debris in the water, which turned out to be from the wreck of the S.S. Iowa, another steamship that had sailed a few hours ahead of the Mapia and sunk during the storm with 50 hands. After landing in San Pablo, California, William wrote:



W. A. WEEKS

San Pablo, California
January 17, 1936

My dear folks,

Here I am in the glorious sunshine of San Francisco Bay inside the "Golden Gate". Our ride from Vancouver was a very rough one but I wasn't sea sick nor were the cows. My but the sunshine is a very wonderful thing. It's been so long since I've seen a thing but rain and more rain.

The boat will stay here tonight and go to San Francisco across the harbor at six A.M. tomorrow. It is so warm here and to think that anyone would spend the winter in the north is beyond me.

My passport is yet to be gotten but I guess tomorrow will end all the worry about that. The immigration officer was a bit "peaked" this morning about giving me shore leave but I guess he has gotten over it. We stop at New Orleans I guess for a few days, but not at Panama.

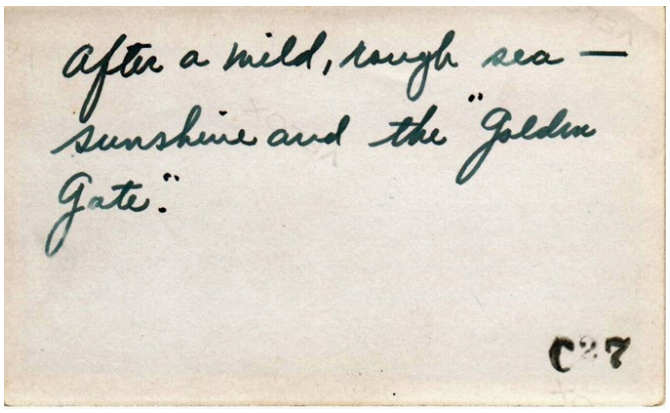
Will you write me at New Orleans in c/o S.S. Mapia. That is all you need to put but send it right away by Air Mail. We sock there about Feb. 1st. It will require 25 days at sea from New Orleans to Cape Town.

Chaulkley's farm is about the same climate as Miami, Fla. which is very nice as you know. Boy this warm weather surely gets a fellow feeling good. Must be you have some snow left in Vermont.

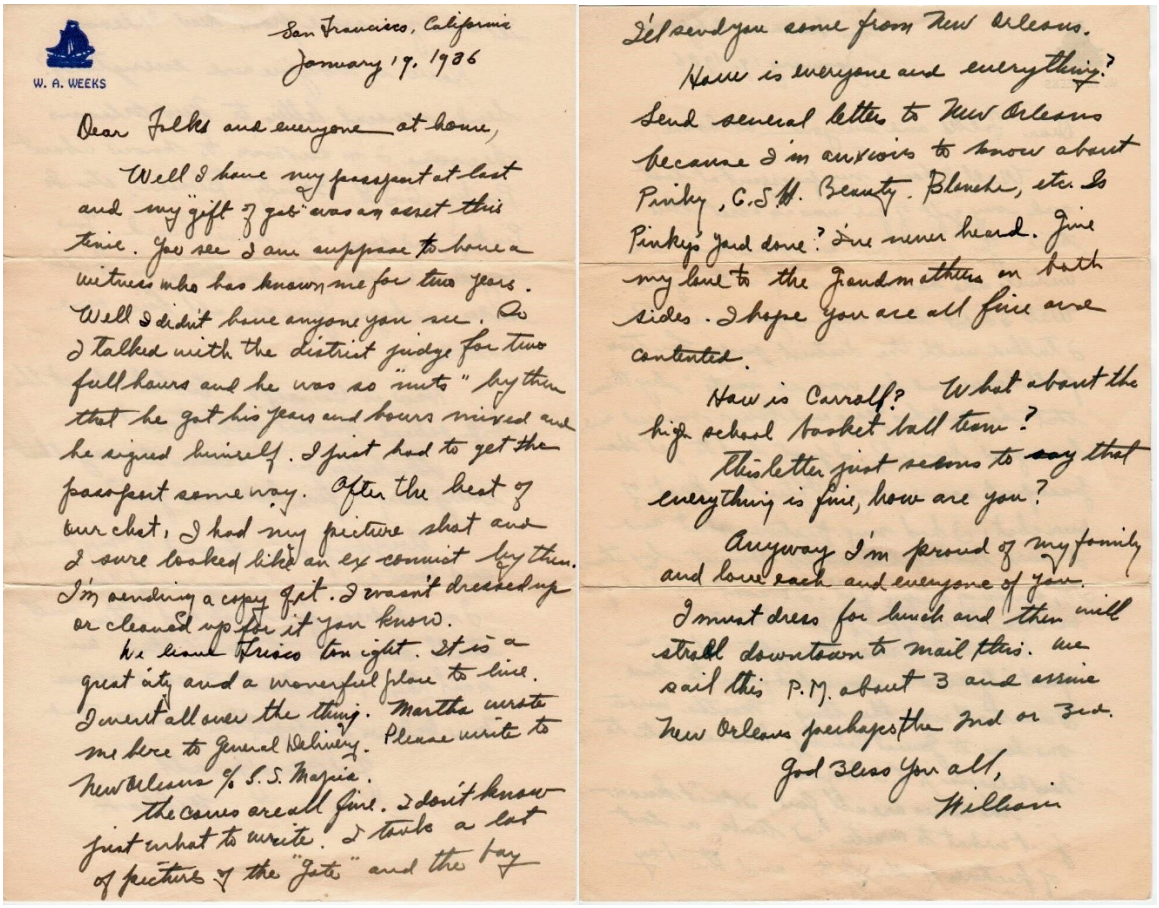
I sure am lucky to take this trip because there is very little real work to do. The officers are every one of them nice and I can speech Dutch quite a little already. The Captain is swell and he was a farm boy in Holland once. A fellow sees a lot of things in this life. Just imagine being out of sight of land; then seeing a distant grey; then two huge towers; then an opening; then the city in its sparkle and green grass. We passed the prison where Al Capone is and the San Quinton prison where they hung William Edward Hickman in that kidnapping of a few years ago. Then in one glance, you can see Oakland, Frisco, and San Pueblo at the same time. And all amidst a downpour of sunshine. California is where I like it alright. Tea time is now and I must haste. Please write to New O. and give my love to those dear.

William

Sit tight for I'll write again, tomorrow or Sunday.



True to his word, William wrote home again two days later. After obtaining his passport, William and three of the Mapia's Dutch officers took in a charity football game at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium between the Pacific Coast "All-Americans" and the Green Bay Packers:



W. A. WEEKS

San Francisco, California
January 19, 1936

Dear Folks and everyone at home,

Well I have my passport at last and my "gift of gab" was an asset this time. You see I am supposed to have a witness who has known me for two years. Well I didn't have anyone you see. So I talked with the district judge for two full hours and he was so "nuts" by then that he got his years and hours mixed and he signed himself. I just had to get the passport some way. After the best of our chat, I had my picture shot and I sure looked like an ex-convict by then. I'm sending a copy of it. I wasn't dressed up or cleaned up for it you know.

We leave Frisco tonight. It is a great city and a wonderful place to live. I went all over the thing. Martha wrote me here to General Delivery. Please write to New Orleans % S.S. Mapia.

The cows are all fine. I don't know just what to write. I took a lot of pictures of the "gate" and the bay. I'll send you some from New Orleans.

How is everyone and everything? Send several letters to New Orleans because I'm anxious to know about Pinky, C.S., Beauty, Blanche, etc. Is Pinky's yard done? I've never heard. Give my love to the Grandmothers on both sides. I hope you are all fine and contented.

How is Carroll? What about the high school basketball team?

This letter just seems to say that everything is fine, how are you?

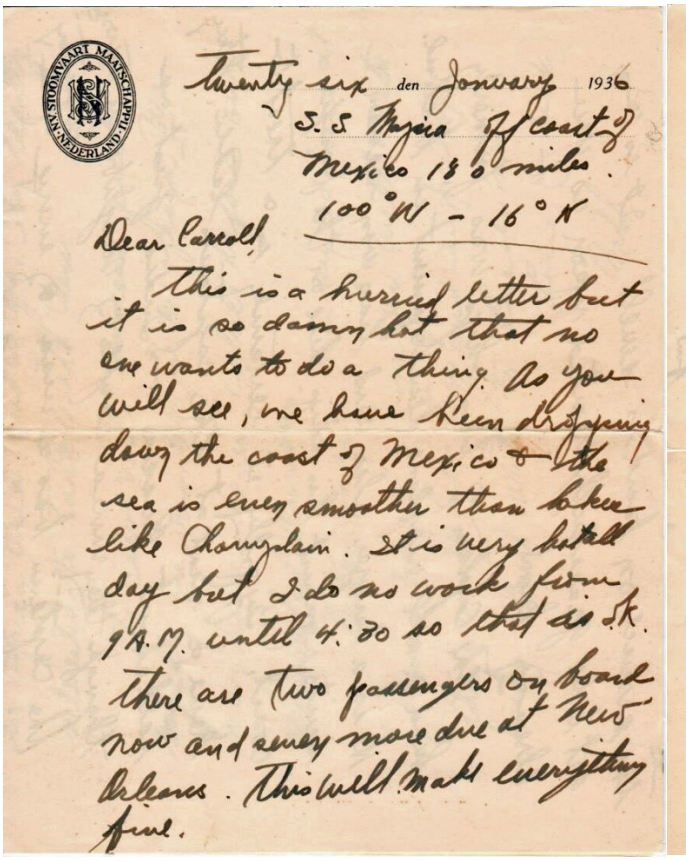
Anyway, I'm proud of my family and love each and every one of you.

I must dress for lunch and then will stroll downtown to mail this. We sail this P.M. about 3 and arrive New Orleans perhaps the 2nd or 3rd.

God Bless You All,

William

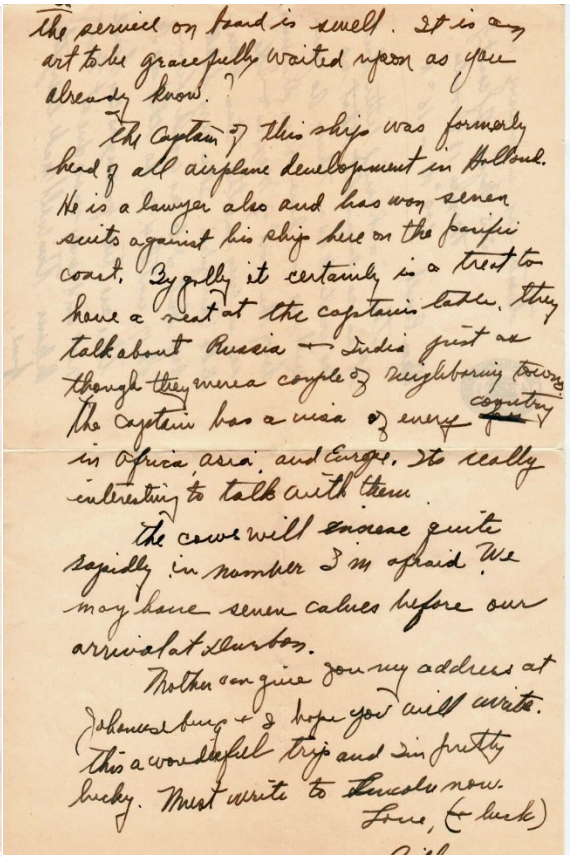
William's next letter was written to his brother, Carroll, from "somewhere off the coast of Mexico":



Twenty six den January 1936
S.S. Majica Off coast of
Mexico 180 miles.
100° W - 16° N

Dear Carroll

this is a hurried letter but it is so damn hot that no one wants to do a thing. As you will see, we have been dropping down the coast of Mexico & the sea is very smoother than lake like Champlain. It is very hot all day but I do no work from 9 A.M. until 4:30 so that is OK. There are two passengers on board now and many more due at New Orleans. This will make everything fine.



the service on board is swell. It is an art to be gracefully waited upon as you already know.

The Captain of this ship was formerly head of all airplane development in Holland. He is a lawyer also and has won seven suits against his ship here on the pacific coast. By golly it certainly is a treat to have a seat at the captains table. They talk about Russia — India just as though they were a couple of neighboring towns. The captain has a visa of every country in Africa, Asia, and Europe. It really interesting to talk with them.

The crew will increase quite rapidly in number I'm afraid. We may have seven cabins before our arrival at Harbor.

Mother can give you my address at Johannesburg & I hope you will write. This a wonderful trip and I'm pretty lucky. Must write to Lincoln now.

Love, (& luck)

Twenty six January 1936

S.S. Mapia off the coast of Mexico, 180 miles, 100°W – 16°N

Dear Carroll,

This is a hurried letter but it is so damn hot that no one wants to do a thing. As you will see, we have been dropping down the coast of Mexico and the sea is even smoother than lakes like Champlain. It is very hot all day but I do no work from 9 A.M. until 4:30 so that is o.k. There are two passengers on board now and seven more due at New Orleans. This will make everything fine.

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The cows will increase quite rapidly in number I'm afraid. We may have seven calves before our arrival at Durban.

Mother can give you my address at Johannesburg and I hope you will write. This is a wonderful trip and I'm pretty lucky. Must write to Lincoln now.

Love (& luck),

Bill

FARM – CARNATION, WASHINGTON

Carnation Milk Farms

BREEDERS HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE

Seattle, U.S.A.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO 1060 STUART BUILDING, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

January 28, 1936

Mr. A. B. Weeks
No. Clarendon, Vt.

Dear Mr. Weeks:

I want to thank you for your letter of January 16th, and am glad to note that you have had word from William. We have heard nothing from him since he left here, but I am expecting a letter after he arrives in New Orleans, then I think it is their plan not to make any further stops until they reach Capetown, South Africa, which is a good long ride especially to one who is slightly unaccustomed to the sea.

I think William was well taken care of on the boat, and know after he gets his sealegs he will enjoy the trip a great deal.

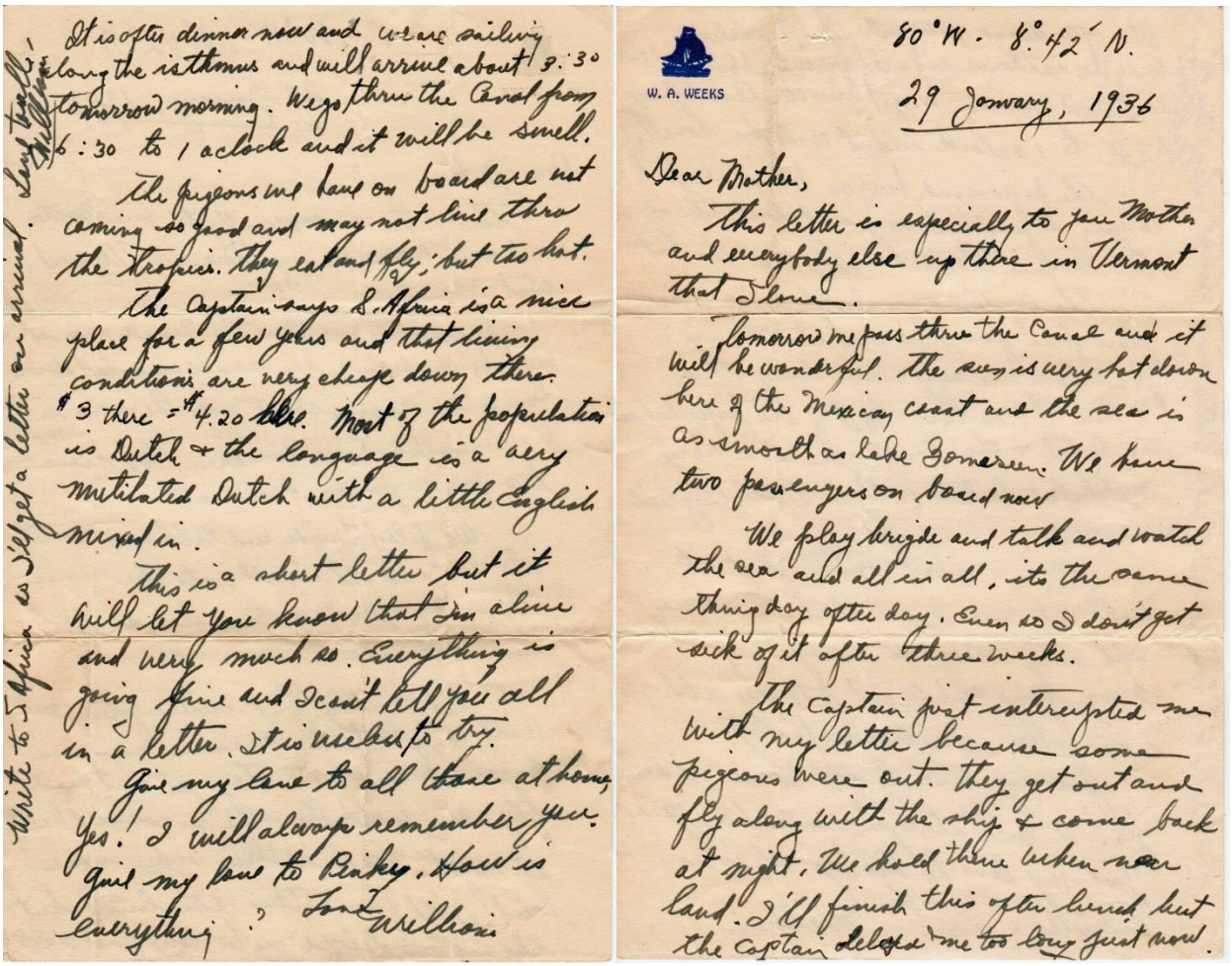
Would appreciate hearing from you as to how he gets along as you may hear from him before we do.

Very truly yours,

R. E. Everly

REE.m

After 11 days at traveling down the coasts of California and Mexico, the ship reached the Panama Canal. It took 7 hours to pass through the Canal's three locks, and Bill reported that the 18,000 ship's sides came within inches of the Canal's walls. This letter was written "especially to Mother":



80°W – 8°42'N
29 January, 1936

Dear Mother,

This letter is especially to you Mother and everybody else up there in Vermont that I love.

Tomorrow we pass thru the *(Panama)* Canal and it will be wonderful. The sun is very hot down here off the Mexican coast and the sea is as smooth as Lake Bomoseen. We have two passengers on board now.

We play bridge and talk and watch the sea and all in all, it's the same thing day after day. Even so I don't get sick of it after three weeks.

The Captain just interrupted me with my letter because some pigeons were out. They get out and fly along with the ship and come back at night. We hold them when near land. I'll finish this after lunch but the Captain delayed me too long just now.

It is after dinner now and we are sailing along the isthmus and will arrive about 3:30 tomorrow morning. We go thru the Canal from 6:30 to 1 o'clock and it will be swell.

The pigeons we have on board are not coming so good and may not live thru the tropics. They eat and fly; but too hot.

The Captain says South Africa is a nice place for a few years and that living conditions are very cheap down there. $3 there = $4.20 here. Most of the population is Dutch and the language is a very mutilated Dutch with a little English mixed in.

This is a short letter but it will let you know that I'm alive and very much so. Everything is going fine and I can't tell you all in a letter. It is useless to try.

Give my love to all there at home, Yes! I will always remember you. Give my love to Pinky. How is everything?

Love,

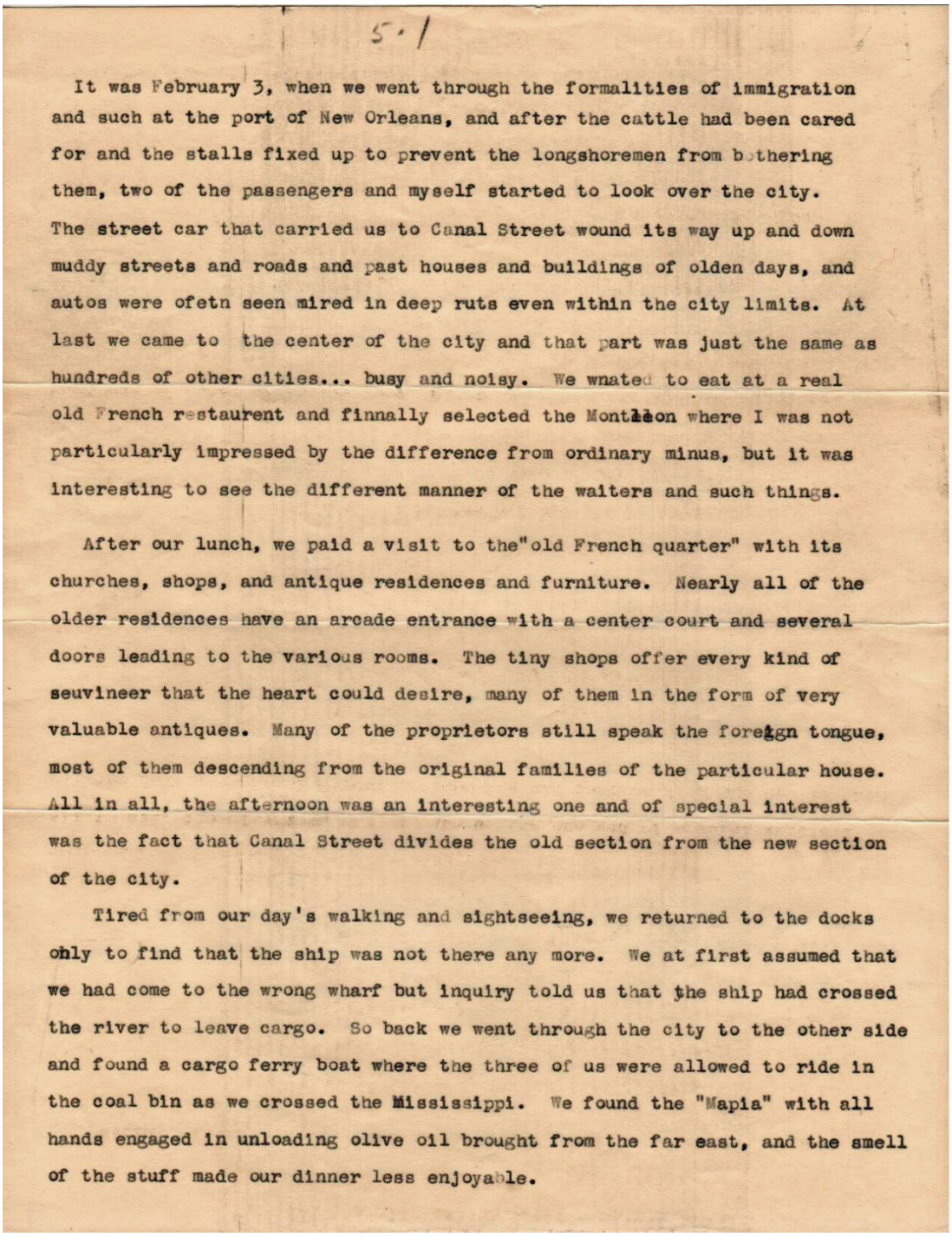
William

Write to S. Africa so I'll get a letter on arrival.

Love to all,

William

The ship reached the port of New Orleans on January 3, 1936. There, they unloaded olive oil and planned to take on a shipment of automobiles. While in port, a black heifer calf was born to one of the cows, and christened “Mississippi Midnight” by the crew. The automobile shipment was delayed, so the ship traveled to Port Arthur, Texas to load crude oil. During that trip, a bull calf was born to another cow and named “King Arthur”. Now two cows were providing milk, which was made into yogurt by the Indian crew members and used for meals by the ship’s cook. The following is William’s account of his time in New Orleans:



5-1

It was February 3, when we went through the formalities of immigration and such at the port of New Orleans, and after the cattle had been cared for and the stalls fixed up to prevent the longshoremen from bothering them, two of the passengers and myself started to look over the city. The street car that carried us to Canal Street wound its way up and down muddy streets and roads and past houses and buildings of olden days, and autos were ofetn seen mired in deep ruts even within the city limits. At last we came to the center of the city and that part was just the same as hundreds of other cities... busy and noisy. We wnated to eat at a real old French restaurent and finnally selected the Montleon where I was not particularly impressed by the difference from ordinary minus, but it was interesting to see the different manner of the waiters and such things.

After our lunch, we paid a visit to the"old French quarter" with its churches, shops, and antique residences and furniture. Nearly all of the older residences have an arcade entrance with a center court and several doors leading to the various rooms. The tiny shops offer every kind of seuvineer that the heart could desire, many of them in the form of very valuable antiques. Many of the proprietors still speak the foreign tongue, most of them descending from the original families of the particular house. All in all, the afternoon was an interesting one and of special interest was the fact that Canal Street divides the old section from the new section of the city.

Tired from our day's walking and sightseeing, we returned to the docks only to find that the ship was not there any more. We at first assumed that we had come to the wrong wharf but inquiry told us that the ship had crossed the river to leave cargo. So back we went through the city to the other side and found a cargo ferry boat where the three of us were allowed to ride in the coal bin as we crossed the Mississippi. We found the "Mapia" with all hands engaged in unloading olive oil brought from the far east, and the smell of the stuff made our dinner less enjoyable.

The next bit of news was that we were to sail from New Orleans that very night, but not for good however. It seemed that automobiles that were for us to carry to South Africa had not arrived from the north, and our wait being of indefinite length, we had been sent to the coast of Texas to load crude oil in the tanks which had held the olive oil. Therefore the pipes and tanks were being cleaned during the night as we sailed back down the Mississippi with Port Neshes, Texas, our destination, and every available space aboard was being used for washing or drying the oil pipes. These pipes when not in use had been wire to the rafters of the "barn" and getting them down and connected together had annoyed the cattle quite a bit. To finish off the confusion of the night, a nice big heifer calf was born to one of the cows. Arriving at close to midnight and on the "Father of Water the calf was soon dubbed by the officers andcrew "Mississippi Midnight". The passengers, most of them never having seen a tiny calf before in their lives, found the calf stall one of the points of interest on the ship, and many an argument followed between some of the passengers and the mother cow, who didn't care to have her baby petted to much.

Early the following morning we were right in the oil region of Texas and everyone was cautioned about smoking in the open while in port, as explosions of a serious nature were common in the area. Being busy with the cows, and locating a convenient place to put the new calf, I spent the day aboard ship, and at night several of us visited the recreation hall maintained by the Texaco company where we danced, and enjoyed our-selves in general. The next day we sailed to Port Arthur and here another calf was born, this time a bull which was promptly mamed "King Arthur" by those onboard. One unusual thing was taking place now.... having fresh milk on an ocean going steamer. There were two buckets full twice a day; one providing the native crew with milk to make pudding from, and the other one supplying the Captain's table with an abundant amount.

It soon became evident that a new arrangement would be necessary for stalling the two young calves. They wre groing rapidly and of course felt

very frisky while they wre awake, and getting in the way of the crew and being a general nuisance. Finally it was decided to convert the coal hatch into a calf pen. The coal hatch is a small open from the top deck to the second deck through which the cook's helper brought the coal supply for the galley, bringing up a three days's supply each trip. We located some short two inch plank and placed them over the canvas cover of the hatch; put up some two by fours to serve as corner posts; and used a rope net for the side fences. It made an ideal spot for the calves but it was necessary to take down the pen every three days in order that the cook's helper could get the coal for the kitchen.

Our duty done in Texas, we sailed back to New Orleans, and waited a few days for the automobiles. During the wait, I spent most of my time answering letters that I had received a few days earlier; also went to the movies and walked through the very lovely park to pass away the time. The cars finally did arrive and we saw the nets placed under the four wheels and the derricks swing them up and over into their berth on the lower decks. These cars were popular American models and the only difference being that the steering wheel was on the right hand side of the car, so designed for driving on the left hand side of the road, as is done in England and many foreign countries as well as South Africa.

While we knew that we were to spend twenty three days on the high sea between New Orleans and Cape Town, and that it might become a seemingly long voyage, everyone was anxious to sail. We had boarded seven new passengers all of the Americans, and with ten of us to share the huge boat, the voyage promised to be enjoyable.

As we were straightened out in harbor by the churning tug boats, and set ready for our departure from New Orleans and the United States, I think it was a rather lonely feeling that crept over each of the persons aboard the "Mapiéa . Probably none of us really realized just how far away the countries on the other side of the Atlantic are.

We sailed past the last bouy at the Mississippi's mouth at nearly two oclock in the morning. It had been a very exciting night for all of us, and as we retired for the night the ship was full speed ahead for a twenty three day crossing of the Atlantic. We had quite rough weather for a few days in the Carribean Sea, until we were finally off the coast of Haiti where a calm sea greeted us to stay with us all the distance agross the ocean. Haiti was really a desolate looking island as we sailed nearly half a whole day in sight of its shore, and seldom saw a settlement of any kind. Later we passed smaller islands of the group, and changed our course that we might pass by Santa Lucia and Martinique, two tiny islands of the area. ~~Later we could sight land at~~ This was the last sight we had of land until reaching Cape Town.

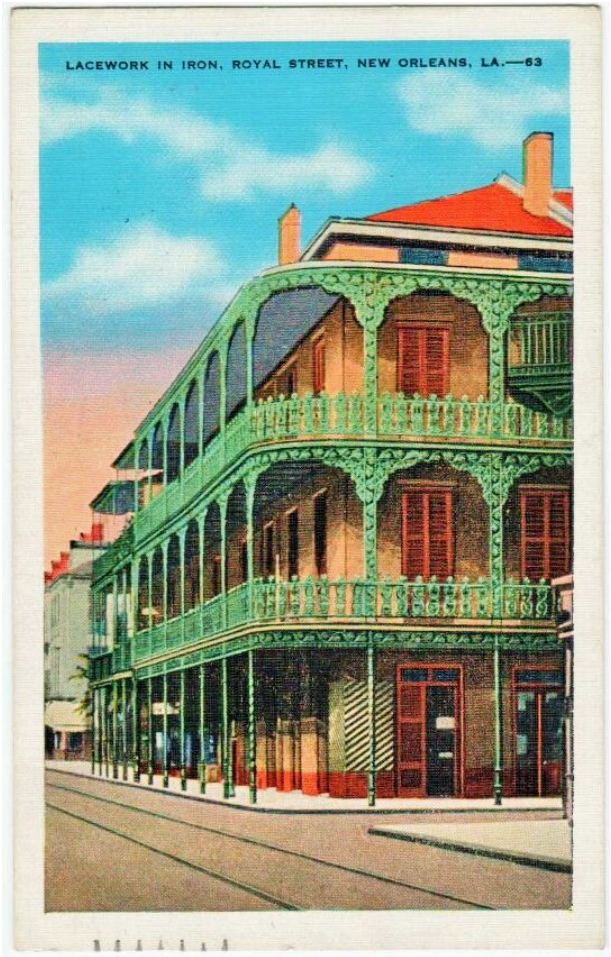
The little"Scotty" puppy during this time was enjoying himself very much. No one except the Javanese servent boy, Santno, and ~~my~~ me would be allowed in my cabin by the little fellow. However, outside of the cabin he was every bodys dog and became very attached to several of the passengers and the officers. The cows were coming very nicely and the two cows giving milk were providing us with a generous supply. The entire twenty four head had up to this point been tied in their individual stalls by halters, but as they were thoroughly accustomed to traveling by this time, I removed the petitions between every other stall, and losed the cows that they might turn around and be more free, with two animals in each "pen". I think that after this the cows enjoyed the trip better and they certainly became much fatter after a short time. As for the pigeons, we were often times finding eggs in the cages, and as soon as found they were claimed by some passenger for a souvenir.

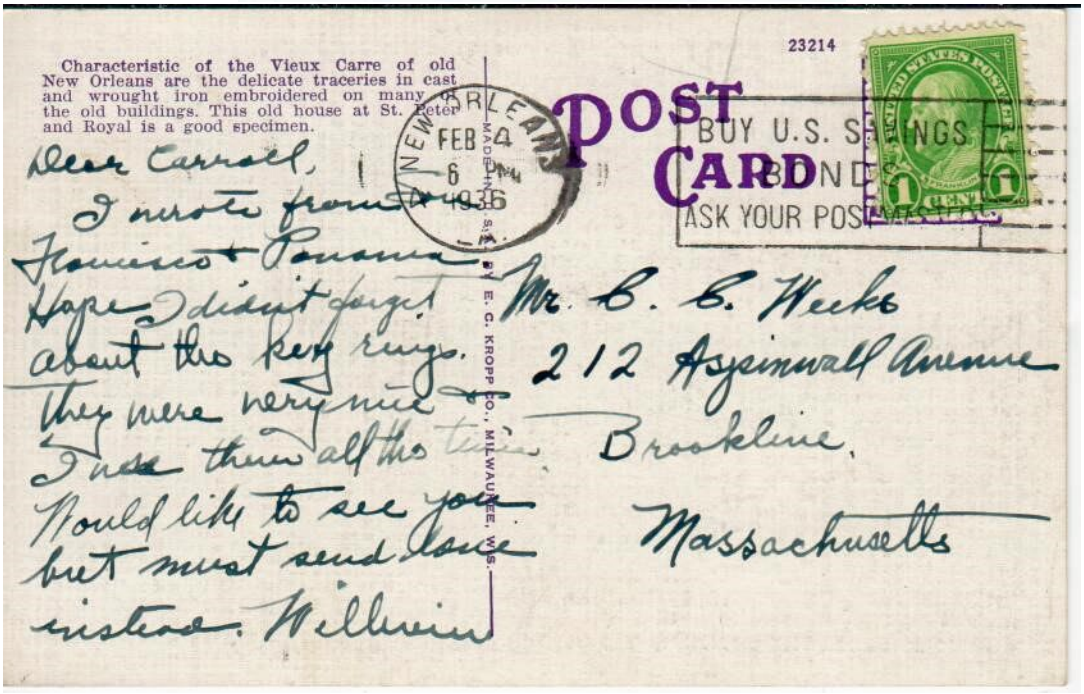
From boat to boat to boat. The pilot is stepping from "Sea Gait" to the cutter. Then from the cutter to the "Greyhound of the Seas" — The "Mapia"

C 7

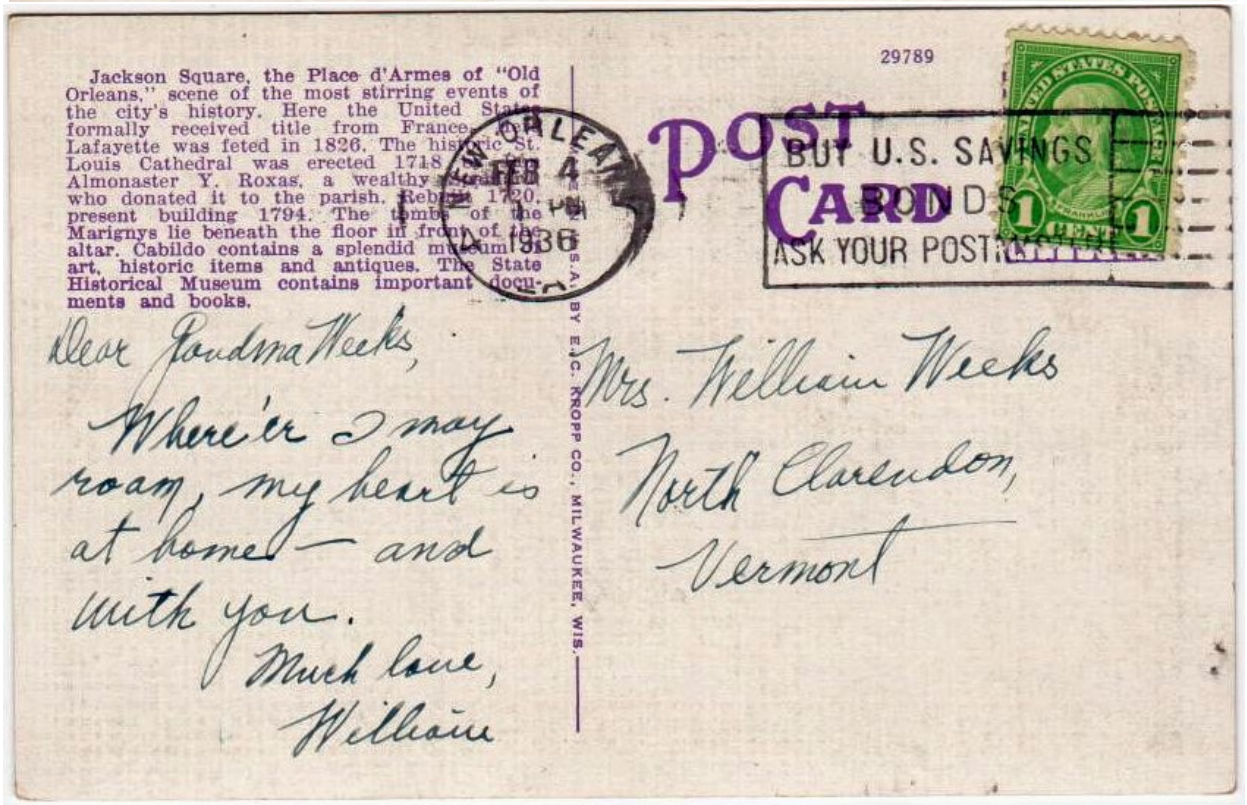
Captain of the S.S. Mapia, H.E. Royenschildt, with the Scottish terrier sent by R. E. Everly of Carnation Farm to be a companion to William during the long ocean voyage

William found a moment in New Orleans to send a couple of post cards home:





ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL
JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—102
THE CABILDO
STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM


Jackson Square, the Place d'Armes of "Old Orleans," scene of the most stirring events of the city's history. Here the United States formally received title from France. Lafayette was feted in 1826. The historic St. Louis Cathedral was erected 1718. Almonaster Y. Roxas, a wealthy [illegible] who donated it to the parish. Rebuilt 1720, present building 1794. The tombs of the Marignys lie beneath the floor in front of the altar. Cabildo contains a splendid museum of art, historic items and antiques. The State Historical Museum contains important documents and books.
29789
POST CARD
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER
Dear Grandma Weeks,
Where'er I may roam, my heart is at home — and with you.
Much love,
William
Mrs. William Weeks
North Clarendon,
Vermont
BY E.C. KROPP CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

W. A. WEEKS

Port Arthur, Texas
February 7, 1936

Dear Carroll,

Certainly you will think I'm pretty bad if I don't write a really long letter this time. Yours was very nice and I was tickled to get it along with twenty others when we arrived at New Orleans. Everyone wrote me I guess.

There has b en a lot of excitement at home I guess, but you surely know more of that than I can tell you. It has been mighty cold along the gulf ever since we arrived at the delta on the 3rd. Temperatures down to 4°C. have been recorded and that is cold for down here.

When we leave New Orleans on the 12th. we will be carrying ten passengers. The boat is 530 feet in lenght, and some seventy feet wide. That is very large for ships carrying cargo. Passenger liners are of course much bigger. As for actual work, I have to feed and water and milk the cows on board. The crew does the cleaning out and they too wash the stable when the deck is swabbed. The table is equiped with a rail on either side to prevent dishes from sliding to the floor during rough weather. Today we ran aground while meeting another large ship in a 122 foot canel here in Texas. As the boat goes through these tiny canals, it seems as if you were riding a freight train in Indiana because there is land and swamps on each side of you. The cows do not get sea-sick. Nor have I been; in fact I really like the sea very much and when the boat docks, I feel no great urge to step once more on land. No doubt a few months will change my feeling.

If I were you, I shouldn't worry about 'when I do graduate'. A year ago today, what inkling of evidence did I have I'd be here today? Maybe you don't believe in luck; but just the same there is such a thing. And the very best wish I could give for Great luck, I give to you.

With much love,

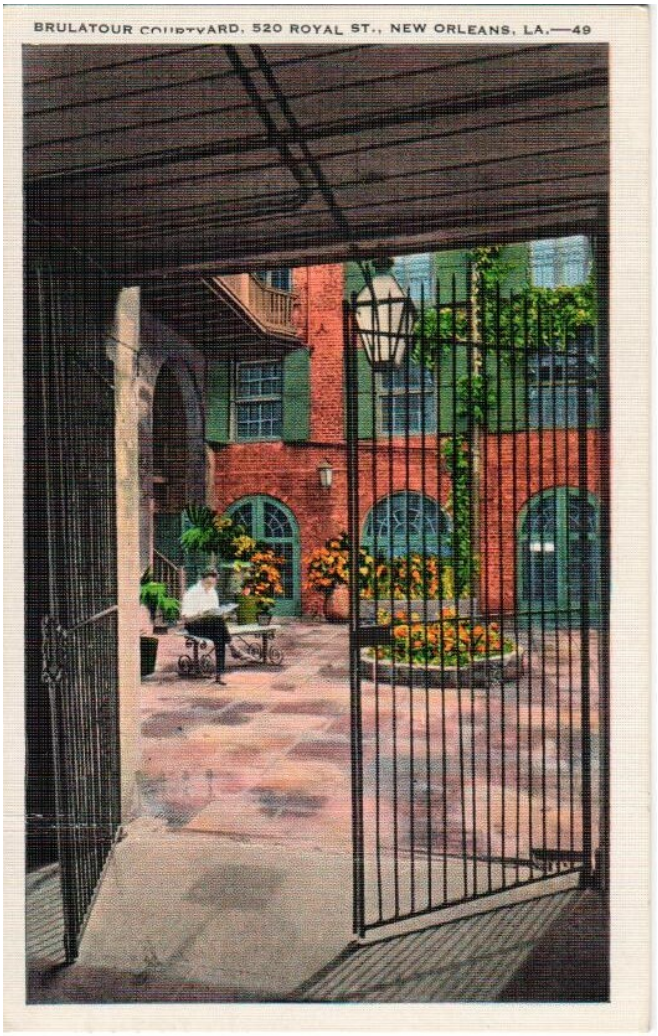
William

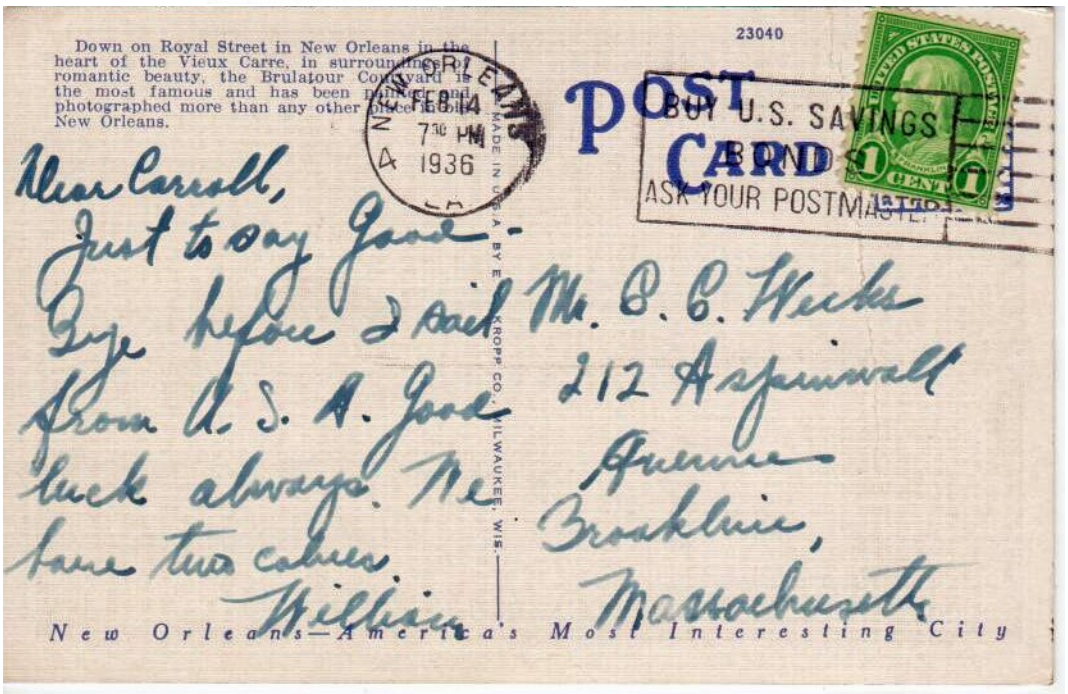
I've listed the officers and their positions at dinner in order of their rank on the reverse side.

Captain

Passenger	Passenger
1st. Mate	Cheif Engineer
Passenger	Passenger
2nd. Mate	2nd. Engineer
3rd. Mate	3rd. Engineer
Wireless operator	4th. Engineer
4th. Mate	Assist. Engineer
Cattle steward	Assistant. Engineer.

Superintendent
of cargo.


BRULATOUR COURTYARD, 520 ROYAL ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—49


23040
Down on Royal Street in New Orleans in the heart of the Vieux Carre, in surroundings of romantic beauty, the Brulatour Courtyard is the most famous and has been painted and photographed more than any other place in old New Orleans.
NEW ORLEANS
FEB 14
7 30 PM
1936
POST CARD
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER
Dear Carroll,
Just to say Good-
Bye before I sail
from U. S. A. Good
luck always. We
have two calves.
William
Mr. E. C. Weeks
212 Aspinwall
Avenue
Brookline,
Massachusetts
New Orleans—America's Most Interesting City

W. A. WEEKS

Port Arthur , Texas
February 8, 1936

My dear Mother,

Was I glad to get your letters and the ones from others back in old Vermont. There was some news of both kinds in them so it was not so bad. I am glad that you decided to get a new car and I know that it must be very nice indeed.

We have been cruising around Texas for a few days and have been unloading oil and loading asphalt. Yesterday we saw a ship blow up because it was an oil ship and someone was smoking aboard. One man was killed. Our ship ran aground and all these things are certainly lots of fun. If I can't answere all the questions in this letter I will write again in New Orleans. We go back there for three days and we sail either the twelfth or fourteenth. A calf will be born tonight and since we are in Port Arthur I am going to name him King Arthur. His mother is a wonderful cow, the greatest cow I've ever handled and that does not mean much maybe. She is a daughter of the Worlds Champion 2yr old Cornation Ormsby Wayne. There are several passengers aboard and there will be ten in all when we sail from New Orleans. Most of them are going to Cape Town or Durhan. One is a round the world passenger.

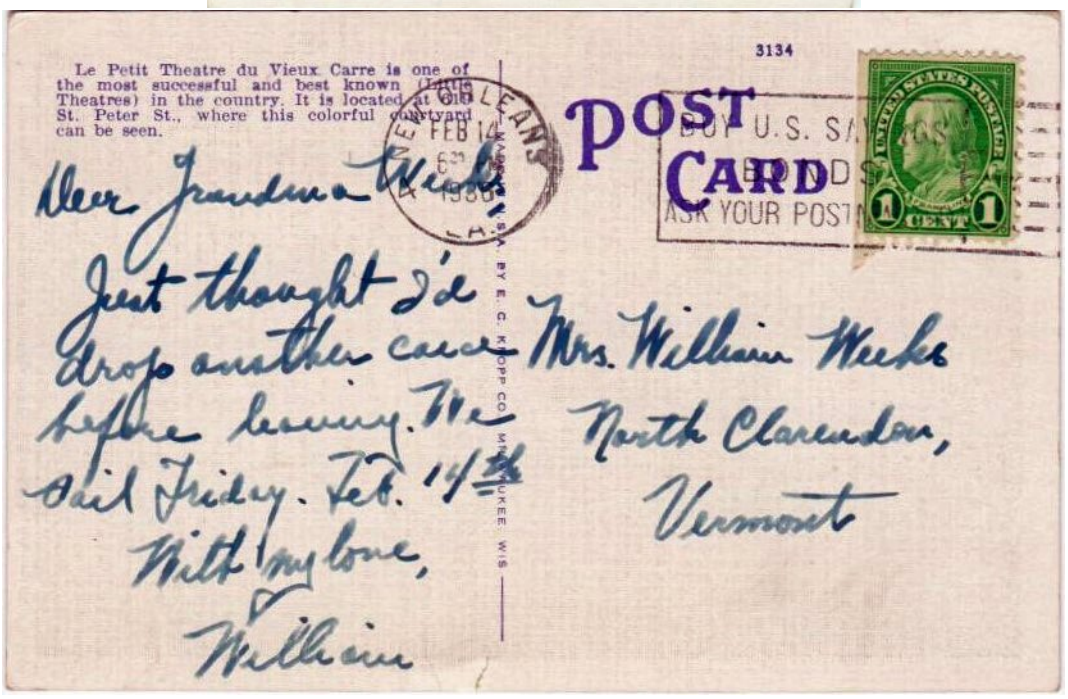
Things are happening so thick and fast just now that I am afraid that this letter will not be long enough to say much, but it will let you know that I'm alive and very well and happy. Also please excuse the typewriter because I want to get this letter out before the steward goes ashore.

I sat at the Captain's place at dinner last night. I didn't know I rated that high but it was sure a thrill. Thats the life for me, I certainly felt good. The Captain was absent. We have a birthday party tonight for a passenger from San Diego, Cal.

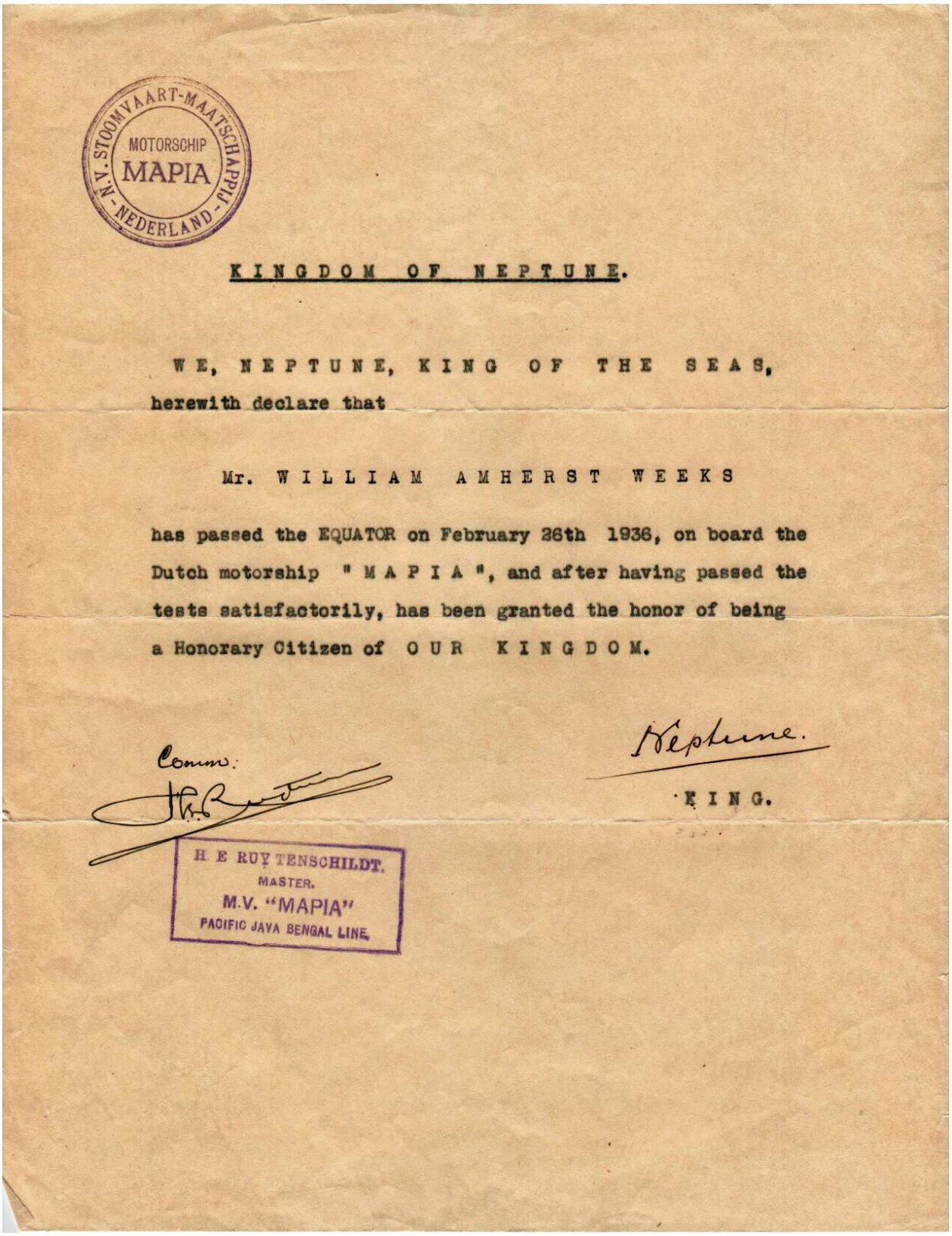
Must give this to the steward but will write again.
With lots of love to all,

William

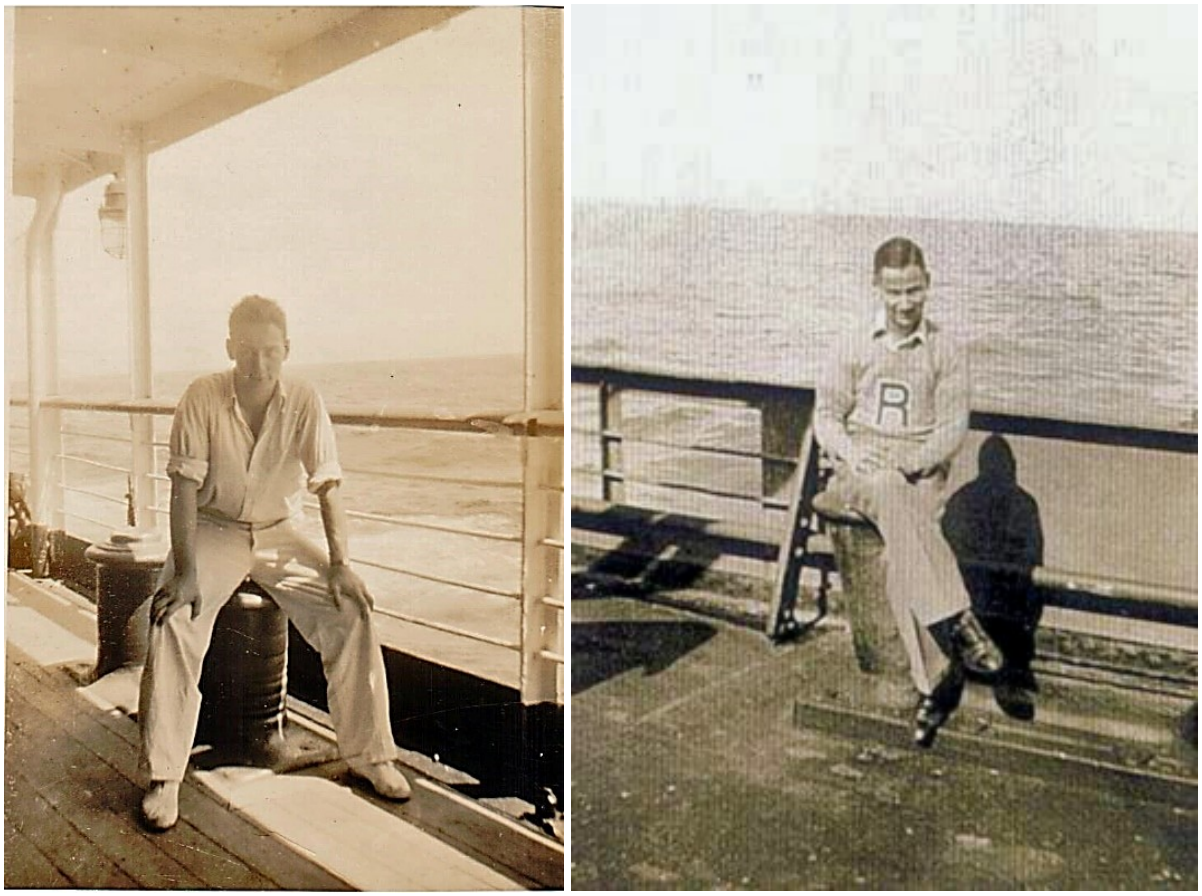
LITTLE THEATRE COURTYARD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—160


3134
Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre is one of the most successful and best known (Little Theatres) in the country. It is located at 616 St. Peter St., where this colorful courtyard can be seen.
POST CARD
BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER
NEW ORLEANS FEB 14 6 30 1930 LA.
Dear Grandma Weeks
Just thought I'd drop another card before leaving. We sail Friday. Feb. 14th
With my love,
William
Mrs. William Weeks
North Clarendon,
Vermont
MADE IN U.S.A. BY E. C. KROPP CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

This “declaration from King Neptune” became one of William’s most prized possessions:

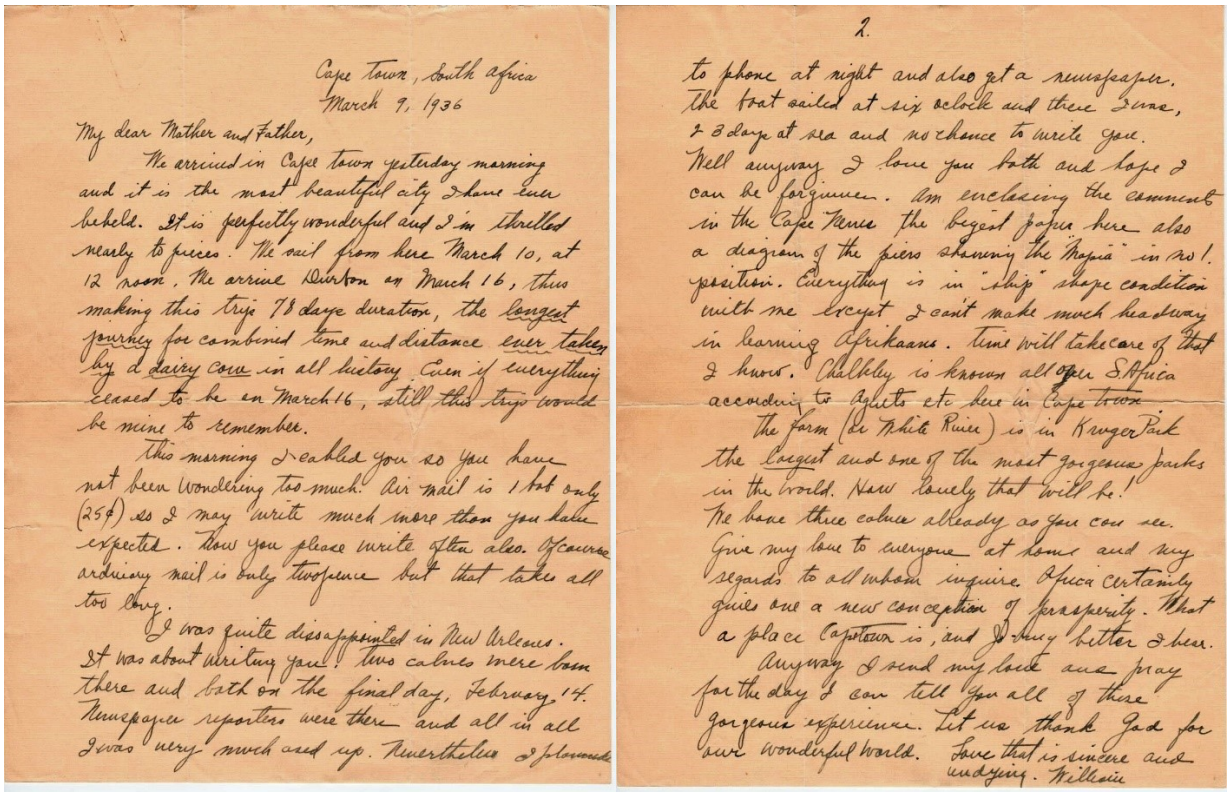


Photos taken of William during the long ocean crossing from New Orleans to Cape Town, South Africa:



William aboard the S.S. Mapia during the ocean crossing from New Orleans to Cape Town, South Africa

William finally arrived in Cape Town, South Africa on March 8, 1936:



Cape Town, South Africa
March 9, 1936

My dear Mother and Father,

We arrived in Cape Town yesterday morning and it is the most beautiful city I have ever beheld. It is perfectly wonderful and I'm thrilled nearly to pieces. We sail from here March 10, at 12 noon. We arrive Durban on March 16, thus making this trip 78 days duration, the longest journey for combined time and distance ever taken by a dairy cow in all history. Even if everything ceased to be on March 16, still this trip would be mine to remember.

This morning I cabled you so you have not been wondering too much. Air mail is 1 bob only (25¢) so I may write much more than you have expected. Now you please write often also. Of course ordinary mail is only two pence but that takes all too long.

I was quite disappointed in New Orleans. It was about writing you. Two calves were born there and both on the final day, February 14. Newspaper reporters were there and all in all I was very much used up. Nevertheless I planned to phone at night and also get a newspaper. The boat sailed at six o'clock and there I was, 23 days at sea and no chance to write you. Well anyway I love you both and I hope I can be forgiven. Am enclosing the comments in the Cape News, the biggest paper here, also a diagram of the piers showing the "Mapia" in no. 1 position. Everything is in "ship" shape condition with me except I can't make much headway

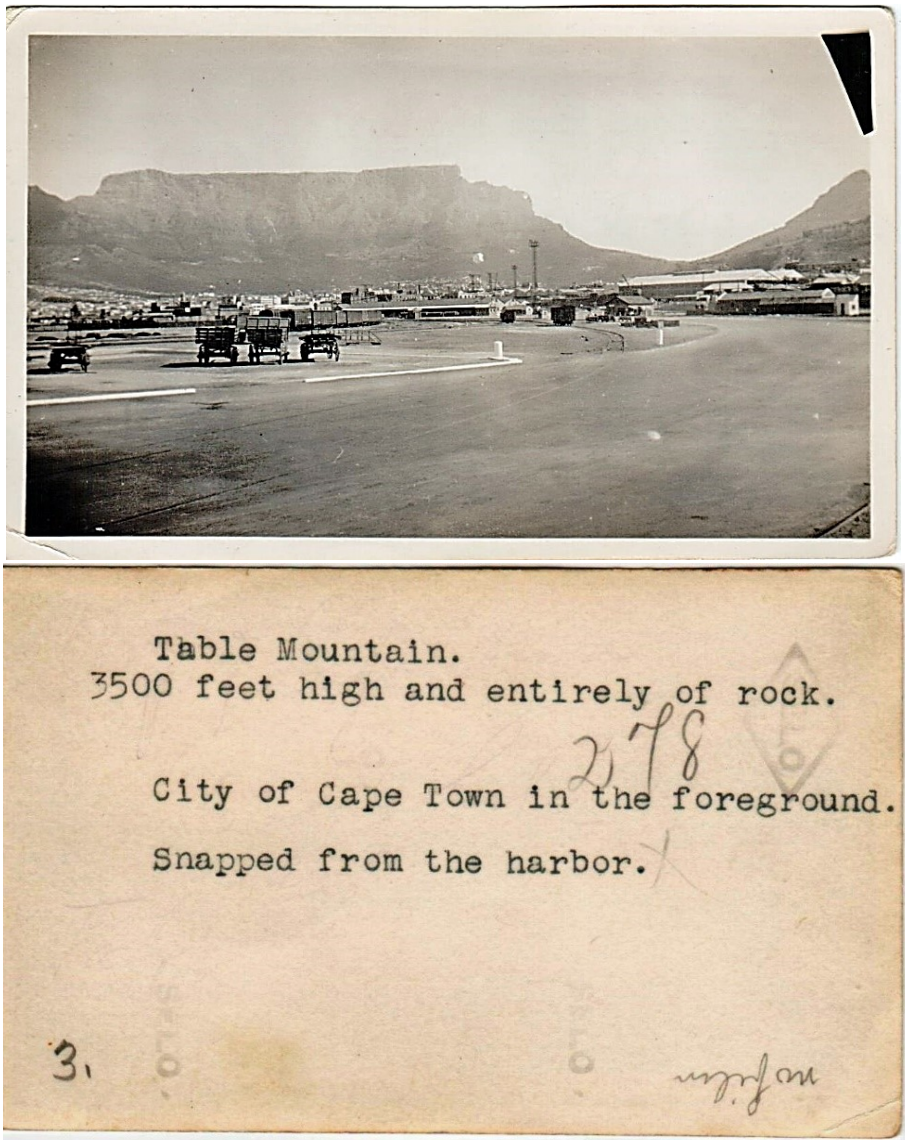
in learning Afrikaans. Time will take care of that I know. Chalkley is known all over S. Africa according to Agents etc. here in Cape Town.

The farm (or White River) is in Kruger Park the largest and one of the most gorgeous parks in the world. How lovely that will be! We have three calves already as you can see. Give my love to everyone at home and my regards to all whom inquire. Africa certainly gives one a new conception of prosperity. What a place Cape Town is, and Jo'burg better I hear.

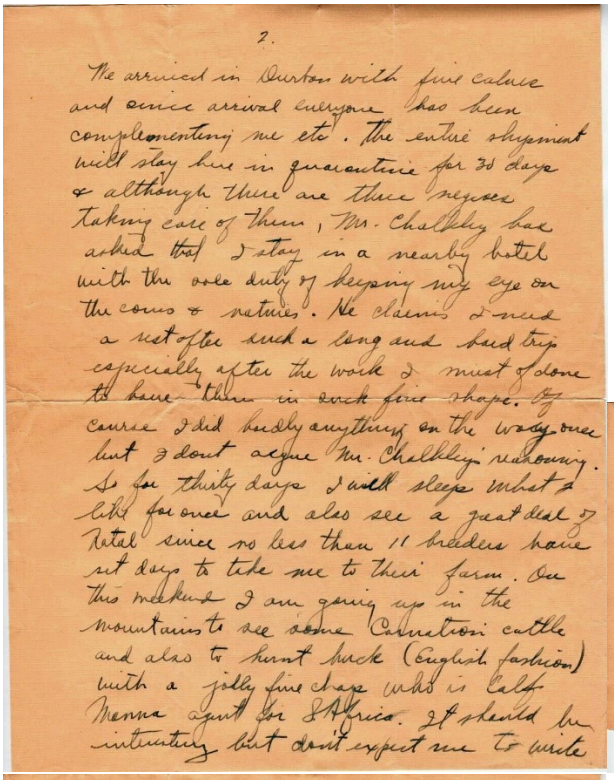
Anyway I send my love and pray for the day I can tell you all of these gorgeous experiences. Let us thank God for our wonderful world.

Love that is sincere and undying,

William

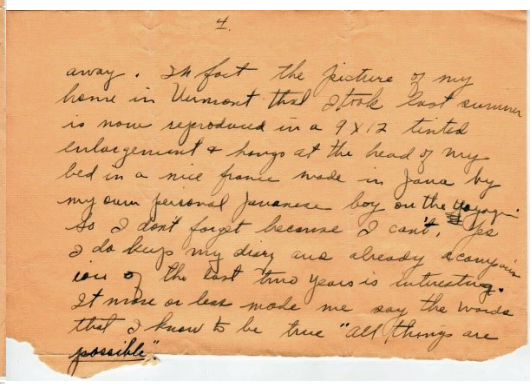


William's next letter was sent sometime after the ship's arrival in Durban, South Africa on March 16, 1936. Some pages have been lost:



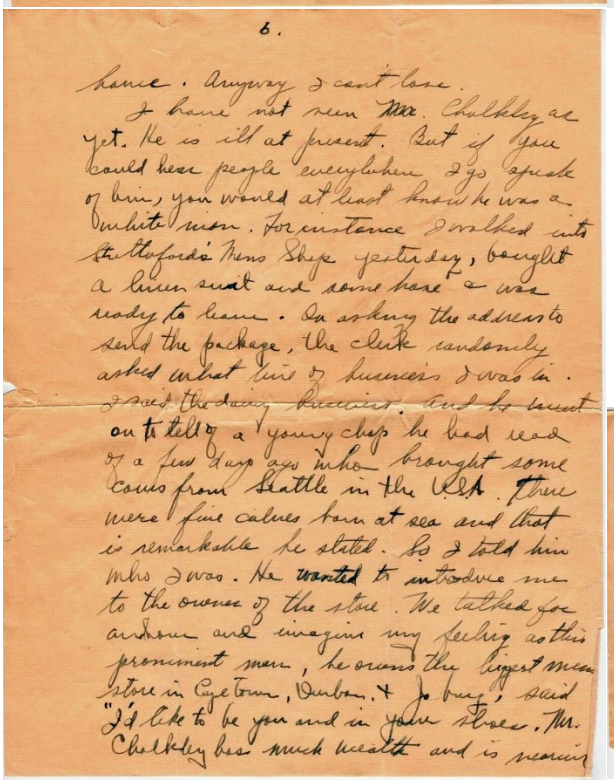
2.

We arrived in Durban with five calves and since arrival everyone has been complementing me etc. The entire shipment will stay here in quarantine for 30 days & although there are three negroes taking care of them, Mr. Chalkley has asked that I stay in a nearby hotel with the sole duty of keeping my eye on the cows & natives. He claims I need a rest after such a long and hard trip especially after the work I must of done to have them in such fine shape. Of course I did hardly anything on the way over but I don't argue Mr. Chalkley's reasoning. So for thirty days I will sleep what I like for once and also see a great deal of Natal since no less than 11 breeders have set days to take me to their farm. On this weekend I am going up in the mountains to see some Coloration cattle and also to hunt buck (English fashion) with a jolly fine chap who is Cole Manna agent for S.Africa. It should be interesting but don't expect me to write



4.

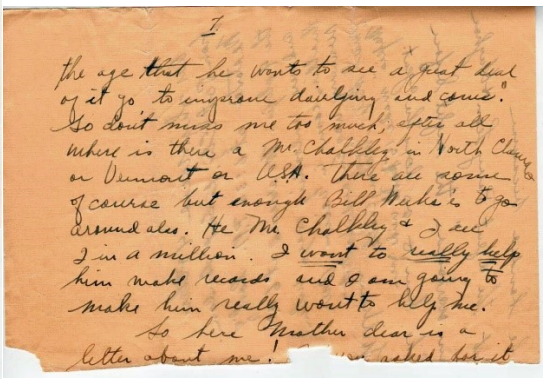
away. In fact the picture of my home in Vermont that I took last summer is now reproduced in a 9 x 12 tinted enlargement & hangs at the head of my bed in a nice frame made in Java by my own personal Javanese boy on the voyage. So I don't forget because I can't. Yes I do keep my diary and already I can see on the last two years is interesting. It more or less made me say the words that I know to be true "all things are possible."



6.

chance. Anyway I can't lose.

I have not seen Mr. Chalkley as yet. He is ill at present. But if you could hear people everywhere I go speak of him, you would at least know he was a white man. For instance I walked into Stuttaford's Mens Shop yesterday, bought a linen suit and some hose & was ready to leave. In asking the address to send the package, the clerk randomly asked what line of business I was in. I said the dairy business. And to cement on to tell of a young chap he had read of a few days ago who brought some cows from Seattle in the U.S.A. There were five calves born at sea and that is remarkable he stated. So I told him who I was. He wanted to introduce me to the owners of the store. We talked for an hour and imagine my feeling as this prominent man, he owns the biggest mens store in Cape Town, Durban, & Joburg, said "I'd like to be you and in your shoes. Mr. Chalkley has much wealth and is nearing



7.

the age that he wants to see a great deal of it so to improve dwelling and cows. So don't mind me too much after all where is there a Mr. Chalkley in North Clarendon Vermont or U.S.A. There are some of course but enough Bill Make is to you around also. He Mr. Chalkley & I see I in a million. I want to really help him make records and I am going to make him really want to help me.

So here Mother dear is a letter about me! [illegible] asked her if

…We arrived in Durban with five calves and since arrival everyone has been complimenting me etc. The entire shipment will stay here in quarantine for 30 days and although there are three negroes taking care of them, Mr. Chalkley has asked that I stay in a nearby hotel with the sole duty of keeping my eyes on the cows and natives. He claims I need a rest after such a long and hard trip especially after the work I must have done to have them in such fine shape. Of course I did hardly anything on the way over but I don't argue with Mr. Chalkley's reasoning. So for thirty days I will sleep what I like for once and also see a great deal of Natal since no less than 11 breeders have set days to take me to their farm. On this weekend I am going up in the mountains to see some Carnation cattle and also to hunt buck (English fashion) with a jolly fine chap who is Calf Manna agent for South Africa. It should be interesting but don't expect me to write…

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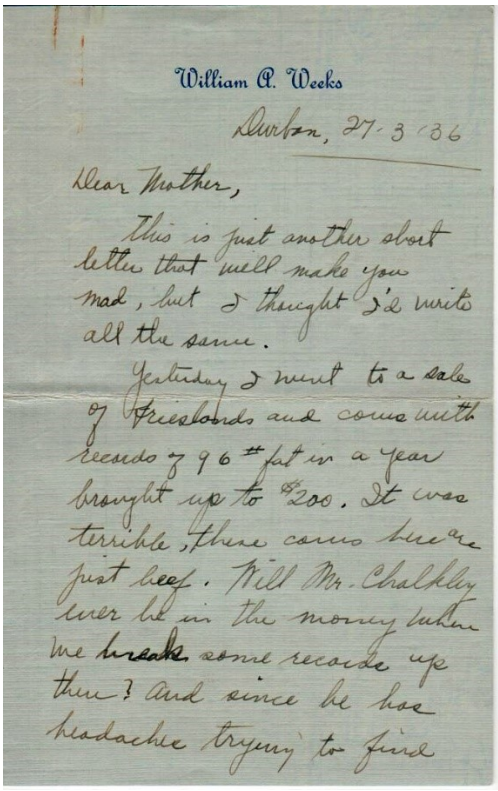
So here Mother dear is a letter about me! …

The next letter from Durban also has part of a page missing:



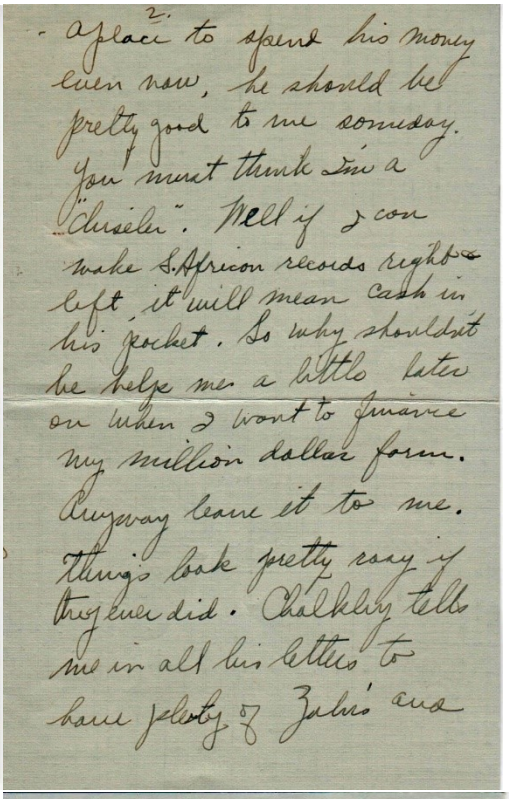
William R. Weeks

Durban, 27-3-36

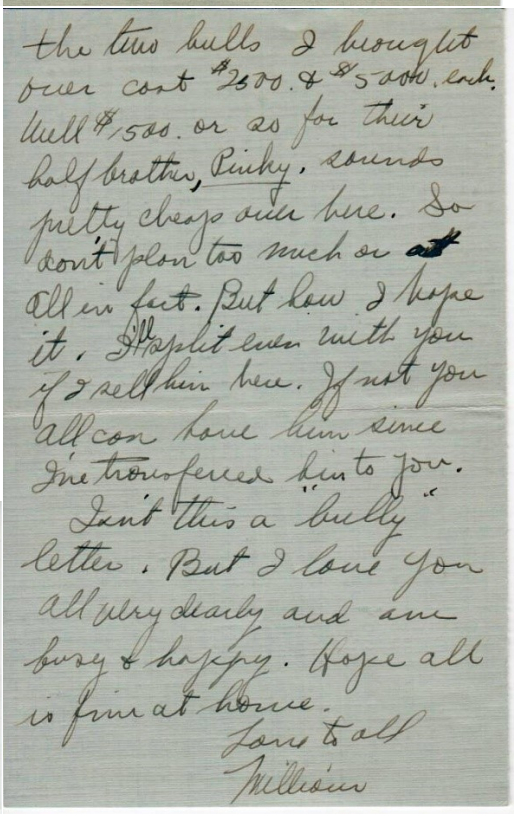
Dear Mother,

This is just another short letter that will make you mad, but I thought I'd write all the same.

Yesterday I went to a sale of Frieslands and cows with records of 96# fat in a year brought up to £200. It was terrible, these cows here are just beef. Will Mr. Chalkley ever be in the money when we breake some records up there? And since he has headache trying to find



a place to spend his money even now, he should be pretty good to me someday. You must think I'm a "cruiser". Well if I can make S.African records right & left, it will mean cash in his pocket. So why shouldn't he help me a little later on when I want to finance my million dollar farm. Anyway leave it to me. Things look pretty rosy if they ever did. Chalkley tells me in all his letters to have plenty of Zulus and

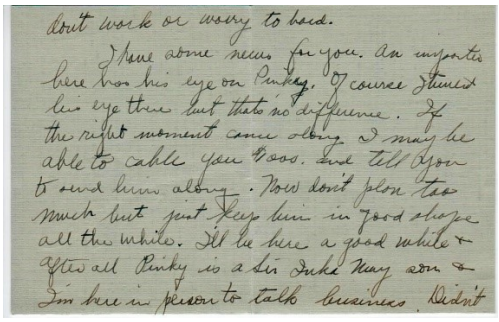


the two bulls I brought over cost £2500. & £5000. each. Well £500. or 20 for their half brother, Pinky, sounds pretty cheap over here. So don't plan too much or at all in fact. But how I hope it. I'll split even with you if I sell him here. If not you all can have him since I've transferred him to you.

Isn't this a "bully" letter. But I love you all very dearly and am busy & happy. Hope all is fine at home.

Love to all

William



don't work or worry too hard.

I have some news for you. An importer here has his eye on Pinky. Of course I turned his eye there but that's no difference. If the right moment come along I may be able to cable you £500. and tell you to send him along. Now don't plan too much but just keep him in good shape all the while. I'll be here a good while & after all Pinky is a sir Duke May son & I'm here in person to talk business. Didn't

Durban, 27/3/36

Dear Mother,

This is just another short letter that will make you mad, but I thought I'd write all the same.

Yesterday I went to a sale of Frieslands and cows with records of 96# fat in a year brought up to $200. It was terrible, these cows here are just beef. Will Mr. Chalkley ever be in the money when he breaks some records up then? And since he has headache trying to find a place to spend his money even now, he should be pretty good to me someday. You must think I'm a "chiseler". Well if I can make S. African records right and left, it will mean cash in his pocket. So why shouldn't he help me a little later on when I want to finance my million dollar farm? Anyway leave it to me. Things look pretty rosy if they ever did. Chalkley tells me in all his letters to have plenty of Zahr's and don't work or worry too hard.

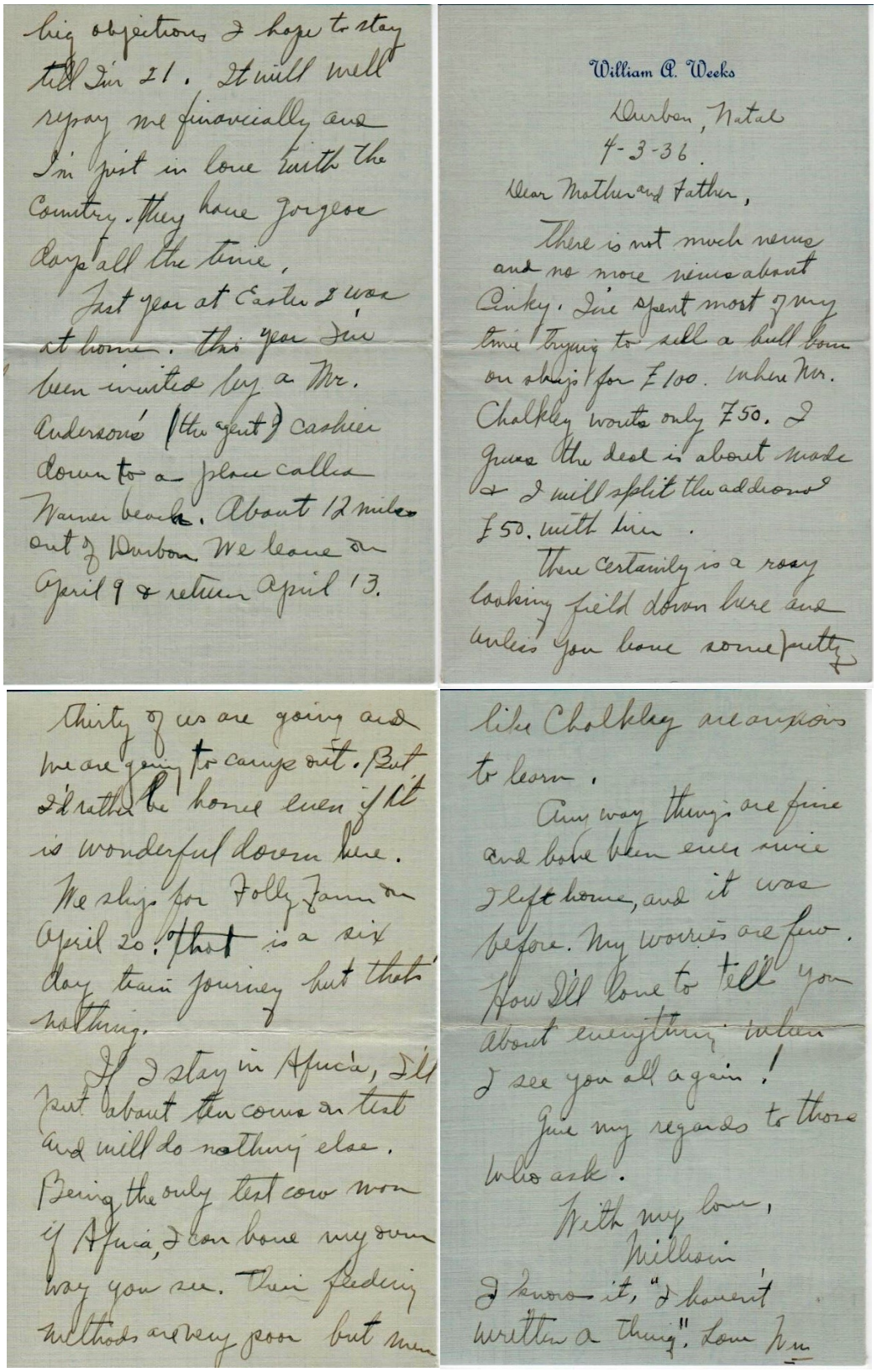
I have some news for you. An importer here has his eye on Pinky. Of course I turned his eye there but that's no difference. If the right moment came along I may be able to cable you $1,000 and tell you to send him along. Now don't plan too much but just keep him in good shape all the while. I'll be here a good while and after all Pinky is a Sir Inka May son and I'm here in person to talk business. Didn't the two bulls I brought over cost $2500 and $5000 each? Well $1,500 or so for their half-brother, Pinky, sounds pretty cheap over here. So don't plan too much or at all in fact. But how I hope it. I'll split even with you if I sell him here. If not you all can have him since I've transferred him to you.

Isn't this a "bully" letter. But I love you all very dearly and am busy and happy. Hope all is fine at home.

Love to all,

William

Another letter from Durban while William waited out the quarantine period:



big objections I hope to stay
till Jun 21. It will well
repay me financially and
I'm just in love with the
Country. they have gorgeous
days all the time.
Last year at Easter I was
at home. this year I've
been invited by a Mr.
Anderson's (the agent) cashier
down to a place called
Warner beach. About 12 miles
out of Durban. We leave on
April 9 & return April 13.

William A. Weeks

Durban, Natal
4-3-36.

Dear Mother and Father,

There is not much news
and no more news about
Cinky. I've spent most of my
time trying to sell a bull born
on ship for £100. where Mr.
Chalkley wants only £50. I
guess the deal is about made
& I will split the addional
£50. with him.
There certainly is a rosy
looking field down here and
unless you have some pretty

thirty of us are going and
we are going to camp out. But
I'd rather be home even if it
is wonderful down here.
We ship for Folly Farm on
April 20. that is a six
day train journey but that's
nothing.
If I stay in Africa, I'll
put about ten cows on test
and will do nothing else.
Being the only test cow man
if Africa, I can have my own
way you see. Their feeding
methods are very poor but men

like Chalkley are anxious
to learn.
Any way things are fine
and have been ever since
I left home, and it was
before. My worries are few.
How I'll love to tell you
about everything when
I see you all again!
Give my regards to those
who ask.
With my love,
William
I know it, "I haven't
written a thing". Love Wm

Durban, Natal
4-3-36

Dear Mother and Father,

There is not much news and no more news about Pinky. I've spent most of my time trying to sell a bull born on shop for £100. Where Mr. Chalkley wants only £50. I guess the deal is about made and I will split the additional £50 with him.

There certainly is a rosy looking field down here and unless you have some pretty big objections I hope to stay till I'm 21. It will well repay me financially and I'm just in love with the country. They have gorgeous days all the time.

Last year at Easter I was at home. This year I've been invited by a Mr. Anderson's (the agent) and cashier down to a place called Warner Beach, about 12 miles out of Durban. We leave on April 9 and return April 13. Thirty of us are going and we are going to camp out. But I'd rather be home even if it is wonderful down here.

We ship for Folly Farm on April 20. That is a six day train journey but that's nothing.

If I stay in Africa, I'll put about ten cows on test and will do nothing else. Being the only test cow man if *(in?)* Africa, I can have my own way you see. Their feeding methods are very poor but men like Chalkley are anxious to learn.

Anyway things are fine and have been ever since I left home, and it was before. My worries are few. How I'll love to tell you about everything when I see you all again!

Give my regards to those who ask.

With my love,

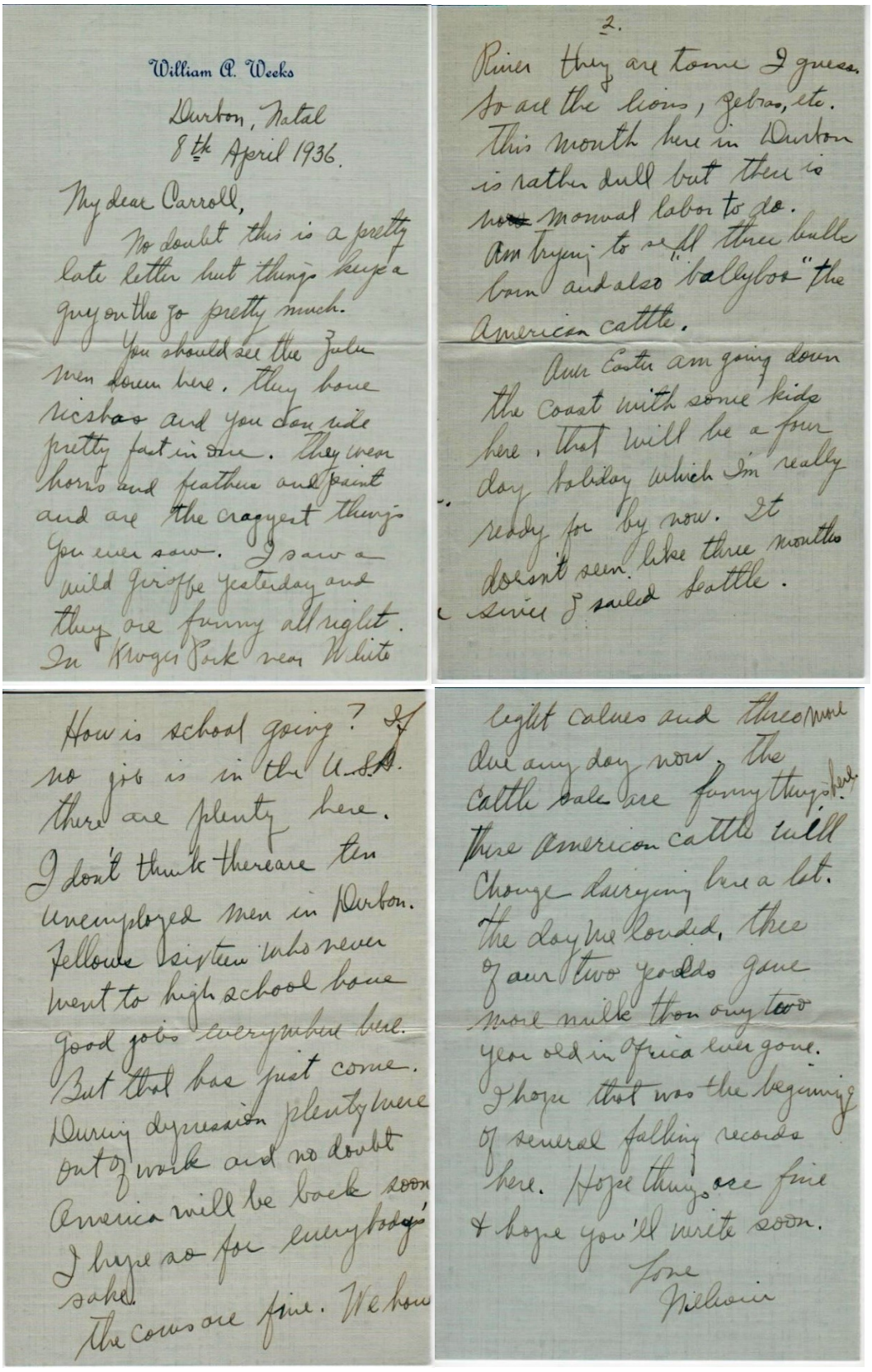
William

I know it, "I haven't written a thing."

Love,

Wm

And a letter to Carroll from Durban:



William R. Weeks

Durban, Natal
8th April 1936.

My dear Carroll,

No doubt this is a pretty late letter but things keep a guy on the go pretty much.

You should see the Zulu men down here. They have rickshas and you can ride pretty fast in one. They wear horns and feathers and paint and are the craggest things you ever saw. I saw a wild giraffe yesterday and they are funny all right. In Kruger Park near White

2.

River they are tame I guess. So are the lions, zebras, etc. This month here in Durban is rather dull but there is now manual labor to do. Am trying to sell three bulls born and also "ballyboo" the American cattle.

Ann Easton am going down the coast with some kids here, that will be a four day holiday which I'm really ready for by now. It doesn't seem like three months since I sailed Seattle.

How is school going? If no job is in the U.S.A. there are plenty here. I don't think there are ten unemployed men in Durban. Fellows I sixteen who never went to high school have good jobs everywhere here. But that has just come. During depression plenty here out of work and no doubt America will be back soon I hope so for everybody's sake.

The cows are fine. We have eight calves and three more due any day now. The cattle sale are funny things but these american cattle will change dairying here a lot. The day we landed, three of our two yearlds gave more milk than any two year old in Africa ever gave. I hope that was the beginning of several falling records here. Hope things are fine & hope you'll write soon.

Love
Gilmour

Durban, Natal
8th April 1936.

My dear Carroll,

No doubt this is a pretty late letter but things keep a guy on the go pretty much.

You should see the Zulu men down here. They have rickshaws and you can ride pretty fast in one. They wear horns and feathers and paint and all the craziest things you ever saw. I saw a wild giraffe yesterday and they are funny all right. In Kruger Park near White River they are tame I guess. So are the lions, zebras, etc. This month here in Durban is rather dull but there is normal labor to do. Am trying to sell three bulls born and also "ballyhoo" the American cattle.

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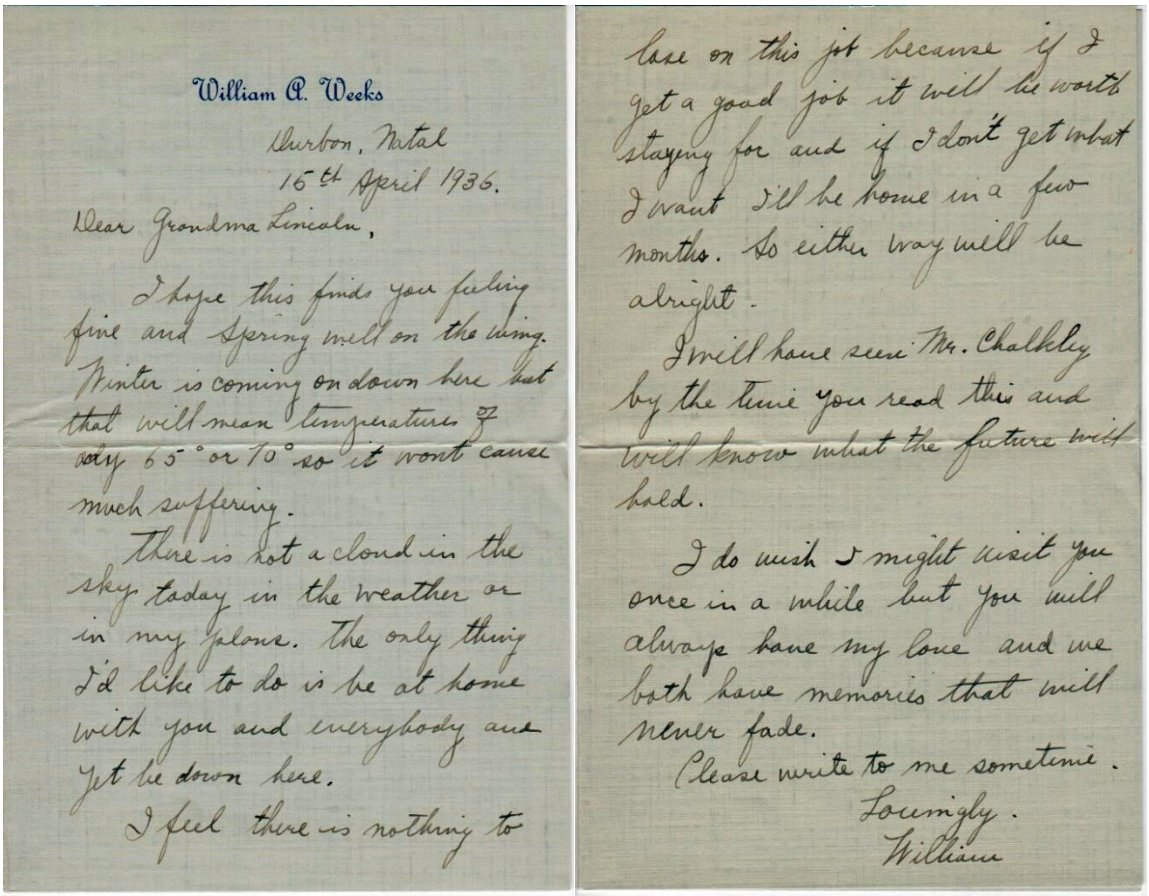
Love,

William

William took the time to write a short but neat letter to his mother's mother, Elizabeth Lincoln:



William A. Weeks

Durban, Natal
15th April 1936.

Dear Grandma Lincoln,

I hope this finds you feeling fine and Spring well on the wing. Winter is coming on down here but that will mean temperatures of only 65° or 70° so it wont cause much suffering.

There is not a cloud in the sky today in the weather or in my plans. The only thing I'd like to do is be at home with you and everybody and yet be down here.

I feel there is nothing to lose on this job because if I get a good job it will be worth staying for and if I don't get what I want I'll be home in a few months. So either way will be alright.

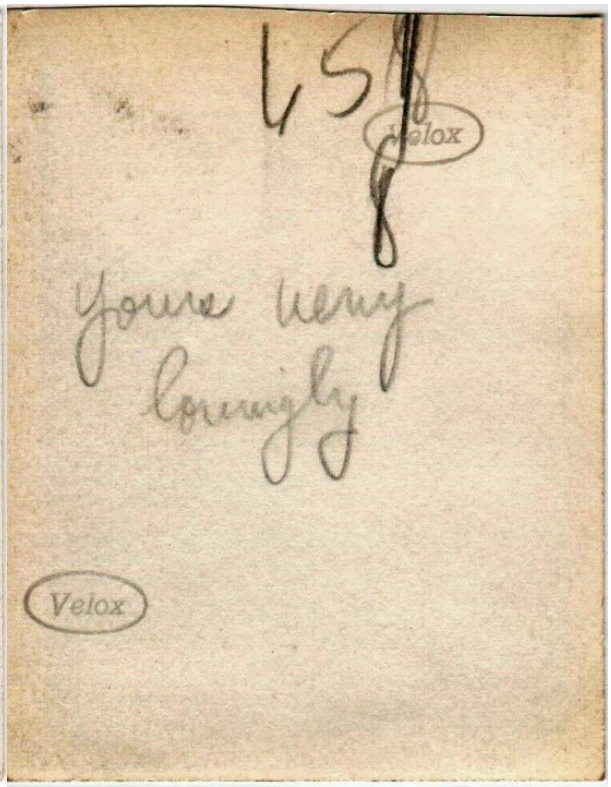
I will have seen Mr. Chalkley by the time you read this and will know what the future will hold.

I do wish I might visit you once in a while but you will always have my love and we both have memories that will never fade.

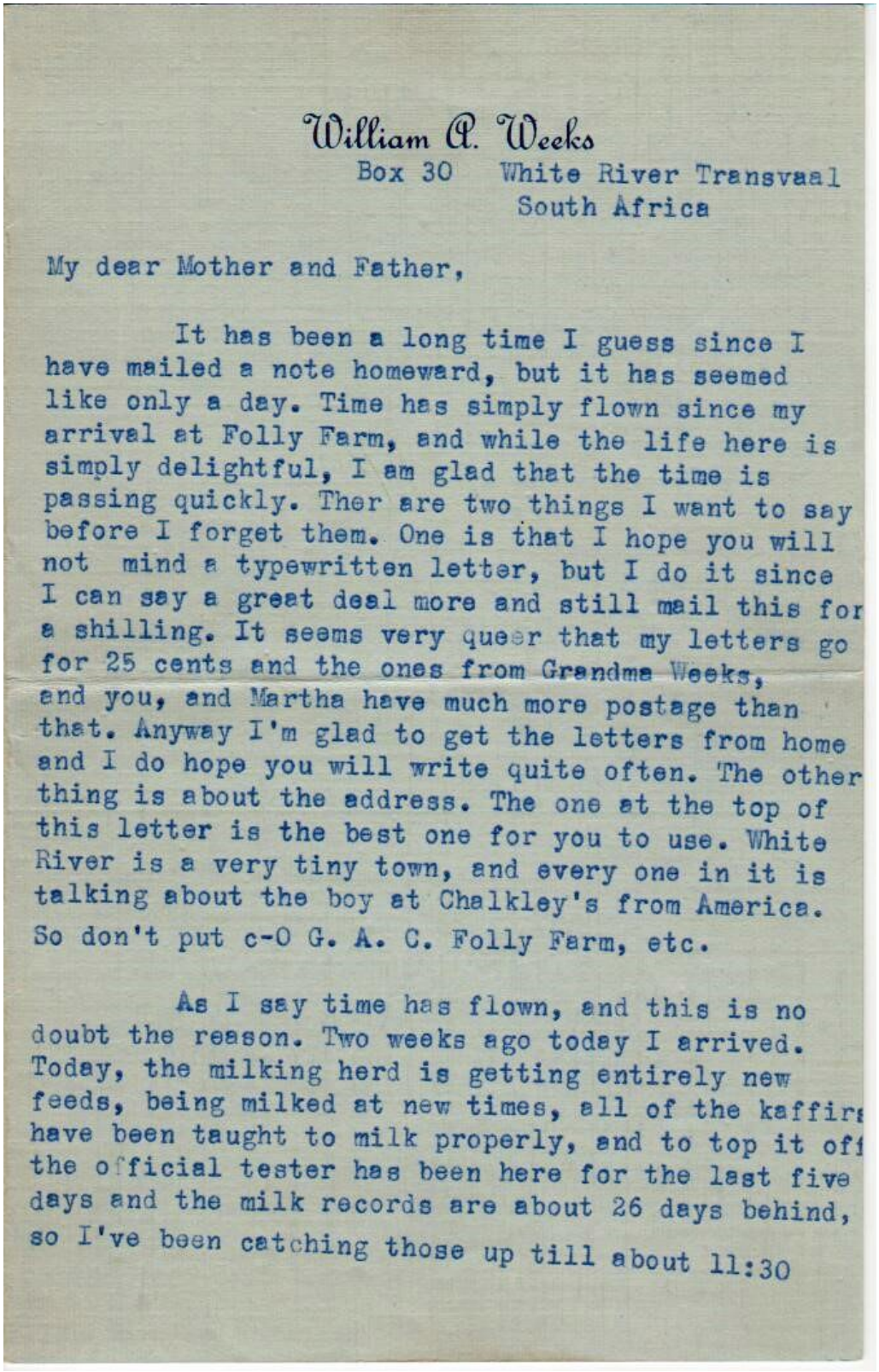
Please write to me sometime.

Lovingly,

William



After a 30 day quarantine in Durban, the cattle were loaded aboard boxcars and transported 600 miles inland to White River in Transvaal. William's next letter came after he arrived at his destination:



William A. Weeks
Box 30 White River Transvaal
South Africa

My dear Mother and Father,

It has been a long time I guess since I have mailed a note homeward, but it has seemed like only a day. Time has simply flown since my arrival at Folly Farm, and while the life here is simply delightful, I am glad that the time is passing quickly. Ther are two things I want to say before I forget them. One is that I hope you will not mind a typewritten letter, but I do it since I can say a great deal more and still mail this for a shilling. It seems very queer that my letters go for 25 cents and the ones from Grandma Weeks, and you, and Martha have much more postage than that. Anyway I'm glad to get the letters from home and I do hope you will write quite often. The other thing is about the address. The one at the top of this letter is the best one for you to use. White River is a very tiny town, and every one in it is talking about the boy at Chalkley's from America. So don't put c-O G. A. C. Folly Farm, etc.

As I say time has flown, and this is no doubt the reason. Two weeks ago today I arrived. Today, the milking herd is getting entirely new feeds, being milked at new times, all of the kaffirs have been taught to milk properly, and to top it off the official tester has been here for the last five days and the milk records are about 26 days behind, so I've been catching those up till about 11:30

each night. The average is the milking barn has dropped 11 pounds since I came here. You see here is S. Africa, the common belief is that milk can be made only by feeding concentrates. At the same time they believe that roughage has no part in the fitting or milking of a cow. Consequently, here at Folly Farm I found a herd of 40 milkiners (they call milch cows that here) that were being fed no roughage whateverand an average concentrate feeding of 22 lbs per cow.

I pointed the error out to Mr. Chalkley and advised that I'd have nothing to do with the herd if such feeding was to continue. After illustrating the fact that cows burn up under the improper treatment, Mr. Chalkley agreed to give me a full hand to do as I pleased with the herd. It was a big moment in my life to answer but I agreed to accept his proposition at £15. per month and nothing over that until he was satisfied I knew what I aws talking about.

Of course you are interested in the result. Today the milking herd at an average age of 3 yrs 11 mos, averaged 31 lbs. Seven days ago the average was 17 lbs. On Apr 23, the day I arrived, 28 lbs. The look on Mr. Chalkley's face has been very interesting to study as he watches the daily increase of about .8 lbs and 1.3 yesterday. I hope to bring the average to 45 lbs and then see how Mr. Chalkley is feeling. So you see I've been rather busy and at some nights, sleep seems quite far away.

That is the first half of the story. In the test barn, there are 12 cows whose average age is 2 years 9 mos, who have been fresh about 3½ mos on the average, 10 of which I brought with me to the farm, and who are now averaging over 48 lbs per day.

One of the tiny calves born on the ship I sold urban for £100. Yesterday a man came to the farm to buy a bull and we got another £100. sale. The Farmer's Weekly, leading paper in agricultural circles in S. Africa and corresponding to the Hoard's Dairyman, has asked me to write out my secret for feeding calves as they never saw calves like the ones from the ship. Incidentally those at 2 mos were put with the 3½ mos calves at Folly Farm.

This all makes me feel very good and happy but any boy who understands cattle in the States could be a wonder man in Africa. It looks like a bright future at Folly Farm, and just what one year or so will bring to me in the line of future plans, I cannot say. Be assured that three years from today, I will have been home in Clarendon, Vermont. I know that there is now, no better spot on earth to live. But I am very glad to have had the chance to have proven it to myself, and I hope, to all who have followed my experiences.

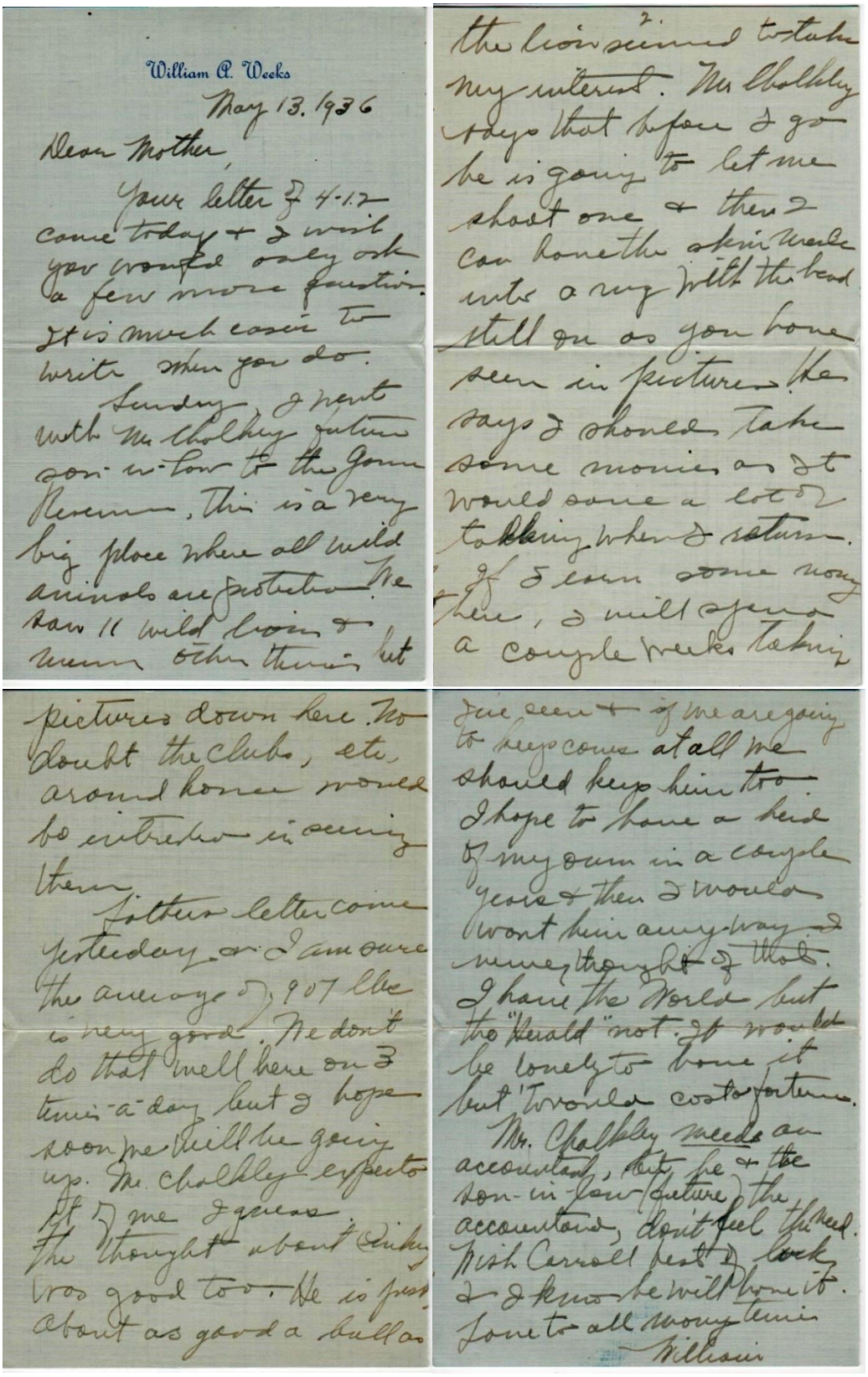
Don't say that you don't know how to write to me, because nobody else can write the things I love to hear about and the longer your letters and the more news therein, the more I will like them. The Javanese boy was the actual property of the ship, but ofcourse for the service of his assigned passenger.

I had to leave this letter for a bloated cow, but will write more in a few days or so.

Everything is going
very well and our
herd average went
up 3 whole lbs.
today. Did Geo.
McGough ever have
a farm called Maple
Lane? Are these cows
anything to his?
Anyway, good luck
and loads + heaps
of my best love.
Best wishes & love,
Wilhemi

5-8-36.

William's next letter held tales of adventure:



William R. Weeks

May 13. 1936

Dear Mother,

Your letter of 4-12 come today + I wish you would only ask a few more questions. It is much easier to write when you do.

Sunday I went with Mr Chalkley future son-in-law to the Game Preserve. This is a very big place where all wild animals are protected. We saw 11 wild lions + many other things but pictures down here. No doubt the Clubs, etc around home would be interested in seeing them.

Father's letter come yesterday + I am sure the average of 907 like is very good. We don't do that well here on 3 times a day but I hope soon we will be going up. Mr. Chalkley expects it of me I guess. The thought about Dick was good too. He is just about as good a bull as the lion seemed to take my interest. Mr Chalkley says that before I go he is going to let me shoot one + then I can have the skin made into a rug with the head still on as you have seen in pictures. He says I should take some movies as it would save a lot of talking when I return. If I can save money here, I will spend a couple weeks taking pictures + if we are going to keep cows at all we should keep him too. I hope to have a herd of my own in a couple years + then I would want him anyway + never thought of that. I have the World but the "Herald" not. It would be lonely to have it but I would cost a fortune.

Mr. Chalkley needs an accountant, but he + the son-in-law future) the accountant, don't feel the need. Wish Carroll best of luck + I know he will have it.

Love to all among them

William

May 13, 1936

Dear Mother,

Your letter of 4-12 came today and I wish you would only ask me a few more questions. It is much easier to write when you do.

Sunday, I went with Mr. Chalkley's future son-in-law to the Game Reserve. This is a very big place where all wild animals are protected. We saw 11 wild lions and many other things but the lion seemed to take my interest. Mr. Chalkley says that before I go he is going to let me shoot one and then I can have the skin made into a rug with the head still on as you have seen in pictures. He says I should take some movies as it would save a lot of talking when I return. If I earn some money here, I will spend a couple weeks taking pictures down here. No doubt the Clubs, etc., around home would be interested in seeing them.

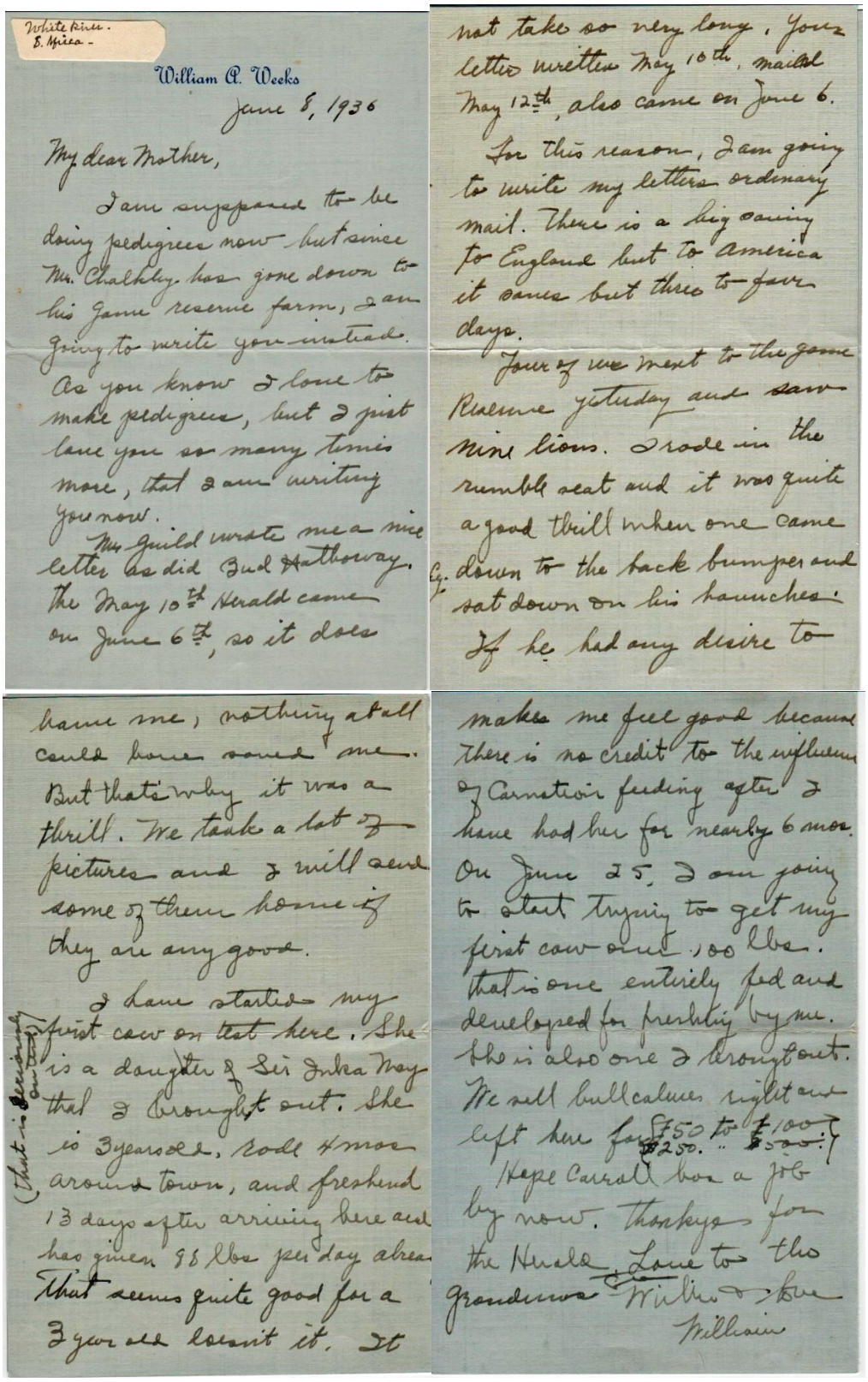
Father's letter came yesterday and I am sure the average of 907 lbs. is very good. We don't do that well here on 3 times-a-day but I hope soon we will be going up. Mr. Chalkley expects it of me I guess. The thought about Pinky was good too. He is just about as good a bull as I've seen and if we are going to keep cows at all we should keep him too. I hope to have a herd of my own in a couple of years and then I would want him anyway. I never thought of that. I have the World but the "Herald" not. It would be lovely to have it but would cost a fortune.

Mr. Chalkley <u>needs</u> an accountant, but he and the son-in-law (future) the accountant, don't feel the need. Wish Carroll best of luck and I know he will have it.

Love to all many times,

William

Nearly a month later, William wrote about even more adventures with wild animals:



White River.
S. Africa -

William A. Weeks

June 8, 1936

My dear Mother,

I am supposed to be doing pedigrees now but since Mr. Chalkley has gone down to his Game reserve farm, I am going to write you instead. As you know I love to make pedigrees, but I just love you so many times more, that I am writing you now.

Mr. Guild wrote me a nice letter as did Bud Hathaway. The May 10th Herald came on June 6th, so it does not take so very long. Your letter written May 10th, mailed May 12th, also came on June 6.

For this reason, I am going to write my letters ordinary mail. There is a big saving to England but to America it saves but three to four days.

Four of us went to the Game Reserve yesterday and saw nine lions. I rode in the rumble seat and it was quite a good thrill when one came down to the back bumper and sat down on his haunches. If he had any desire to have me, nothing at all could have saved me. But that's why it was a thrill. We took a lot of pictures and I will send some of them home if they are any good.

I have started my first cow on test here. She is a daughter of Sir Inka May that I brought out. She is 3 years old, rode 4 mos around town, and freshened 13 days after arriving here and has given 98 lbs per day alrea. That seems quite good for a 3 year old doesn't it. It makes me feel good because there is no credit to the influence of Carnation feeding after I have had her for nearly 6 mos. On June 25, I am going to start trying to get my first cow over 100 lbs. that is one entirely fed and developed for freshing by me. She is also one I brought out. We sell bull calves right and left here for $50 to $100 $250. " $500.

(That is seriously on test)

Hope Carroll has a job by now. Thankyou for the Herald. Love to the grandmas. Wilbur & love

William

White River, S. Africa
June 8, 1936

My Dear Mother,

I am supposed to be doing pedigrees now but since Mr. Chalkley has gone down to his game reserve farm, I am going to write you instead. As you know I love to make pedigrees, but I just love you so many times more, that I am writing you now.

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Hope Carroll has a job by now. Thanks for the Herald. Love to all the grandmas.

Wishes and love,

William

This lioness was standing on our front bumper soon after the picture.

(We were in the rumble seat)

12.

Hippo as we saw them.

On the Crocadile River.

14

no film

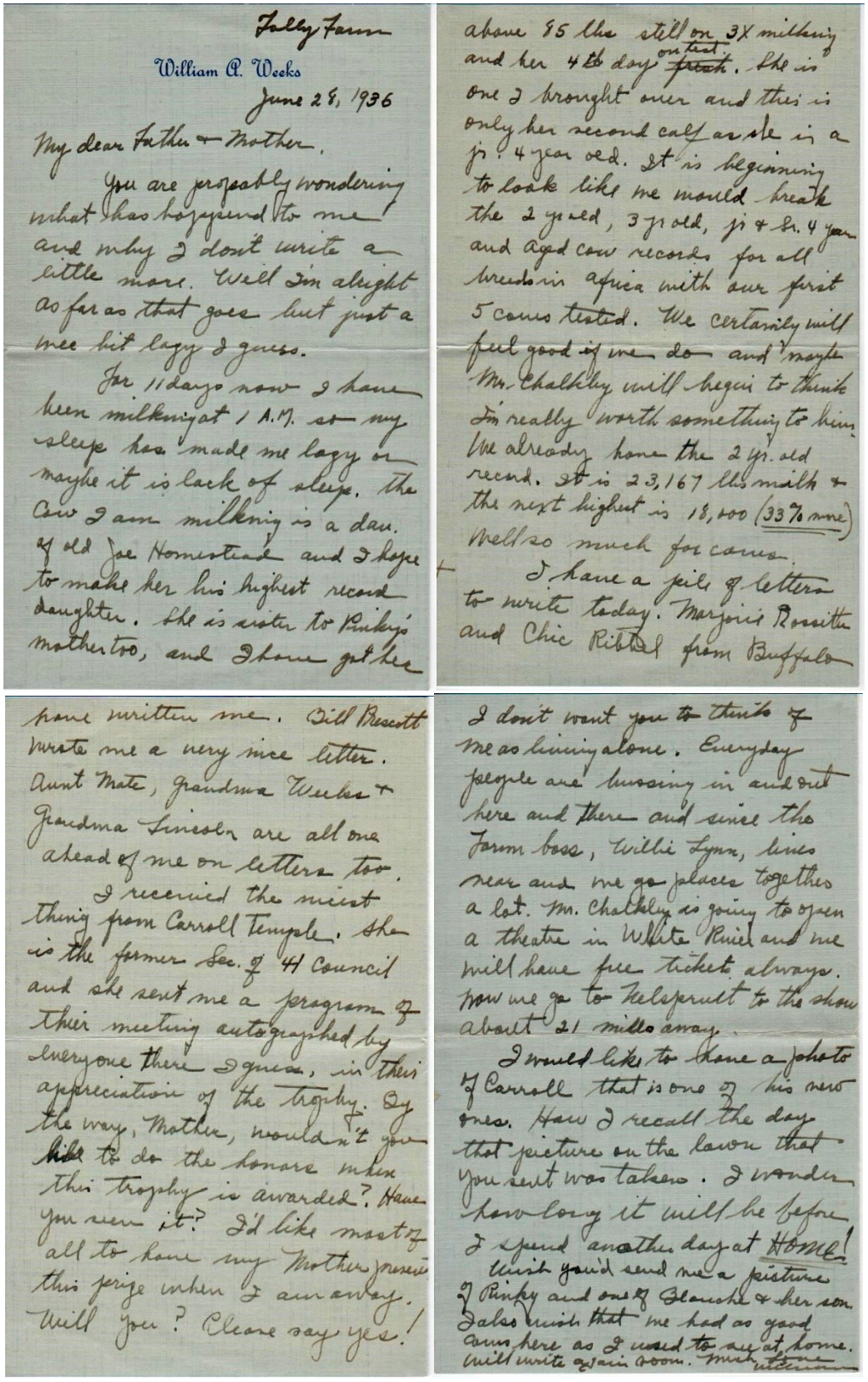
Blue wildebeests and zebra.

The trees are exceptionally large for the region.

13

no film

While in South Africa, William had a trophy made and sent home to be awarded by his parents to an outstanding 4-H boy or girl in the dairy program. He refers to the trophy in his next letter home:



Tally Farm

William A. Weeks

June 28, 1936

My dear Father + Mother.

You are propably wondering what has happened to me and why I don't write a little more. Well I'm alright as far as that goes but just a wee bit lazy I guess.

For 11 days now I have been milking at 1 A.M. so my sleep has made me lazy or maybe it is lack of sleep. The cow I am milking is a dau. of old Joe Homestead and I hope to make her his highest record daughter. She is sister to Pinky's mother too, and I have got her above 85 lbs the still on 3X milking and her 4 lb day on test. She is one I brought over and this is only her second calf as she is a jr. 4 year old. It is beginning to look like we would break the 2 yr old, 3 yr old, jr + Sr. 4 year and aged cow records for all breeds in africa with our first 5 cows tested. We certainly will feel good if we do and maybe Mr. Chalkley will begin to think I'm really worth something to him. We already have the 2 yr. old record. It is 23,167 lbs milk + the next highest is 18,000 (33% more) Well so much for cows.

I have a pile of letters to write today. Marjorie Bassitt and Chic Ribtal from Buffalo have written me. Bill Bassett wrote me a very nice letter. Aunt Mate, Grandma Weeks + Grandma Sinesbe are all one ahead of me on letters too.

I received the nicest thing from Carroll Temple. She is the former Sec. of 4H Council and she sent me a program of their meeting autographed by everyone there I guess, in their appreciation of the trophy. By the way, Mother, wouldn't you like to do the honors when this trophy is awarded? Have you seen it? I'd like most of all to have my Mother present this prize when I am away. Will you? Please say yes!

I don't want you to think of me as living alone. Everyday people are bussing in and out here and there and since the Farm boss, Willie Lynn, lives near and we go places together a lot. Mr. Chalkley is going to open a theatre in White River and we will have free tickets always. Now we go to Nelspruit to the show about 21 miles away.

I would like to have a photo of Carroll that is one of his new ones. How I recall the day that picture on the lawn that you sent was taken. I wonder how long it will be before I spend another day at Home!

Wish you'd send me a picture of Pinky and one of Blanche + her son Dales wish that we had as good cows here as I used to see at home. Will write again soon. Much love

Folly Farm
June 28, 1936

My dear Father and Mother,

You are probably wondering what has happened to me and why I don't write a little more. Well I'm alright as far as that goes but just a wee bit lazy I guess.

For 11 days now I have been milking at 1 A.M. so my sleep has made me lazy or maybe it is lack of sleep. The cow I am milking is a daughter of old Joe Homestead and I hope to make her his highest record daughter. She is a sister to Pinky's mother too, and I have got her above 85 lbs. still on 3x milking and her 4th day on test. She is one I brought over and this is only her second calf as she is a Jr 4 year old. It is beginning to look like we would break the 2 year old, 3 year old, Jr and Sr 4 year old and aged cow records for all breeds in Africa with our first 5 cows tested. We certainly will feel good if we do and maybe Mr. Chalkley will begin to think I'm really worth something to him. We already have the 2 yr. old record. It is 23,167 lbs. milk and the next highest is 18,000 (33% more). Well so much for cows.

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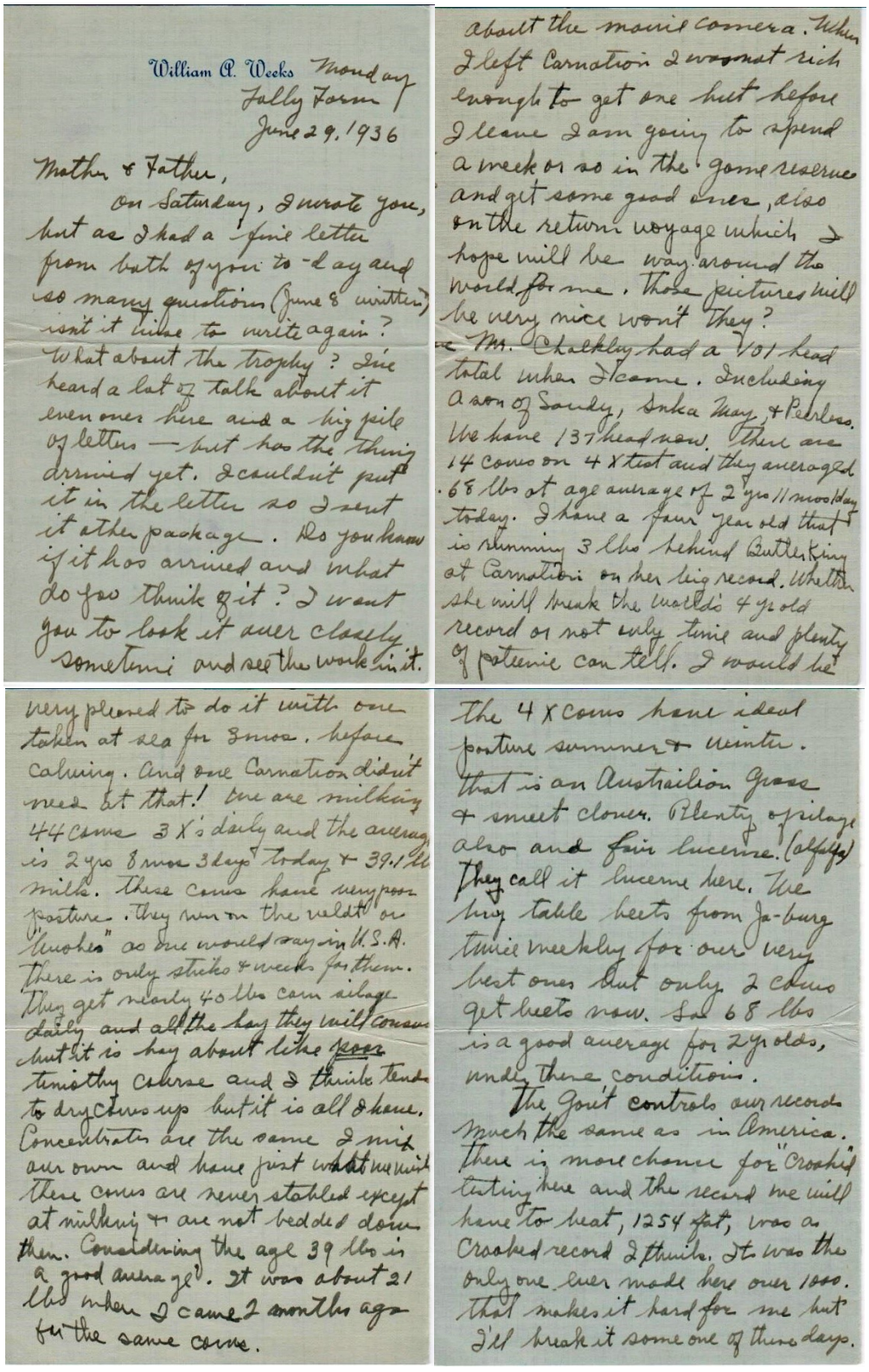
Wish you'd send me a picture of Pinky and one of Blanche and her son. I also wish that we had as good cows here as I used to see at home.

Will write again soon.

Much love,

William

The next day, William wrote a very long letter home:



William A. Weeks Monday
Jolly Farm
June 29. 1936

Mother & Father,

On Saturday, I wrote you, but as I had a fine letter from both of you to-day and so many questions (June 8 written) isn't it like to write again? What about the trophy? I've heard a lot of talk about it even ones here and a big pile of letters — but has the thing arrived yet. I couldn't put it in the letter so I sent it other package. Do you know if it has arrived and what do you think of it? I want you to look it over closely sometime and see the work in it.

about the movie camera. When I left Carnation I wasn't rich enough to get one but before I leave I am going to spend a week or so in the game reserves and get some good ones, also on the return voyage which I hope will be way around the world for me. Those pictures will be very nice won't they?

Mr. Chalkley had a 101 head total when I came. Including a son of Sandy, Sonka May, & Pebbles. We have 137 head now. There are 14 cows on 4 x test and they averaged .68 lbs at age average of 2 yrs 11 months today. I have a four year old that is running 3 lbs behind Butler King at Carnation on her big record. Whether she will break the world's 4 yr old record or not only time and plenty of potenic can tell. I would be very pleased to do it with one taken at sea for 8 mos. before calving. And one Carnation didn't need at that! We are milking 44 cows 3 X's daily and the average is 2 yrs 8 mos 3 days today & 39.1 lbs milk. These cows have very poor pasture. They run on the velat or "knobs" as one would say in U.S.A. There is only sticks & weeds for them. They get nearly 40 lbs corn silage daily and all the hay they will consume but it is hay about like your timothy coarse and I think tends to dry cows up but it is all I have. Concentrates are the same I mix our own and have just what we will. These cows are never stabled except at milking & are not bedded down then. Considering the age 39 lbs is a good average. It was about 21 lbs when I came 2 months ago for the same cows.

The 4 x cows have ideal pasture summer & winter. That is an Australian grass & sweet clover. Plenty of silage also and fair lucerne. (alfalfa) They call it lucerne here. We buy table beets from Ja-burg twice weekly for our very best ones but only 2 cows get beets now. So 68 lbs is a good average for 2 yr olds, under these conditions.

The Govt controls our records much the same as in America. There is more chance for "Crooked" testing here and the record we will have to beat, 1254 fat, was a Crooked record I think. It was the only one ever made here over 1000. That makes it hard for me but I'll break it some one of these days.

William A. Weeks

Our cows are thin. I found them that way and the only thing I can do is get them fat if we are going to get some milk. No one here knows how to feed cows right, especially big milkers. Our milkers of course are natives and they leave half of the milk if they are tired. It demands constant checking to get results, and then they just aren't good cow men. It may sound silly for us to talk of World's records with this but don't forget our herd is only of 2, 3, + 4 yr old cows. You just wait a bit. It takes 365 days to make a year record. I wish Mr. Chalkley realized that.

. The milk route, pastures, dairy (butter + cheese) and the paying of bays are things I have to look after. But it is the easiest job I could ask for. You just yell at a nigger and kick him a dozen times and your things are always done half of the time.

I hope Carroll will have a car. He will enjoy it ever so much and it seems to me that he probably has done plenty of walking during his 14 odd years of going to school.

The New England Homestead I should like to have. The more I can read about what's going on in America, the better work I can do on this job over here. The articles and ideas of American

papers are very valuable information. Would you send me the Homestead and the Hoard's Dairyman? Take the subscriptions from my bank a/c and make them for 1 year each. I miss these farm papers very much. Could you send me a copy of the issue with the letter about the trophy in it? I would like it a lot if you would. Am very glad the letter's arrival coincided with the Council meeting. I rushed the jeweler's tips speed trying to have it in time. Since I am giving this prize, I want interest as keen as possible and please let me know what talk there is about it.

Mother, if I haven't told you I must – the little dog was

donated to the Captain of the "Mapia" by yours truly, because the govt will not allow Scottie terriers from America to be landed. The more I think about it, he was just for my benefit by Rube anyway. Mr. Chalkley doesn't ever ask about him. He's all cows and money. He made $30,000. last Friday in about 25 minutes. It sure must be nice but so much money would drive me crazy. How about you? Aren't we better off like this? I'm hoping but Mr. Chalkley worries night + day about something somewhere.

3.

William A. Weeks

You will be glad to hear that as a means of saving I have taken out an insurance policy for $5000. with the Sun Life Insurance Company. This is not the only company here but the oldest one. It is better to spend $80. a year on that than on manicures and trash I feel. Then too it will give me something too fall back on just "in case." It will give me a "financial" friend here in Africa and best of all it will save me something. It is good for $12,395. (actual $ 2397.) depending on currency fluctuation in U.S.A. at 65 and may be discontinued or maturity date changed at any time. What do you think of it? Ask me questions so I can answer and then you will feel O.K. that it is O.K.

Boy, I just come back from a Irish mulligan stew, and bread pudding with whipped cream dinner. Boy, Can this old nigger Jim cook. Maybe a wife is nice but nothing short of my own mother can cook like this old coon. I have to get up from the table hungry because my liner is not quite up to scratch so I must be careful.

Did Lincoln get the stamp alright? I want to hear from him sometime and I don't care what he writes about as long as he writes something for a couple of pages or as or more.

Tennis is a rare thing around White River except that Schmeltz beat Joe Lewis. Everybody talks about that. You don't realize how much your feeling changes about negros when you work with the natives and see how they live in their native way. More moving pictures for me to take!!

I don't write nearly often enough I know but time flies and well time flies, that's all.

I love you both very much and am sending your "lettery" allowance (2 love) herewith. The same goes for Lincoln and Carroll.

Loads of good wishes + love,

William

Monday
Folly Farm
June 29, 1936

Mother and Father,

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I don't write nearly often enough I know but time flies and, well, time flies that's all.

I love you both very much and am sending your "lottery" allowance (of love) herewith. The same goes for Lincoln and Carroll.

Loads of good wishes and love,

William

FOLLY FARM
White River Transvaal
June 30, 1936

Dear Father,

There are several things that we need here at the farm in the dairy line that are not available in this country, as far as I am able to learn. I wonder if you would send us the following articles as soon as possible, state the amount including postage, purchase prices, and shipping charges, and we will send you a bank draft for same immediately. You see, these things are obtainable from different stores and to send the money to each company would cost more than the article itself. I told Mr. Chalkley that I thought you would be willing to do this.

The list includes:		Lbs.	Dollars
Moore Brps.	3 King Segis bull staff. @	£1.0.0	3.00
	6 Large size cannon Mt. bull Rings		4.00
Mont. Ward & Co.			
	4 pairs overalls (Best grade) blue	£1.12.0	8.00
	4 pairs overall frocks " "		
	(Big Yank or Barnyard Master or something)		
Marconi Bros Inc.	Machine as listed in enclosed ad.	£ 20.	100.

The banks are closed today, but Mr. Chalkley will send you a bank draft for £25. 125 dollars, in tomorrows mail. I want you to get this before you take action and then I want you to take action because of the long time required for shippment. If this amount will not cover, tell me the advance and we will foward same with all haste. Please mail these things to me, in person.

Thankyou ever so much for doing this; it will help a lot.

In haste and with love,

William

FOLLY FARM
Box 30 White River
South Africa

Dear Mother,

There are about eight letters that I should answer and I guess that yours comes first on the list. It is perfectly beautiful down here today, there is not a cloud in the sky and it is just as warm as in Vermont now. The night before last we had a very severe frost and in the high veldt near Johannesburg there was plenty of snow. As White River is only 80 miles from the coast and at a very low altitude, there has never been any snow seen here.

I think that we are very foolish on both ends to worry when letters are far between. You see the boat sailings in London often affect the progress of our letters and on some cases I have waited for two weeks or more for one only to get two of them on one day. So that is usually the reason why you and I don't get the letters we expect.

Was I pleased to get Lincoln's letter. I certainly hope he will write to tell me if the stamps I sent are duplicates of any of his. I have been very slack in my correspondence with Alice. Today I am writing her also but it has been so long since I have written or heard from her that I can't say which one owes the letter.

The Herald comes every day or so but sometimes I get as many as fifteen in one day. Isn't it fortunate that you have been so lucky with Grandma Weeks' house. I will always like that house but right now there certainly isn't much use in it for you.

So Carroll has graduated from college ? Well time certainly hops along some doesn't it. It seems only yesterday that last Sunday was but a whole week has gone. And it seems only a couple of weeks since I left home, but there have been times when it has seemed years.

The future famous dairy cow, Carnation Colantha Josephine, is still going right along. She not only gives me something to think about and do, but she seems to make time fly. It is beginning to seem more than likely that the first cow I ever put on test is going to be the only cow that ever lived to make 1200 lbs of fat before reaching five years old. She is in my mind a greater cow than the present world champion

Carnation Ormsby Butter King. She has been on test for 25 days and by averaging 104.5 pounds for the next five days, she will produce more butterfat in her first month than Butter King did in hers. Josephine is 4yrs 1mo; Butter King was 8yrs 2mos; or just twice as old. She gave 109.1 yesterday and has 56 in her first two milkings today. This may not sound so big but just take any cow you wish, in any place you wish, and at any time you wish, and in four consecutive periods of six hours each, milk out a flat 25 lbs. And let me tell you the extra 9 lbs like yesterday come very, very hard. I don't want you or Father to say too much about this cow over there until she finishes her test or at least passes some big part of her test. The only reason I tell you so much about it is that if I am to feed and milk a World's record cow, I just want you to follow me along with it, and get as much pleasure out of it as I do. So much for cows but it is not too much for her. How I wish Father and Mr. Cassidy could see her when they think of how I used to sit by the fire watching Bill take the tests on Blanche and Dandy, etc.

I have letters from Grandma's Weeks and Lincoln, Aunt Mate, Helen Ribbel, Buffalo, to answer, and I outh to write to many others. So maybe a little later on this week I can have more time and more news also.

Give my love to those at home and write me all the news you can. Also give my love to Pinky and a picture of him if you can take one.

With Lots Lots of Love

Lillian

Folly Farm

White River Transvaal
Union of South Africa
July 10, 1936

My dear Carroll,

Your peach of a letter of June 7, came today and was ever pleased to hear from you. It has been a very long time indeed that has been passing away since we last had a hell of a good fight. And beleive it or not,life just isn't the same without those old childhood days.

Things are pretty quiet over here when compared to Boston or Rutland or even Brattleboro. Once in ablue moon we see a good bijo or movie but I saw nearly all of them in Seattle and some even before I left home. One thing people here do know how to do is dance. Must be the nigger in them. At least twice a week there is a dance in White River and there are only 122 white people that get their post in this address. In Nelspruit, some 16 miles South, there is quite a nice little town and often times we drive down there. The train, once daily only, from Nelspruit to White River takes just over two and a half hours in its journey. Not so hat after the ride I took from Portland down to Boston last August.

That news about the job you have is the best that's passed my way for some time. Do you find Brattleboro a nice town? I see by the Herald their high school sort of took over Rutland in track. Incidently I guess R H S can have a baseball team without the Weeks brothers to bat No. 3 and 4 for them. Old Art sure surprised me this year. Well about your SALARY its is not small change at least to me. My SALARY is £15.0.0 per month. This is seventy five dollars and about the same to the penny as you are getting. I board myself also. But Mr. Chalkley and I have made a nice agreement about a bonus if things go along as smooth as they have so far for the next year or so. The terms and amount of this bonus I am not going to disclose to anyone and in the event that yours truly does not satisfy his Royal Highness Old Chalk, it will be just as well. He doesn't feel so bad just now because a second calf heifer that I brought to this farm less than three months ago after a three months sea voyage, is milking 102 lbs now. She is running just a wee bit ahead of Carnation Ormsby Butter King who just broke the World's record, so it isn't so very bad.

My duties are not too bad. I drag out at six in the morning and go down to pull the 25 lbs out of that cow. Then I throw the bull around with the Farm boss and Associate manager until breakfast at eight oclock. The old man usually comes wheeling in with his big Buik about this time and I usually have to walk all over the farm telling him this cows name or thats weight or what they do with milk at Carnatuon and is Peerless as good as his Senator (like Piny is to us) etc until he gets tired and goes home. The mornings I spend entirely in the office writing bull letters and pedigrees milk records etc (Like the good old 'Stroke of business days') Whenever I feel a bit fagged I just yell for the nig er and he brings me a cup of tea or coffee

This old coon does all the work around here, cooks too and not so bad at that. It sure is nice to have a boo to do whatever you want by just saying "Faga lapa pansi peszcul mangaa wenna" or"buisi lo kyea umzumkulu or "mena funa fahfa xopo ni mialczhlai Every word or so seems to have about ten 'a's in it and the x is pronounced click that it takes about two months for a"lumloon" (native word for white man) to learn.

Well more about my duties. At 12 noon I pull that old cow again and then eat lunch. After lunch I sleep until three oclock and then go around the place looking for sick cows, do ear tagging, clipping or whatever needs being looked to. You see the kaffirs do every bit of the manual labor. Their pay runs from 10 bob up to £3. per month. That is 2.50 to 15 dolars per. Only the boss boys or truch drivers or tractor drivers earn the latter sum.

At six oclock I milk again and then sign off even more than when working if that is possible. Sometimes I sleep before midnight milking and more often I go out somewhere for a while. These things I do everyday and I also have to order feed, bedding, ship bulls, show visitors around, take milk and butter orders and asigin work for the truck drivers. The field gang is under another chap who joins with me to make a farm manager. He does everything in connection with the oranges, grapefruit, grapes, lemons, pears, and grasses. He works from six till six while I am my own boss to work when theres work to be done.

We have about 45 oxen on this ranch and over 50 mules. We use ten mules to a wagon and six oxen on every scraper we are using on the dam. We are making a dam for irrigation that is 100 feet wide at the base and 211 feet long and 31 feet deep. The former dam washed away in about ten minutes one morning but with old Chalk's dough its just a matter of a few weeks before another one is up.

It sure doesn't seem more than two weeks that I have been here but it is over two months and a half. Heres hoping this continues because its not so nice never seeing anyone you really know for very long. A guy just has to forget all about home and just live where you are. If you dont do it that way you don't last very long I guess.

I'd like to write more but my tooth is aching like the devil after some hot tea tonoght and will write again soon. Hope to get another letter from you before long, and would give a couple of pay slips to take a good look at you again. Best of luck with the job and probably by the time you read this you won't need luck any more. Well anyway, the best of for you always.

Best wishes,
and lots of love

Bill

Maybe you'd like to see some of the snaps herein-

FOLLY FARM

White River Transvaal

July 26, 1936

My dear Grandma Lincoln,

It must have been three weeks ago that your letter came and I certainly meant to answer it before this. But I am glad that time does go so quickly because it would be very lonesome if it didn't.

There is not much time to be lonesome now. I milk four times every ady. Five o'clock and eleven o'clock both night and morning. My other work here is just like the strokes of business that I used to do at home. Most of the time I talk and dream about what I will be doing the next few years. It doesn't do much good to dream but as I alwasy believed and still do, "He who looks ahead, gets ahead".

The farm I used to tell I was going to have is coming along good in my head. But you'll all see it a few years. Mr. Chalkley as you know, thought I was too young to know anything at frst and he was alwasy coming around to see if things were right. He has been away so much lately and the the only time he comes over is to show visitors the cows and to brag about them and, when he doesn't remember what he's talking about, we have some pretty good cows.

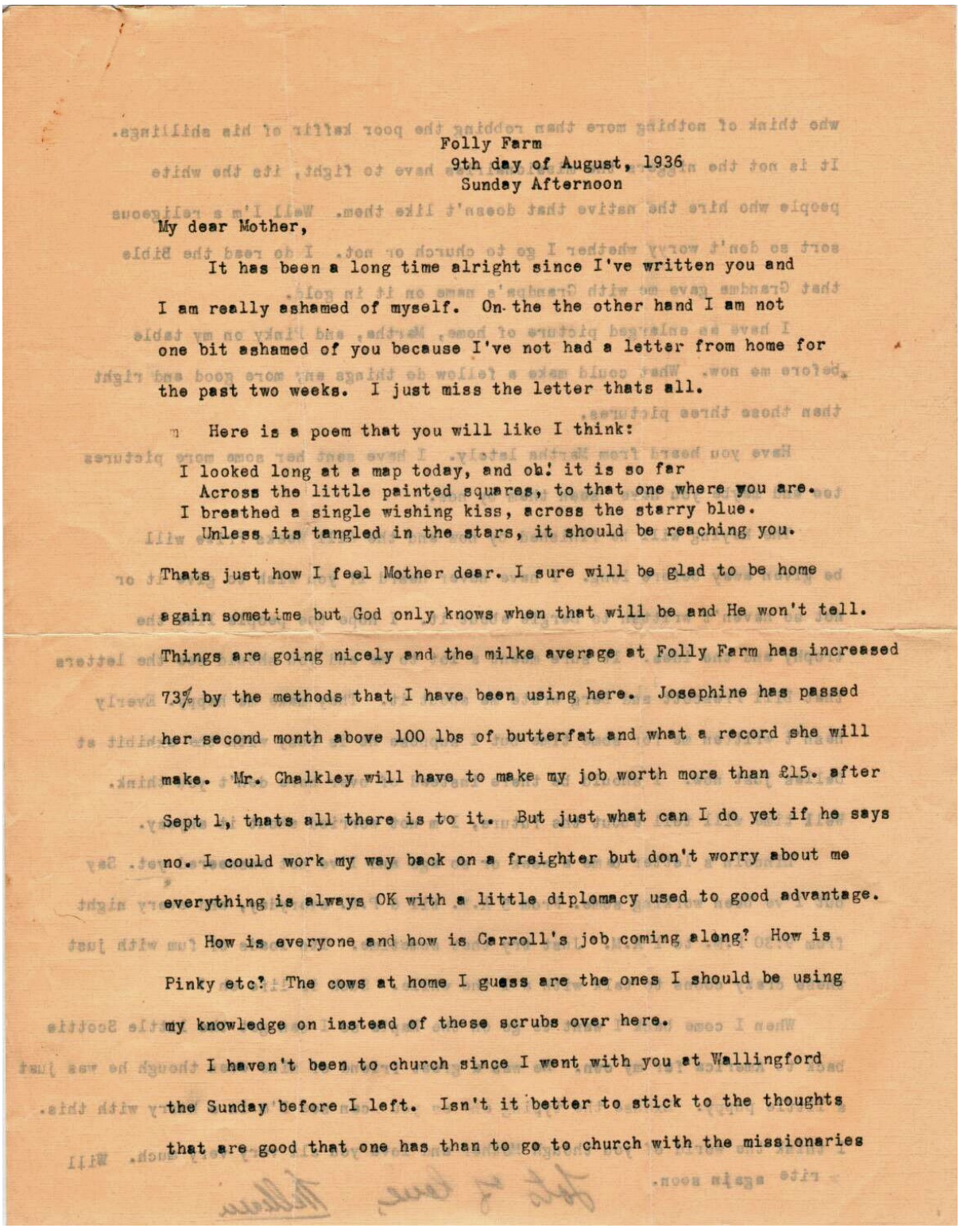
Last week I wrote an article on feeding dairy animals, "From Birth To 100 Pounds A Day". It is mostly an advertising proposition for the farm so most of the story is about what is going on here. Since its my first real magazine article, I hope they won't cut it too much or at least cut it out all together. Mr. Chalkley also wrote one on his grass and citrus and I did feel rather big when the Editor came down and asked Mr. Chalkley and I to write things on the same scale.

I guess I'm only rambleing along so ought to stop. I send you lots and lots of love Grandma, and I hope you are very well and enjoying a nice summer.

With best wishes and love,

Williams

By August, there was some disenchantment creeping into William's letters home. He had contracted malaria and been quite ill, all while still trying to keep up his many responsibilities at Folly Farm. Mr. Chalkley was not willing increase his pay above his starting salary of £15 per month, and William was beginning to question whether the hardship of working in South Africa was worth it:



Folly Farm
9th day of August, 1936
Sunday Afternoon

My dear Mother,

It has been a long time alright since I've written you and I am really ashamed of myself. On the the other hand I am not one bit ashamed of you because I've not had a letter from home for the past two weeks. I just miss the letter thats all.

Here is a poem that you will like I think:

I looked long at a map today, and oh! it is so far
Across the little painted squares, to that one where you are.
I breathed a single wishing kiss, across the starry blue.
Unless its tangled in the stars, it should be reaching you.

Thats just how I feel Mother dear. I sure will be glad to be home again sometime but God only knows when that will be and He won't tell. Things are going nicely and the milke average at Folly Farm has increased 73% by the methods that I have been using here. Josephine has passed her second month above 100 lbs of butterfat and what a record she will make. Mr. Chalkley will have to make my job worth more than £15. after Sept 1, thats all there is to it. But just what can I do yet if he says no. I could work my way back on a freighter but don't worry about me everything is always OK with a little diplomacy used to good advantage. How is everyone and how is Carroll's job coming along? How is Pinky etc? The cows at home I guess are the ones I should be using my knowledge on instead of these scrubs over here.

I haven't been to church since I went with you at Wallingford the Sunday before I left. Isn't it better to stick to the thoughts that are good that one has than to go to church with the missionaries

who think of nothing more than robbing the poor kaffir of his shillings. It is not the niggers the missionairies have to fight, its the white people who hire the native that doesn't like them. Well I'm a religeous sort so don't worry whether I go to church or not. I do read the Bible that Grandma gave me with Grandpa's name on it in gold.

I have an enlarged picture of home, Martha, and Pinky on my table before me now. What could make a fellow do things any more good and right than those three pictures.

Have you heard from Martha lately. I have sent her some more pictures too and maybe you have seen them by now.

The haying will be finished by now and the Bill Weeks Prize will be given away before long. I have never heard if you wish to give it or not so haven't written to Bergie about it. I hope the people like the trophy and the idea. It sure meant a lot to me and you should see the letters that Bill Prescott and Berg wrote me about it. They make me happy. Everly hasn't written me for some time but I suppose he is busy with the exhibit at Dallas just now. I should be there instead of over here don't you think. Well time will tell about the future, I'm not worried about it anyway.

Lincoln's letter came a week or so ago and I've not answeered yet. Say but I've been working some. From 5 A.M. til 6 P.M. everyday, and every night from 9:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. Just try that sometime. Its loads of fum with just these crazy coons to talk with all the while. Such is life eh ?

When I come back I want to go on the Mapia so I can get the little Scottie back to America for my own. He was a great friend of mine even though he was just a little puppy. Excuse the typing and as you can see I'm in a hurry with this. I think the world of you though Mother and love you all very very much. Will write again soon.

Lots of love, Wallace

FOLLY FARM
White River Transvaal
South Africa

My dear Mother and Father,

You must be thinking by this time that I'm dead or married or something, because I am ashamed to say that it has been a very long time since I've written either of you. You will as usual excuse my neglect I suppose, and I hope this typewritten letter as well. Note the fancy parts though.

By now you have probably heard from Martha, that I will be home for this coming Christmas. I cabled her in Africaans that I would be, but perhaps she hasn't found anybody yet that can tell her what the cable said. It is more than possible that I will bring a friend with me, as there are boys here that want to see America, and the company of a good chap would make the trip of double enjoyment.

I expect to go by India and the East, arriving at Los Angles about the 10th. of December. If I am alone, then I will proceed directly home, but if someone is with me we will see a bit as we amble across U.S.A. Now as to letters and mail, I will send you an adress in Manila, P.I. and maybe one for Singapore, M.S. if I find the air mail schedule is fast enough.

I am not sure whether to take the "Mapia" or not but my ship will be of the same type and of the same line. The old brig that brought me this far, is one of the fastest ships of its type, and I would feel much more at home on it.

These are my plans but I cannot guarantee this workout. This is why. Mr. Chalkley has not agreed to pay my return passage, and while he will have too in the end, if the matter passes through government hands, I will of course, have to return the shortest and cheapest way. That does not mean third class, as white skilled labor is granted second class passage according to the immigration laws in connection with passports. Mr. Chalkley will save a hundred dollars by giving me four hundred dollars for return. Otherwise he will forfeit five hundred dollars to the government who will pay my passage. So with a little diplomacy, things will turn out nicely.

Now you wonder why I am coming back. There are two reasons. I am needed more at home than here; and I'd rather be home. There are other reasons too, and from a strictly business point of view it would be very silly for me to remain over here. I have my own cows in the first place; I have a better chance of earning good money latter if I build

up my name in the States now instead of wasting time here. Then too, I have brought those Carnation cows across the Atlantic for Mr. Chalkley. I have doubled the herd average at Folly Farm for Mr. Chalkley. I have started seven cows on records that will be among the mmmmugreatest records made this coming year for Mr. Chalkley. I have made an average growth of 43 lbs per calf under 10 months for Mr. Chalkley. ----And Mr. Chalkley says that £15. per month, boarding myself, is the best thing that he can do for me. ---- And I can earn more than that doing barn work at Carnation Farm. I can earn double that milking with Carl Gockeral at Carnation Farm. I can earn more than <u>that</u> in a position of similar responsibility as here, right in New England States. So, please excuse the bragging(its just how things are), I am coming home as soon as possible.

And then I won't be homesick, love-sick, or heart-sick anymore.

You asked about the farm boss that works here. He was born in White River and his people are Irish . His name is Bill Lynn, the same as Ackehurst Farms manager, and they look like twins. If anyone comes to America with me, it will be Bill Lynn. What Folly Farm would be without, him nobody knows. He also gets £15. per month after eight years here so probably I 'd never be really rich if I worked here all my life. Lynn speaks Afrikaans, German, English and all the native lingo, and he is one of the nicest fellows I've ever met, only a little too quiet fro me. Most of the homes here speak Afrikaans but once in a while there are German and English.

By this time the Rutland Fair has come and gone once more. No doubt you have not forgotten how many cattle I led into the ring last year and came in last. I forgot all about that the day of the show. Those days are gone. Wait till next year's show. Did you go to the New England Field Day down at Mr. Ellis; Highfield Farm? These culling contests that they have over there are someting new I guess but its a mighty fine idea I think.

You were lucky to get the cable on your birthday, because I reminded the girl at central on the 'phone to remind me when July 28, came, and she forgot about it till after the cables were sent at nine oclock. But I made her phone the message to Johannesburg in time to catch up there. She takes all the milk, cream, and butter orders for me and then rings me at 6 o(clock every night. Mighty sweet, don't you think?

I am wondering if the Weeks herd will be at the fair this year. It would make me happy as anything if it was there. Is Pinky's yard finished yet. It will be soon after Christmas <u>if</u> the snow all melts then. I am beginning to think I'd like to live with my cows on the farm where I was born, if neither of my brothers want to carry on with cattle. I am just as sure that we have the very best cows living right at home, as I am sure that this word is this, and not that that word this. Maybe a little more sure in fact.

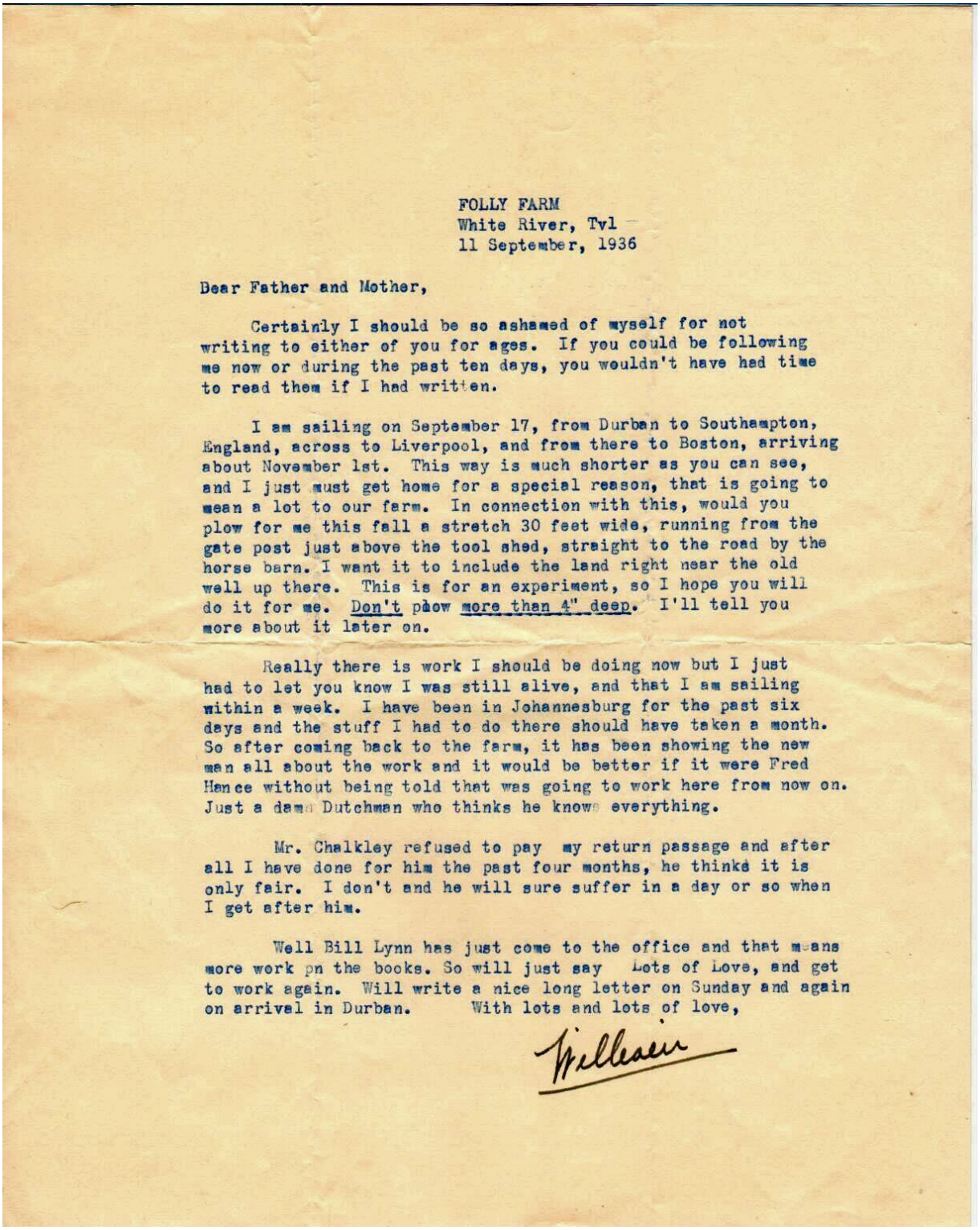
Don't let anything I've told you about return passage worry you. I have a very good friend in Durban that is known as The Principal Immigration Officer. He waited a week for Mr. Chalkley to send the £100. bond for me, and so I went to see him every morning to see if it had come. So we became good friends and he came down very often to see the cows while I was in Durban. He also invited me to his house several times. In all the time I've been here at Folly Farm, I've never been invited to Mr. Chalkleys house but for business.

Mr. Chalkley is coming over now so will have to stop here. All my love to you and my home. God bless you all. Will write again.

With lots of love,

William

William left White River by train on September 11, 1936. He was bound for Durban, but stopped in Johannesburg for two days to attend the Empire Exposition cattle show. He arrived in Durban on September 17 and sailed two days later aboard the steamship S.S. Gloucester Castle, bound for England via Cherbourg, France. The voyage took a month.



FOLLY FARM
White River, Tvl
11 September, 1936

Dear Father and Mother,

Certainly I should be so ashamed of myself for not writing to either of you for ages. If you could be following me now or during the past ten days, you wouldn't have had time to read them if I had written.

I am sailing on September 17, from Durban to Southampton, England, across to Liverpool, and from there to Boston, arriving about November 1st. This way is much shorter as you can see, and I just must get home for a special reason, that is going to mean a lot to our farm. In connection with this, would you plow for me this fall a stretch 30 feet wide, running from the gate post just above the tool shed, straight to the road by the horse barn. I want it to include the land right near the old well up there. This is for an experiment, so I hope you will do it for me. Don't plow more than 4" deep. I'll tell you more about it later on.

Really there is work I should be doing now but I just had to let you know I was still alive, and that I am sailing within a week. I have been in Johannesburg for the past six days and the stuff I had to do there should have taken a month. So after coming back to the farm, it has been showing the new man all about the work and it would be better if it were Fred Hance without being told that was going to work here from now on. Just a damn Dutchman who thinks he knows everything.

Mr. Chalkley refused to pay my return passage and after all I have done for him the past four months, he thinks it is only fair. I don't and he will sure suffer in a day or so when I get after him.

Well Bill Lynn has just come to the office and that means more work on the books. So will just say Lots of Love, and get to work again. Will write a nice long letter on Sunday and again on arrival in Durban. With lots and lots of love,

Billeaer

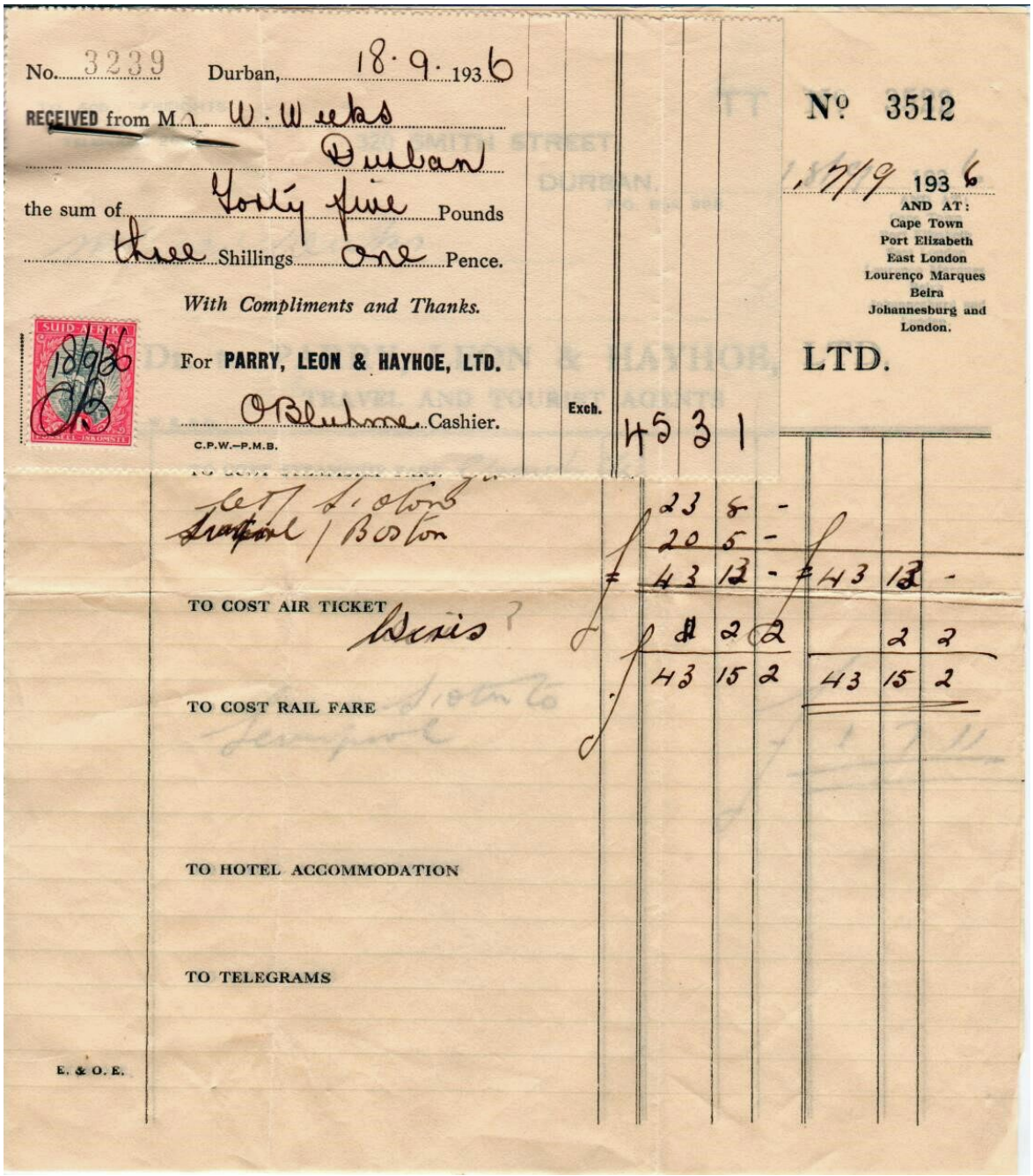
Dear Father:

Mr. Chalkley has been away and delayed this draft. This is for gramaphone, only. When we send the mongy for the other things O K get them. Not until. ITS a damn funny place to do business. The fellow for this stuff (making out drafts) only comes to White River once a week.

Lots of love,

Willard

The receipt for William's passage home on the steamship S.S. Gloucester Castle:



No. 3239 Durban, 18·9·1936

RECEIVED from Mr W. Weeks
Durban

the sum of Forty five Pounds
three Shillings One Pence.

With Compliments and Thanks.

For PARRY, LEON & HAYHOE, LTD.

O Bluhme Cashier.

C.P.W.—P.M.B.

SUID-AFRIKA 18/9/36 CB

Nº 3512

17/9 1936

AND AT:
Cape Town
Port Elizabeth
East London
Lourenço Marques
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LTD.

Exch. 4531

Cet / Sioton	23	8	-			
Liverpool / Boston	20	5	-			
	43	13	-	43	13	-
TO COST AIR TICKET Bexis?	1	2	2		2	2
	43	15	2	43	15	2
TO COST RAIL FARE						
TO HOTEL ACCOMMODATION						
TO TELEGRAMS						

E. & O. E.

TT Nº 3512

320 SMITH STREET,

DURBAN, 7/9 1936

P.O. Box 998.

AND AT:
Cape Town
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London.

Mr W. Weeks

Dr. to PARRY, LEON & HAYHOE, LTD.

TRAVEL AND TOURIST AGENTS

10 Books—9/5/36—W. B. & D.

TO COST STEAMSHIP FARE Gloucester Cle							
Cet / Sioton		23	8	-			
Seaford / Boston		20	5	-			
		43	13	-	43	13	-
TO COST AIR TICKET Weiss?		1	2	2		2	2
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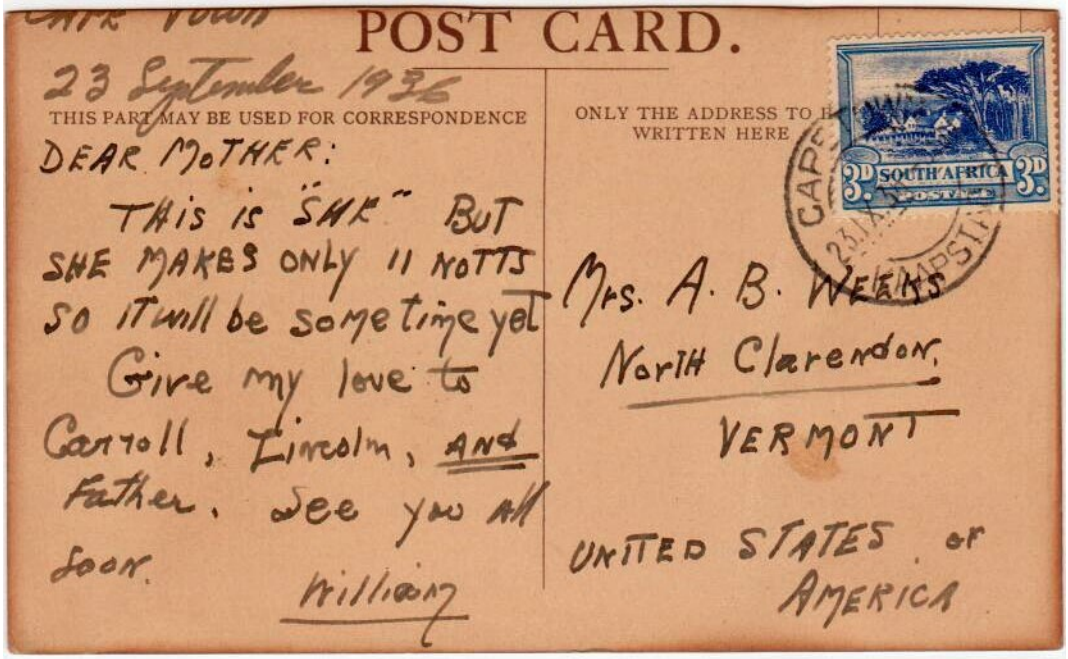
TO HOTEL ACCOMMODATION							
TO TELEGRAMS							

E. & O. E.



POST CARD.

23 September 1936

THIS PART MAY BE USED FOR CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR MOTHER:

THIS is "SHE" BUT SHE MAKES ONLY 11 NOTTS SO IT will be sometime yet

Give my love to Carroll, Lincoln, AND Father. See you all soon.

William

ONLY THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN HERE

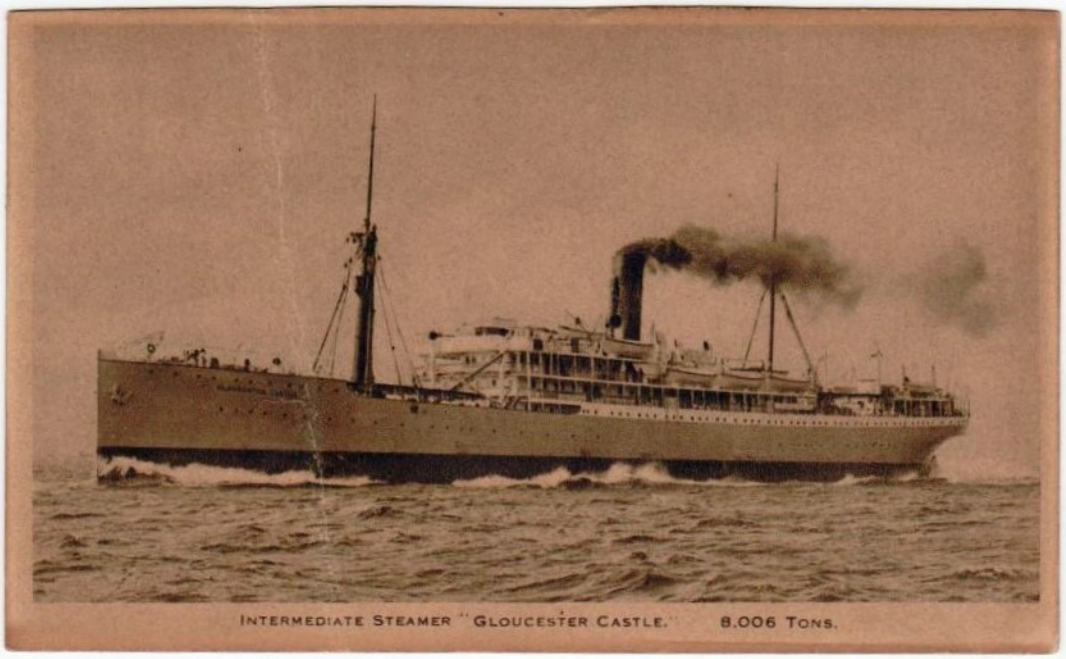
SOUTH AFRICA POSTAGE 3D

Mrs. A. B. WEEKS

North Clarendon,

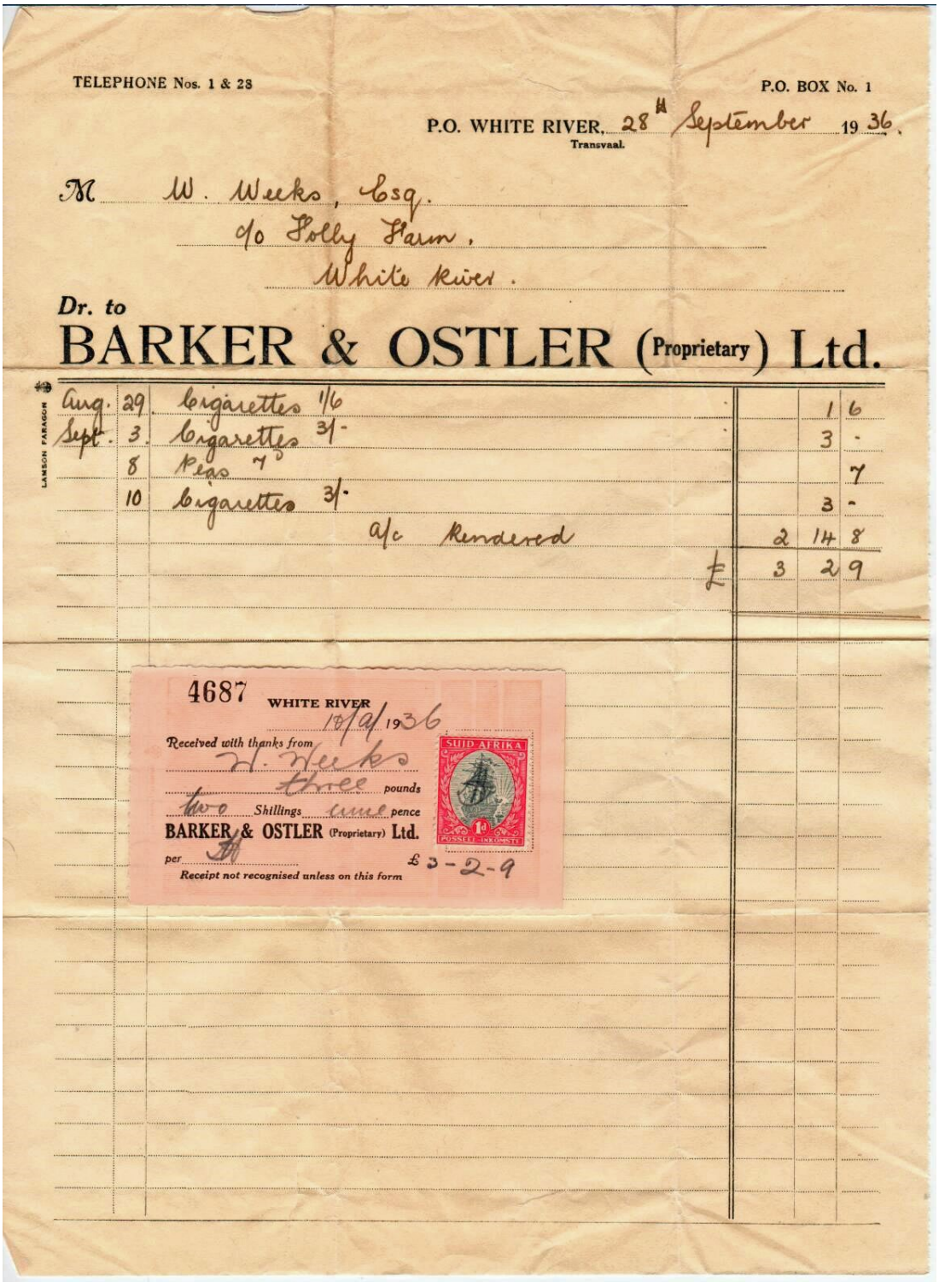
VERMONT

UNITED STATES of AMERICA



INTERMEDIATE STEAMER "GLOUCESTER CASTLE." 8.006 TONS.

Before leaving South Africa, William stocked up on cigarettes for the journey home:



TELEPHONE Nos. 1 & 28

P.O. BOX No. 1

P.O. WHITE RIVER, Transvaal. 28th September 1936.

M W. Weeks, Esq.
c/o Folly Farm,
White River.

Dr. to

BARKER & OSTLER (Proprietary) Ltd.

Aug.	29	Cigarettes	1/6		1 6
Sept.	3	Cigarettes	3/-		3 -
	8	Repo	7d		7
	10	Cigarettes	3/-		3 -
		a/c Rendered		2	14 8
			£	3	2 9

4687 WHITE RIVER 10/9/1936

Received with thanks from W. Weeks

three pounds

two Shillings nine pence

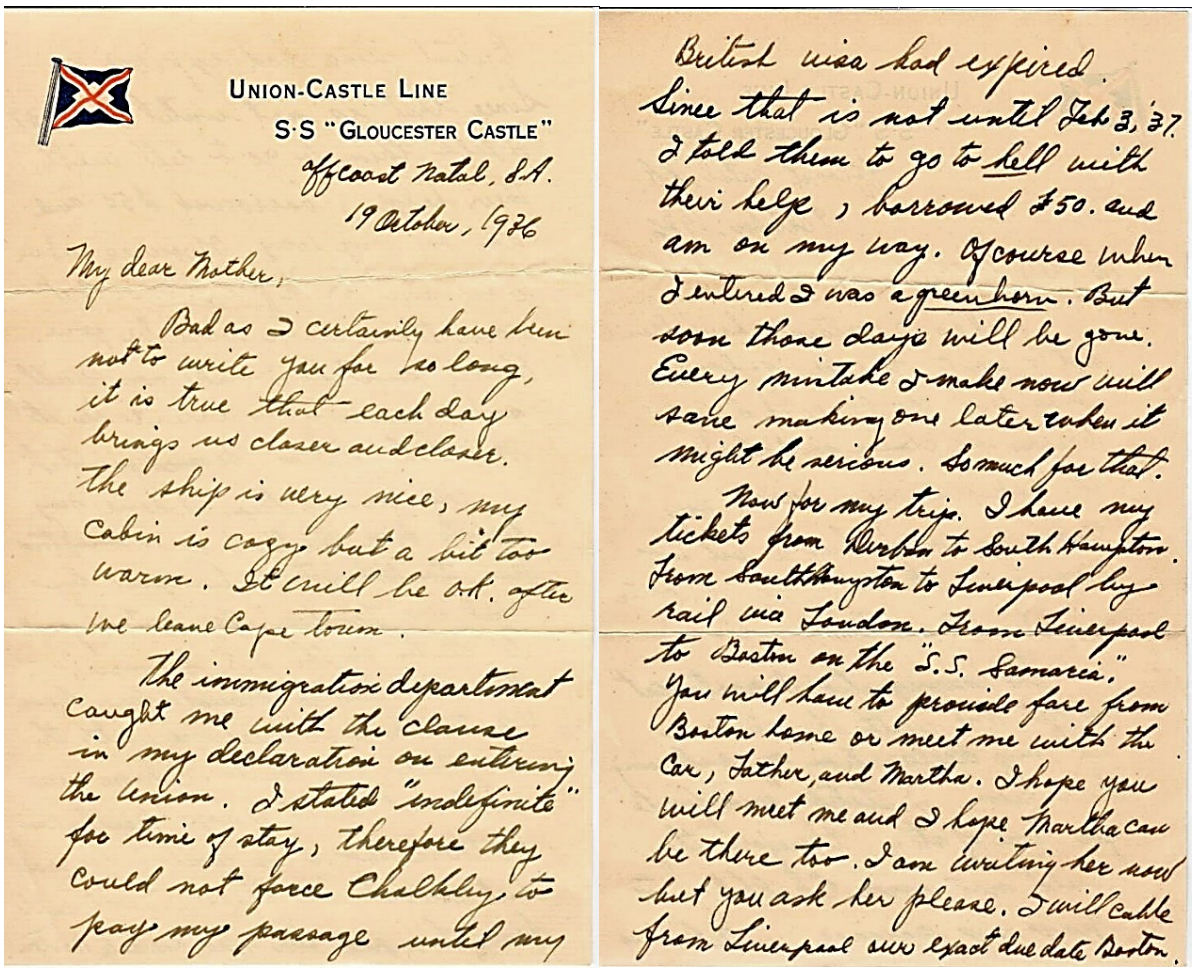
BARKER & OSTLER (Proprietary) Ltd.

per

£3-2-9

Receipt not recognised unless on this form

William wrote next from aboard the Gloucester Castle, as he began his long journey home (date on letter should be 19 September, not 19 October):



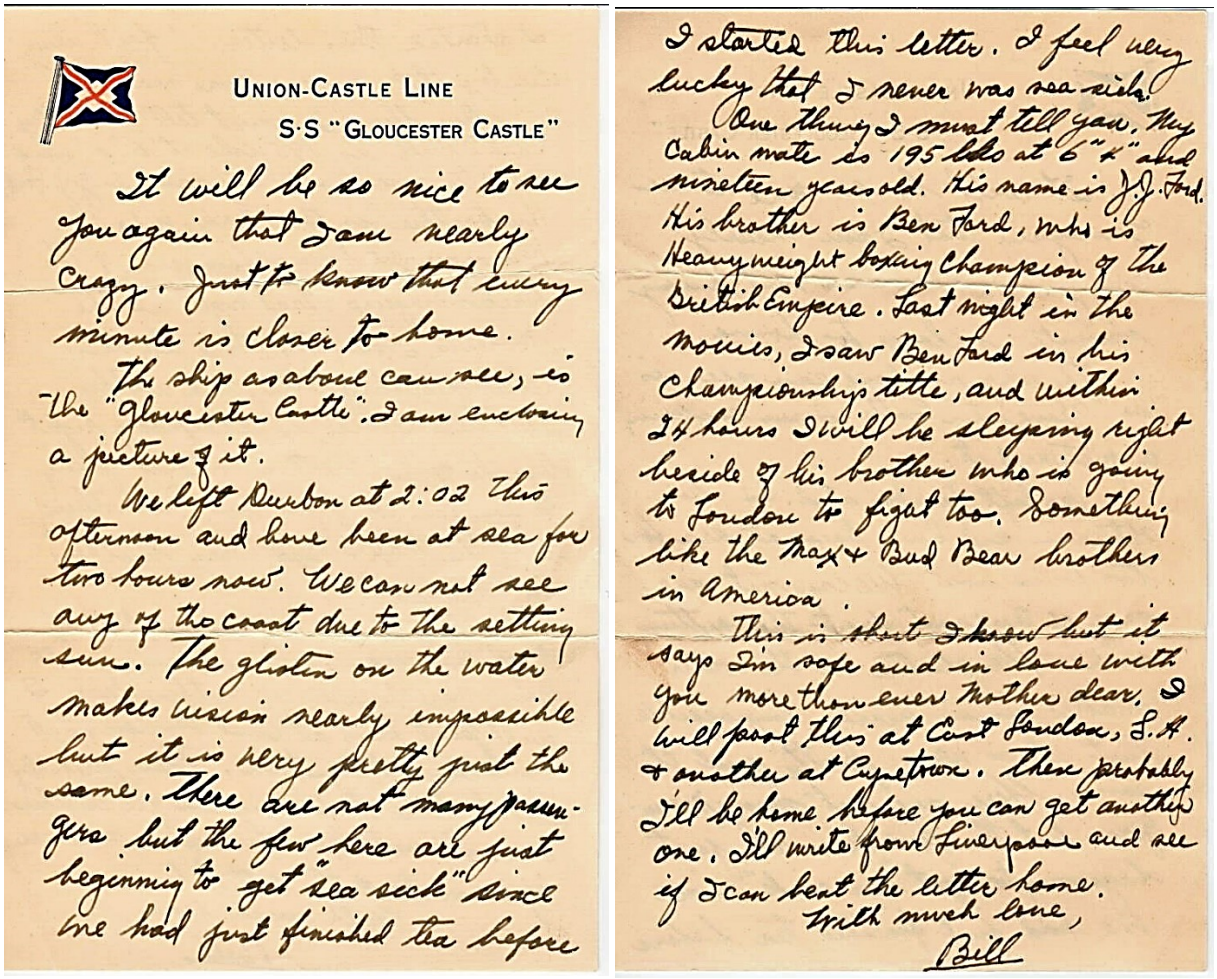
UNION-CASTLE LINE
S·S "GLOUCESTER CASTLE"
Off coast Natal, S.A.
19 October, 1936

My dear Mother,

Bad as I certainly have been not to write you for so long, it is true that each day brings us closer and closer. The ship is very nice, my cabin is cozy but a bit too warm. It will be ok. after we leave Cape Town.

The immigration department caught me with the clause in my declaration on entering the Union. I stated "indefinite" for time of stay, therefore they could not force Chalkley to pay my passage until my British visa had expired. Since that is not until Feb 3, '37 I told them to go to hell with their help, borrowed £50. and am on my way. Of course when I entered I was a green horn. But soon those days will be gone. Every mistake I make now will save making one later when it might be serious. So much for that.

Now for my trip. I have my tickets from Durban to South Hampton. From Southhampton to Liverpool by rail via London. From Liverpool to Boston on the "S.S. Samaria." You will have to provide fare from Boston home or meet me with the Car, Father, and Martha. I hope you will meet me and I hope Martha can be there too. I am awaiting her word but you ask her please. I will cable from Liverpool our exact due date Boston.



UNION-CASTLE LINE
S·S "GLOUCESTER CASTLE"

It will be so nice to see you again that I am nearly crazy. Just to know that every minute is closer to home.

The ship as about can see, is the "Gloucester Castle". I am enclosing a picture of it.

We left Durban at 2:02 this afternoon and have been at sea for two hours now. We can not see any of the coast due to the setting sun. The glisten on the water makes vision nearly impossible but it is very pretty just the same. There are not many passengers but the few here are just beginning to get "sea sick" since one had just finished tea before I started this letter. I feel very lucky that I never was sea sick.

One thing I must tell you. My cabin mate is 195 lbs at 6'4" and nineteen years old. His name is J.J. Ford. His brother is Ben Ford, who is Heavy weight boxing Champion of the British Empire. Last night in the movies, I saw Ben Ford in his Championship's title, and within 24 hours I will be sleeping right beside of his brother who is going to London to fight too. Something like the Max & Bud Bear brothers in America.

This is short I know but it says I'm safe and in love with you more than ever Mother dear. I will post this at Cape Town, S.A. & another at Capetown. Then probably I'll be home before you can get another one. I'll write from Liverpool and see if I can beat the letter home.

With much love,
Bill

Off coast Natal, S.A.
19 October 1936

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It will be so nice to see you again that I am nearly crazy. Just to know that every minute is closer to home. The ship as above can see, is the "Gloucester Castle". I am enclosing a picture of it.

We left Durban at 2:02 this afternoon and have been at sea for two hours now. We can not see any of the coast due to the setting sun. The glisten on the water makes vision nearly impossible but it is very pretty just the same. There are not many passengers but the few here are just beginning to get "sea sick" since one had just finished tea before I started this letter. I feel very lucky that I never was sea sick.

One thing I must tell you. My cabin mate is 195 lbs at 6'4" and nineteen years old. His name is J.J. Ford. His brother is Ben Ford, who is Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the British Empire. Last night in the movies, I saw Ben Ford in his Championship title, and within 24 hours I will be sleeping right beside his brother who is going to London to fight too. Something like the Max and Bud Bear brothers in America.

This is short I know but it says I'm safe and in love with you more than ever Mother dear. I will post this at East London, S.A. and another at Cape Town. Then probably I'll be home before you can get another one. I'll write from Liverpool and see if I can beat the letter home.

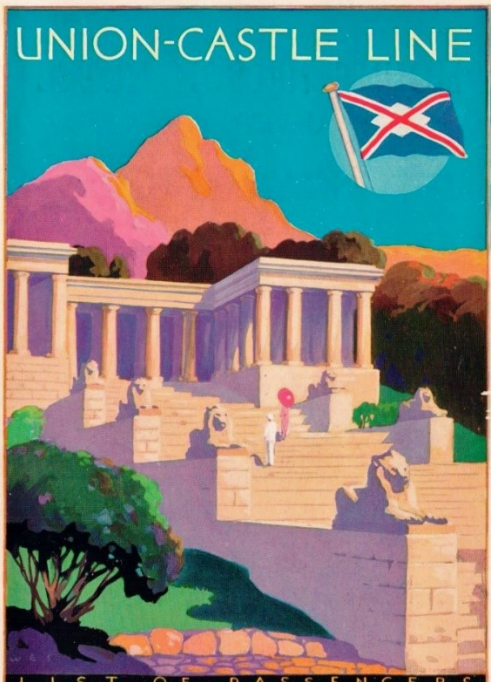
With much love,

Bill

William on his way home
aboard the S.S. Gloucester Castle

TRACK CHART OF THE UNION-CASTLE LINERS.

UNION-CASTLE LINE



LIST OF PASSENGERS

S.S. "Gloucester Castle"
leaving CAPE TOWN 23rd September, 1936.

S.S. "GLOUCESTER CASTLE."
TOURIST CLASS PASSENGERS.

ENGLAND

Mr. Bartlett

Mr. J. Carter

Mrs. Carter

Miss Carter

Mrs. A. Douglas

Master Douglas

Miss Douglas

Mrs. T. S. Easton

Mr. J. Foord

Mr. A. Jacobson

S.S. "GLOUCESTER CASTLE."
TOURIST CLASS PASSENGERS.

ENGLAND (continued)

Mr. P. Jarvis

Mrs. Jarvis

Mr. J. Jarvis

Miss S. Kennedy

Mr. A. Macdonald

Nurse A. Hafwanee

Mr. J. H. Morgan

Mr. W. Parkes

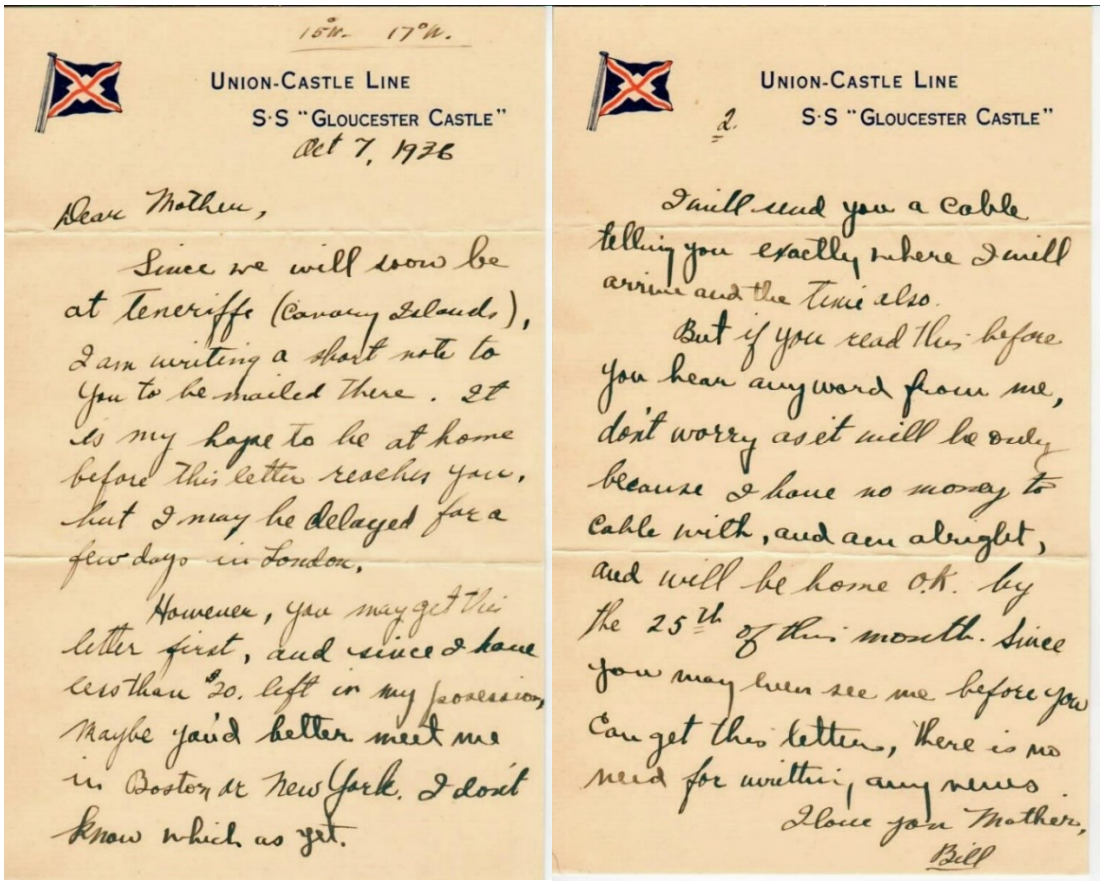
Mr. Qual

Mrs. Qual

Mr. W. Weeks

Mr. W. R. C. Wright

William wrote home again from aboard the Gloucester Castle, as the ship neared the Canary Islands:



16° N. 17° W.

UNION-CASTLE LINE
S·S "GLOUCESTER CASTLE"
Oct 7, 1936

Dear Mother,

Since we will soon be at Teneriffe (Canary Islands), I am writing a short note to you to be mailed there. It is my hope to be at home before this letter reaches you, but I may be delayed for a few days in London.

However, you may get this letter first, and since I have less than $20. left in my possession, maybe you'd better meet me in Boston or New York. I don't know which as yet.

UNION-CASTLE LINE
S·S "GLOUCESTER CASTLE"

2.

I will send you a cable telling you exactly where I will arrive and the time also. But if you read this before you hear any word from me, don't worry as it will be only because I have no money to cable with, and am alright, and will be home O.K. by the 25th of this month. Since you may even see me before you can get this letter, there is no need for writing any news.

I love you mother,

Bill

October 7, 1936

Dear Mother,

Since we will soon be at Tenerife (Canary Islands), I am writing a short note to you to be mailed there. It is my hope to be at home before this letter reaches you, but I may be delayed for a few days in London.

However, you may get this letter first, and since I have less than $20 left in my possession, maybe you'd better meet me in Boston or New York. I don't know which as yet.

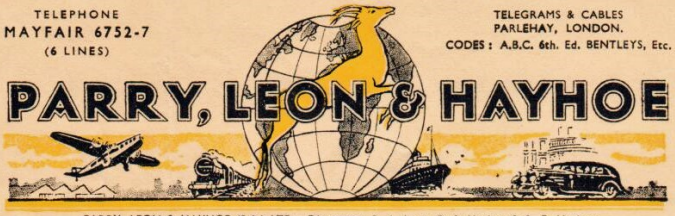
I will send you a cable telling you exactly where I will arrive and the time also. But if you read this before you hear any word from me, don't worry as it will be only because I have no money to cable with, and am alright, and will be home o.k. by the 25th of this month. Since you may even see me before you can get this letter, there is no need for writing any news.

I love you mother,

Bill

TELEPHONE
MAYFAIR 6752-7
(6 LINES)

TELEGRAMS & CABLES
PARLEHAY, LONDON.
CODES : A.B.C. 6th. Ed. BENTLEYS, Etc.



PARRY, LEON & HAYHOE (S.A.) LTD.—Directors : P. A. Leon, R. S. Hayhoe & S. G. Hayhoe

2, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Steamship, Air, Cruises, Tours, Insurance and General Travel Agents

9th October, 1936.

Wm. Weeks, Esq.,
Passenger on S.S. "GLOUCESTER CASTLE",
Cabin No. 220,
C/O Messrs. Union Castle Mail Steamship Co.Ltd.,
Canute Road,
SOUTHAMPTON.

Dear Sir,

We were very pleased to hear from our Durban Office of your arrival in this country, and we want you to know that our services continue on this side.

Upon your arrival at Southampton our Representative will be in attendance to assist you with baggage and customs formalities, and he will hand you in exchange for our Ticket Exchange Order No. 1396 one third class single ticket from Southampton to Liverpool.

Also upon your arrival at Waterloo our Representative will be in attendance, and we trust you will call upon him for any service.

During your stay on this side we would like you to utilise the extensive services of our London Office on every possible occasion. We stock all travel tickets and can make any arrangements, and we assure you that any instructions you may give to us will be given our most careful attention.

Yours faithfully,

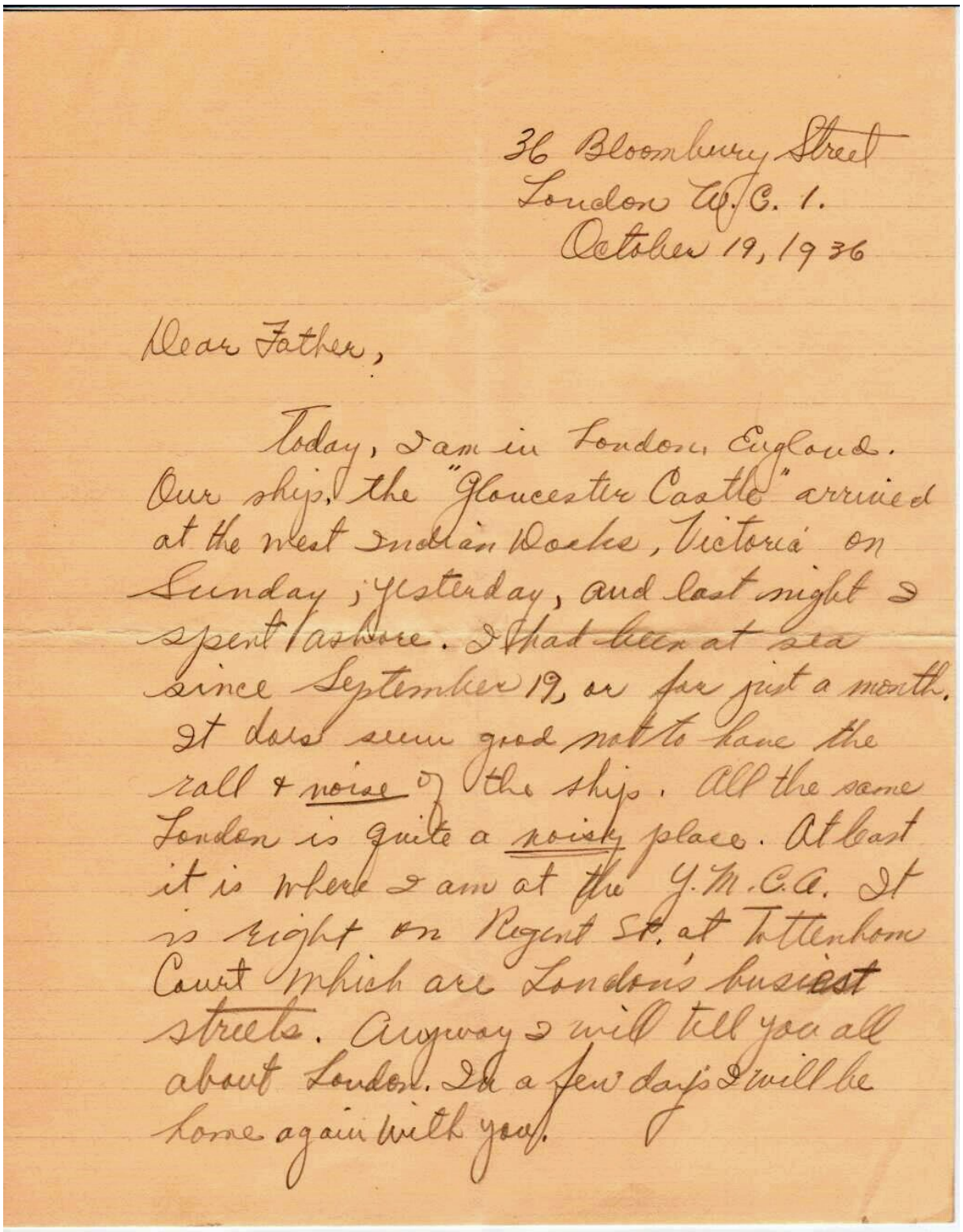
For PARRY, LEON & HAYHOE (S.A.) LTD.

TRAVEL DEPARTMENT.

OFFICES AT :—JOHANNESBURG, CAPE TOWN, PORT ELIZABETH, EAST LONDON, DURBAN, LOURENCO MARQUES, BEIRA

Agencies throughout the World

The S.S. Gloucester Castle arrived at the West Indian Docks, Victoria on Sunday, October 18, 1936. The following day, William wrote a letter to his father wishing a happy birthday:



36 Bloomsbury Street
London W.C. 1.
October 19, 1936

Dear Father,

Today, I am in London England. Our ship, the "Gloucester Castle" arrived at the West Indian Docks, Victoria on Sunday; yesterday, and last night I spent ashore. I had been at sea since September 19, or for just a month. It does seem good not to have the roll & noise of the ship. All the same London is quite a noisy place. At least it is where I am at the Y.M.C.A. It is right on Regent St. at Tottenham Court which are London's busiest streets. Anyway I will tell you all about London. In a few days I will be home again with you.

2.

Today is your Birthday. More than wishing you many happy returns, let me tell you that I hope when I have boys of my own, I can feel I have done as much for them as you have done for Carroll, Lincoln & myself. I have no gift for you, in fact I have less than $1. with me to get home with. But why worry.

Now as to when I will be home. Today is Monday & on Wednesday I am sailing from S. Hampton on the SS "Manhatten" (one of Uncle Sam's) to New York City. I will have arrived there before you get this as me, the letter & me, go the same day from the same port to the same port in U.S.A.

Whether or not I will need money I cannot say. If I have enough to

get to Schenectady or Troy or Glens Falls. I will burn before. But if I'm not O.K. you will hear from me. So don't yourworry. Sometime Tuesday you will probably see me.

With lots of love,

Bill

P.S.

Please excuse the pencil as when my fountain pen runs dry I will have to buy some ink, & I haven't enough money. Don't worry.

Bill

36 Bloomsbury Street
London W.C.I.
October 19, 1936

Dear Father,

Today, I am in London, England. Our ship, the "Gloucester Castle" arrived at the West Indian Docks, Victoria on Sunday, yesterday, and last night I spent ashore. I had been at sea since September 19, or for just a month. It does seem good not to have the roll and noise of the ship. All the same London is quite a noisy place. At least it is where I am at the Y.M.C.A. It is right on Regent St. at the Tottenham Court which are London's busiest streets. Anyway I will tell you all about London. In a few days I will be home again with you.

Today is your birthday. More than wishing you many happy returns, let me tell you that I hope when I have boys of my own, I can feel I have done as much for them as you have done for Carroll, Lincoln and myself. I have no gift for you, in fact I have less than $9 with me to get home with. But why worry.

Now as to when I will be home. Today is Monday and on Wednesday I am sailing from Southampton on the S.S. "Manhattan" (one of Uncle Sam's) to New York City. I will have arrived there before you get this as we, the letter and me, go the same day from the same port to the same port in U.S.A.

Whether or not I will need money I cannot say. If I have enough to get to Schenectady or Troy or Glens Falls, I will bum home. But if I'm not o.k. you will hear from me. So don't you worry. Sometime Tuesday you will probably see me.

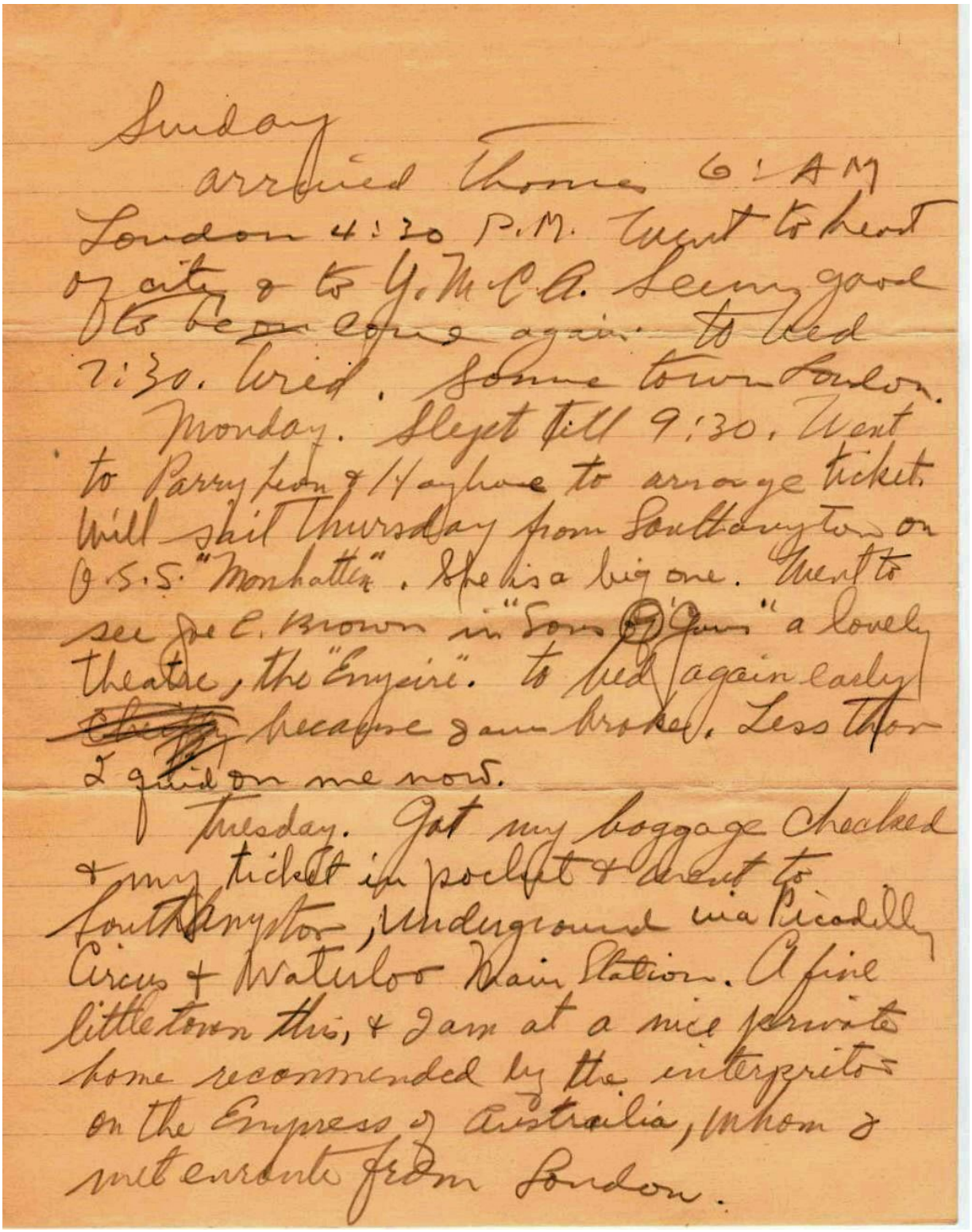
With lots of love,

Bill

P.S. Please excuse the pencil as when my fountain pen runs dry I will have to buy some ink, and I haven't enough money. Don't worry.

Bill

William passed the time in London by jotting down an account of his stay:



Sunday
arrived Thames 6:AM
London 4:30 P.M. Went to heart
of city & to Y.M.C.A. Seems good
to be ~~on~~ come again. to bed
7:30. tired. Some town London.
Monday. Slept till 9:30. Went
to Parry Leon & Hayhoe to arrange ticket.
Will sail Thursday from Southampton on
O.S.S. "Manhatten". She is a big one. Went to
see Joe E. Brown in "Sons of Guns" a lovely
theatre, the "Empire". to bed again early
~~[illegible]~~ because I am broke. Less than
I quid on me now.
Tuesday. Got my baggage checked
& my ticket in pocket & went to
Southampton, underground via Picadilly
Circus & Waterloo Main Station. A fine
little town this, & I am at a nice private
home recommended by the interpreter
on the Empress of Australia, whom I
met enroute from London.

Had my last good dinner before boarding the ship at 2/6. Now I have just enough to get to New York if I don't eat. I talked down by the coal fire in the kitchen with an old sea Captain 82 years old. Some life there. Also a quartermaster from the "Queen Mary" was there. Says she is too big. He fractured his hip in a fall on top deck. Several people burst in her last trip because she can't come out of the dips quick enough. To sail at 11:00 Wednesday.

Slept on a feather bed last night & everything reminds me of staying at Grandmas some time back. Had a big breakfast & I guess I did it justice. Went over to the docks. The "Majestic" is on dry dock now. She is a big devil. Had a chocolate milk for lunch

& then went to see Miss Easton of to Montreal on the R.M.S. "Montrose" that is a big ship & on of C.P.R. boats. Just on the next pier was the "Aquatania" and we saw Herbert Marshall come down the gang plank but you couldn't see he was any more handsome than anyone else around there. He is going to London, for some play I suppose.

Had a big surprise at night. Read in the "Eck" that the "Mahtera" was sailing at 12 P.M. so rushed about only to find she would be late & sail noon, Friday. To bed at 1 A.M.

Thursday went to a show & things will be o.k. but I am now broke. Cabled Father & hope all will be ok on arrival at New York. Went to see "Farmer in the Dell" & "the Witness Chair" Trying to forget my

woes & lonesomeness.
Went to bed at 10:30.

Friday: 23rd

Arose early & went to U.S. Line & came to arrange my baggage. All O.K. Went aboard "Manhattan" at 10:45 A.M. & what a lovely ship, I feel like a king. Just went to the movies (free) saw Guy Kibbee & Sybil Jason in "The Captain Kid". We have gone out of sight of land now at 4 P.M. & it won't be long now. Lonely meals & now I'm on America again.

Sunday

Arrived Thames 6 AM London 4:30 P.M. Went to heart of city and to YMCA. Seems good to be on land again. To bed 7:30. Tired. Some town London.

London Central Y.M.C.A.

We are glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you and very much regret that owing to previous bookings we are unable to offer you accommodation in the Hostel. We trust, however, you will find at the address to which you have been recommended every comfort and convenience.

Should you require accommodation at some future date perhaps you will give us the opportunity of serving you.

OCTOBER, 1936

London Central

Young Men's Christian Association

Great Russell Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1

LIST *of* RECOMMENDED ADDRESSES

IN

WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT

The Association seeks to ensure for respectable young men the comfort and protection of suitable and well-conducted lodgings. Each advertisement in this list is inspected periodically by a representative of the Association.

Partial board signifies breakfast, tea and supper daily and full board on Sundays.

The General Secretary invites visitors to communicate with him as to their satisfaction with the accommodation advertised.

WARWICK HOUSE, GT. RUSSELL ST., W.C.1. next door to Y.M.C.A. Comfortable home, lounge, gas fires. Room and breakfast from 6s. Weekly from 30s. Reduction sharing. Tel. Museum 3423. Apply Manageress. 1

MUSEUM HOUSE (next to British Museum), 36, BLOOMSBURY STREET, 2 mins. from Y.M.C.A. Room and breakfast from 5s. 25s. weekly permanent. Hot and cold running water in all rooms. Dining—lounge room, baths, central heating and gas fires. Tel. Museum 6749. 3

29, GOWER STREET, W.C.1. Bed and breakfast from 5s. nightly; evening meal and Sunday board if required. Tel. Museum 2157. Recommended. (Mrs. Drummond.) 4

33, GOWER STREET, W.C.1. Room, breakfast, light and attendance, 5s. nightly, from 25s. weekly. Comfort, good service, punctuality. Tel. Museum 4578. (Mrs. Cottrell.) 5

CLYDE HOTEL, 66, GOWER STREET, W.C.1 Excellent rooms. Good breakfasts 5s., reduction 4 and 7 days. Weekly from 22s. 6d. Gas fires. Very central. Museum 1224. (Miss Webster.) 6

MELVIN PRIVATE HOTEL, 67, GOWER STREET, W.C.1. Near Y.M.C.A. Room, bath and attendance 5s. **Central heating,** gas fires, constant hot water. Tel. Museum 5426. (Mr. and Mrs. J. M. G. Duguid.) 7

HAREWOOD RESIDENTIAL HOTEL, 76 GOWER STREET, W.C.1. Near Central Y.M.C.A. 50 rooms, hot and cold water. Bed, breakfast and bath, 6s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Special terms Y.M.C.A. members. Night porter. Tel. Museum 3941. (E. Townsend.) 8

95, GOWER STREET, W.C.1. Superior apartments, bed-breakfast-bath 5s. 6d. nightly. 30s. weekly, reduction sharing. Constant hot water. Gas fires. Telephone Museum 2069. (Miss Ambrose.) 9

GALSWORTHY HOTEL, 25, MONTAGUE STREET, W.C.1. Near Central Y.M.C.A. Running hot and cold water in every room, and telephone near. Newly furnished throughout. Luxurious beds, large restaurant, lounge, and writing rooms. All meals available, good cuisine and continental standards of service. Bed, bath and breakfast from 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. nightly. Reduced weekly terms. Tel. Museum 3974. Proprietress, Miss E. Rogers. 2

GEMMELL'S HOTEL, 17, MONTAGUE STREET. Bed and breakfast 6s. 6d., with dinner 8s. 6d. Reduction weekly. Permanent weekly from 37s. 6d. (Bed, breakfast, late dinner). Every room hot and cold water. Museum 5291. 02

HADLEY HOUSE, 23, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.1. Bed and breakfast from 21s. per week (sharing). Gas fires. Electric light. Highly recommended. (Mrs. F. E. Botsford.) 40

9, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.1. Comfortable rooms. Breakfast and bath. Singles 5s., doubles 9s. Weekly 25s. single, doubles sharing 25s. Telephone Museum 6788. (Madame Abadie.) 44

CHESTER HOUSE, 49, TORRINGTON SQUARE. Single rooms, breakfast. E.L., from 25s. 6d. weekly. Doubles 30s., 32s. 6d. weekly. Sharing, separate beds, 23s. 6d. long periods. Comfort, cleanliness. Gas fires. Museum 0597. (Miss Ponsford.) 41

TORRINGTON HOUSE, 56, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.1. Room, good breakfast, from 5s. per day; dinners optional; weekly from 25s. to 35s. (parties catered for). Lounge, billiards. Tel. Museum 1054. (Mrs. Nicholls.) 42

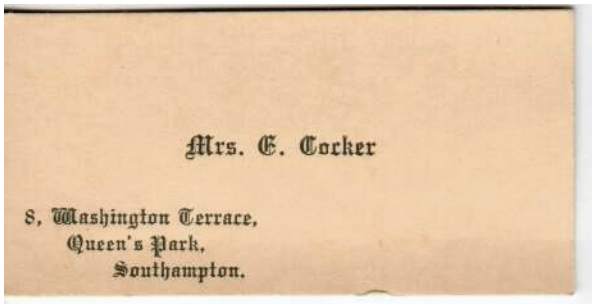
11, GORDON STREET, W.C.1 **Running hot and cold water. Room and breakfast (sharing) 21s. Singles from 25s. weekly. Nightly from 5s.** Museum 4485. (Mrs. Cole.) 43

Monday

Slept till 9:30. Went to Parry, Leon & Hayhoe to arrange ticket. Will sail Thursday from Southampton on O.S.S. "Manhattan". She is a big one. Went to see Joe E. Brown in "Sons of Guns" a lovely theater, the "Esquire". To bed again early because I am broke. Less than a quid on me now.

Tuesday

Got my baggage checked and my ticket in pocket and went to Southampton, Underground via Piccadilly Circus and Waterloo Main Station. A fine little town, this, and I am at a nice private home recommended by the interpreter on the Empress of Australia, whom I met en route from London.


Mrs. E. Corker

8, Washington Terrace,
Queen's Park,
Southampton.

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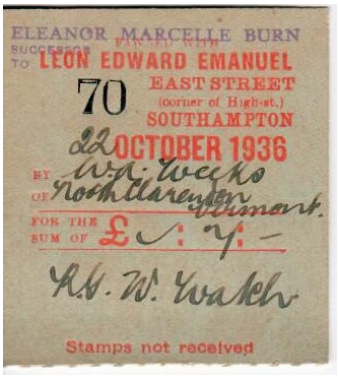
Slept on a feather bed last night and everything reminds me of staying at Grandma's some time back. Had a big breakfast and I guess I did it justice. Went over to the docks. The "Majestic" is on dry dock now. She is a big devil. Had a chocolate milk for lunch and then went to see Miss Easton off to Montreal on the R.M.S. "Montrose". That is a big ship, and one of C.P.R. boats. Just on the next pier was the "Aquatonia" and we saw Herbert Marshall come down the gang plank but you couldn't see he was any more handsome than anyone else around there. He is going to London for some play I suppose.

Had a big surprise at night. Read in the "Cole" that the "Whittier" was sailing at 12 P.M. so rushed about only to find she would be late and sail noon Friday. To bed at 1 A.M.

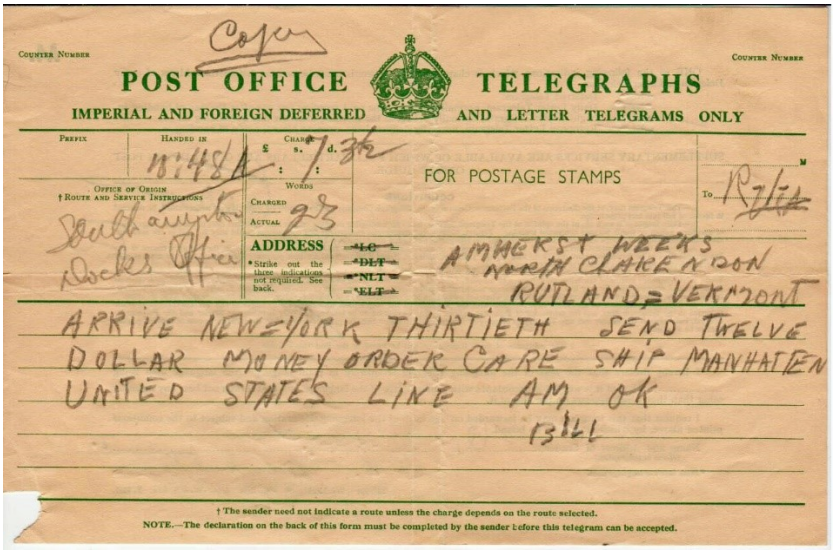
Thursday

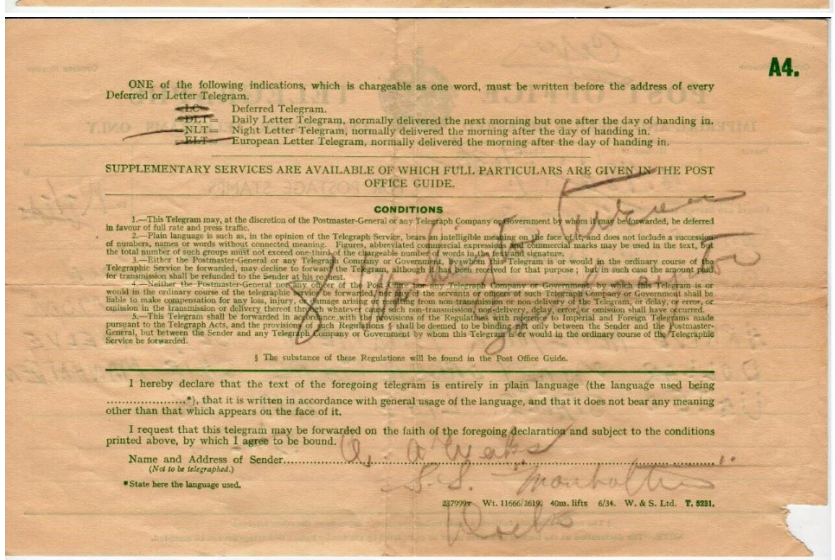

ELEANOR MARCELLE BURN
SUCCESSOR TO LEON EDWARD EMANUEL
70 EAST STREET (corner of High-st.) SOUTHAMPTON
22 OCTOBER 1936
BY W. A. Weeks
OF North Clarendon Vermont.
FOR THE SUM OF £ : 7 : —
R. G. W. Walch
Stamps not received

Went to a show and things will be o.k. but I am near broke. Cabled Father and hope all will be okay on arrival at New York. Went to see "Farmer in the Dell" and "The Witness Chair" trying to forget my worries and lonesomeness. Went to bed at 10:30.

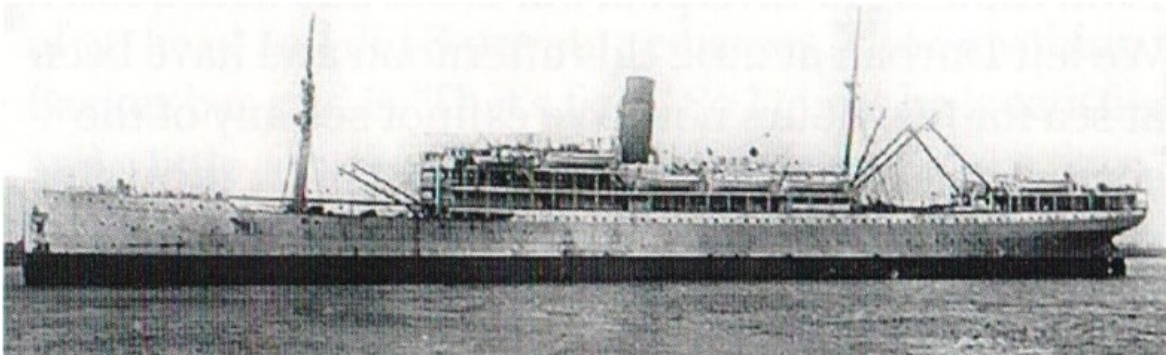
Friday 23rd

Arose early and went to U.S. Lines and fine to arrange my baggage. All o.k. Went aboard "Manhattan" at 10:45 A.M. and what a lovely ship. I feel like a king. Just went to the movies (free) saw Guy Kibbee and Sybil Jason in "The Captain's Kid". We have gone out of sight of land now at 4 P.M. and it won't be long now. Lovely meals and now I'm an American again.

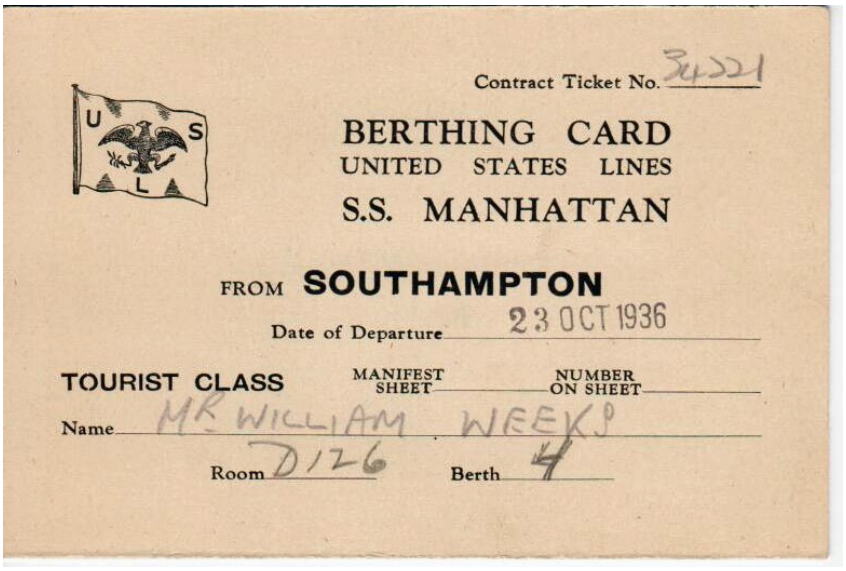

Copy
COUNTER NUMBER
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS
IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN DEFERRED AND LETTER TELEGRAMS ONLY
PREFIX
HANDED IN 10:48 A
CHARGE £ s. d. 7 3½
WORDS CHARGED ACTUAL 23
FOR POSTAGE STAMPS
To R7/EA
OFFICE OF ORIGIN † ROUTE AND SERVICE INSTRUCTIONS
Southampton Docks Office
ADDRESS
*Strike out the three indications not required. See back.
~~LC~~ ~~DLT~~ ~~NLT~~ ~~ELT~~
AMHERST WEEKS NORTH CLARENDON RUTLAND = VERMONT
ARRIVE NEW=YORK THIRTIETH SEND TWELVE DOLLAR MONEY ORDER CARE SHIP MANHATTEN UNITED STATES LIKE AM OK
BILL
† The sender need not indicate a route unless the charge depends on the route selected.
NOTE.—The declaration on the back of this form must be completed by the sender before this telegram can be accepted.


A4.
ONE of the following indications, which is chargeable as one word, must be written before the address of every Deferred or Letter Telegram.
~~LC~~ Deferred Telegram.
~~DLT~~ Daily Letter Telegram, normally delivered the next morning but one after the day of handing in.
~~NLT~~ Night Letter Telegram, normally delivered the morning after the day of handing in.
~~ELT~~ European Letter Telegram, normally delivered the morning after the day of handing in.
SUPPLEMENTARY SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE OF WHICH FULL PARTICULARS ARE GIVEN IN THE POST OFFICE GUIDE.
CONDITIONS
1.—This Telegram may, at the discretion of the Postmaster-General or any Telegraph Company or Government by whom it may be forwarded, be deferred in favour of full rate and press traffic.
2.—Plain language is such as, in the opinion of the Telegraph Service, bears an intelligible meaning on the face of it, and does not include a succession of numbers, names or words without connected meaning. Figures, abbreviated commercial expressions and commercial marks may be used in the text, but the total number of such groups must not exceed one-third of the chargeable number of words in the text and signature.
3.—Either the Postmaster-General or any Telegraph Company or Government, by whom this Telegram is or would in the ordinary course of the Telegraphic Service be forwarded, may decline to forward the Telegram, although it has been received for that purpose; but in such case the amount paid for transmission shall be refunded to the Sender at his request.
4.—Neither the Postmaster-General nor any officer of the Post Office nor any Telegraph Company or Government, by which this Telegram is or would in the ordinary course of the telegraphic service be forwarded, nor any of the servants or officers of such Telegraph Company or Government shall be liable to make compensation for any loss, injury, or damage arising or resulting from non-transmission or non-delivery of the Telegram, or delay, or error, or omission in the transmission or delivery thereof through whatever cause such non-transmission, non-delivery, delay, error, or omission shall have occurred.
5.—This Telegram shall be forwarded in accordance with the provisions of the Regulations with reference to Imperial and Foreign Telegrams made pursuant to the Telegraph Acts, and the provisions of such Regulations § shall be deemed to be binding not only between the Sender and the Postmaster-General, but between the Sender and any Telegraph Company or Government by whom this Telegram is or would in the ordinary course of the Telegraphic Service be forwarded.
§ The substance of these Regulations will be found in the Post Office Guide.
I hereby declare that the text of the foregoing telegram is entirely in plain language (the language used being .....*), that it is written in accordance with general usage of the language, and that it does not bear any meaning other than that which appears on the face of it.
I request that this telegram may be forwarded on the faith of the foregoing declaration and subject to the conditions printed above, by which I agree to be bound.
Name and Address of Sender..... A. A. Weeks
(Not to be telegraphed.) S. S. Manhattan
*State here the language used.
237999r Wt. 11666/2619. 40m. lifts 6/34. W. & S. Ltd. T. 5251.
Docks

On Friday, October 23, 1936, the S.S. Manhattan left port in London at 10:45 a.m. with 1,430 passengers, bound for New York with a stop in Cobh, Ireland. The ship arrived in New York Harbor on October 30, and on October 31, 1936, William arrived home in Clarendon after being away from home for 385 days.



The S.S. Manhattan



Contract Ticket No. 34221

BERTHING CARD
UNITED STATES LINES
S.S. MANHATTAN

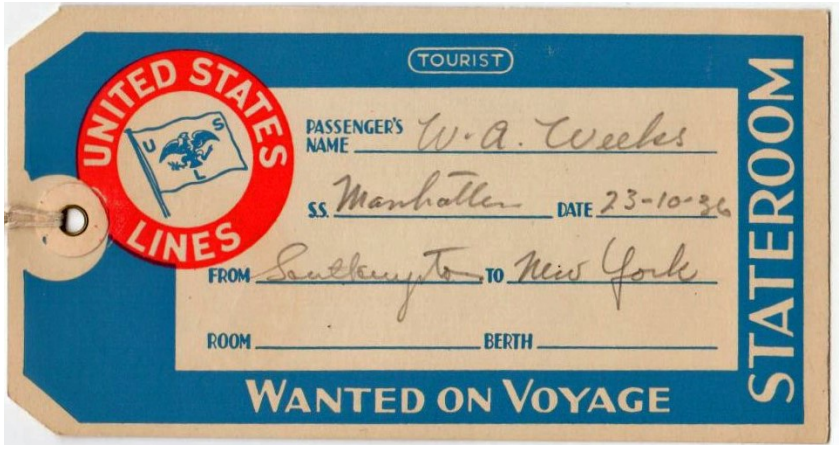
FROM **SOUTHAMPTON**

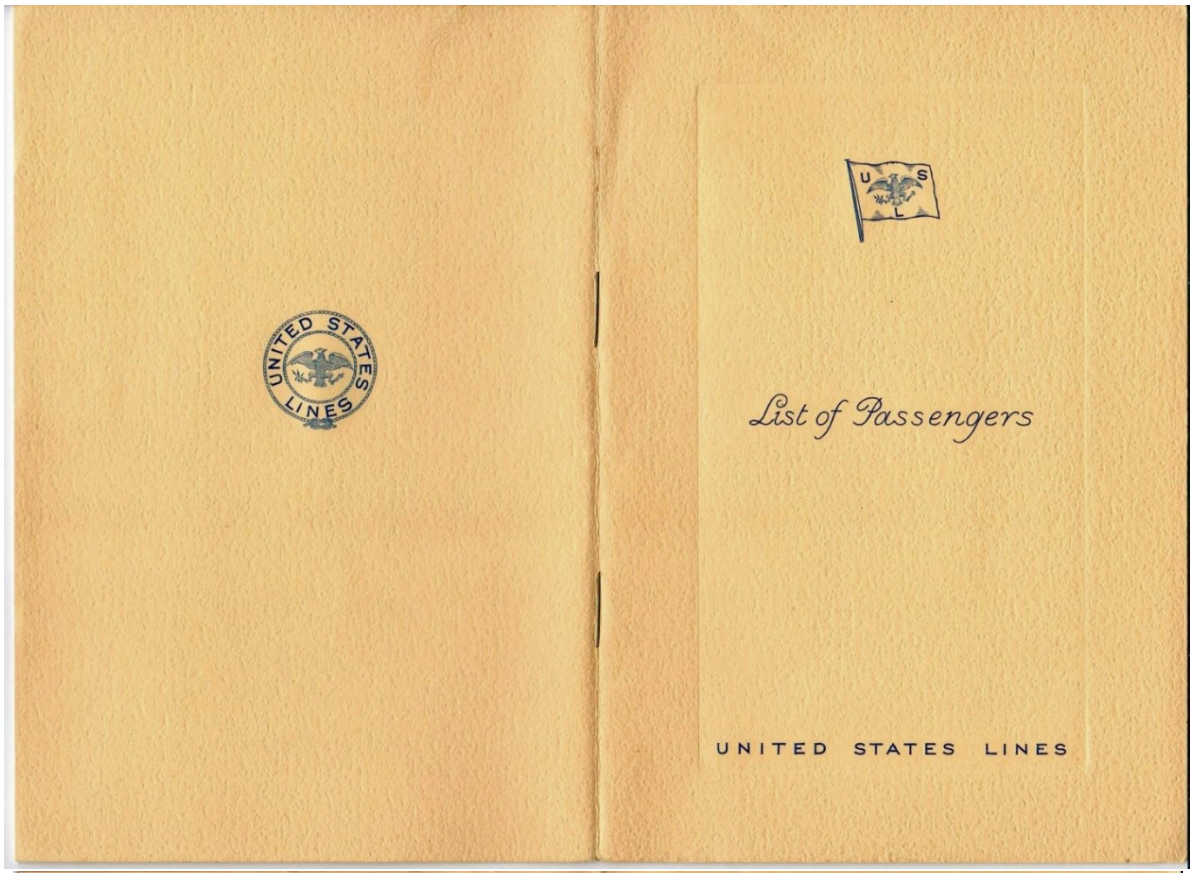
Date of Departure 23 OCT 1936

TOURIST CLASS MANIFEST SHEET NUMBER ON SHEET

Name MR WILLIAM WEEKS

Room D126 Berth 4





Mrs. Erna Schoenwalter
Mr. Arthur Schuster
Mr. Erich Schuster
Mr. Ludwig Sender
Mrs. S. I. Sharp
Miss Betty Sharp
Mr. Asher Sheinfield
Mr. Herman Silverberg
Mr. Alfred Sinn
Mr. Zoltan Spitz
Mr. Max Spohn
Mr. Max Spreu
Mrs. Spreu
Mr. Isaac Stern
Mrs. Stern
Mr. Wolf Stern
Mrs. Stern
Mr. Arthur Stern
Miss Bella Stern
Mrs. Robert Stevenson
Mr. Julius Stiefel
Mr. O. S. Stine
Mrs. Katharina Stitz
Mr. Heinz Stoll
Mr' Julius Strauss
Mrs. Strauss
Master Milton Strauss
Miss Ilse Strauss
Mr. Ludwig Strauss

Mrs. Ellen B. Summerfield

Miss Helena Thompson
Miss Elizabeth A. Travers
Mr. A. W. Trench
Mrs. Trench
Master Alan Trench

Mr. Boyd van Noy
Miss Maria Varley
Mr. Moses Vogel
Mrs. Vogel
Miss Erika Vogel

Miss Hedy Wallach
Rev. Peter J. Walsh
Mr. Heinz Wechsler
Miss Berta Wechsler
Mr. William Weeks
Mr. Hugo Weil
Mrs. Lina Weil
Miss Selma Weil
Miss Ruth Weil
Miss Sophie Weil
Mr. Rudolph Weisskoph
Mrs. Weisskoph
Mr. Hugo Wertheimer
Mrs. Wertheimer
Mr. Wertheimer
Miss Susi Wertheimer
Mrs. Lillian S. Wholey

PASSPORTS

It is essential that all passengers (except United States Citizens) embarking for United States have their passports viséd by the proper American Consular Officer. **Passports and Tickets must be available for inspection on train and at embarkation.**

BAGGAGE INSURANCE

As the liability of the Steamship Companies is limited, passengers are strongly recommended to insure their baggage. Full particulars will be given at the time of booking.

FRIENDS

Passengers who wish friends to accompany them to Southampton may obtain reduced round trip tickets at our London Offices. The price for the return journey is, First Class, 20s.; Third Class, 13s. 3d. Passengers may also obtain their Rail Tickets in advance, the single fare from London to Southampton being: First Class, 16s. 6d.; Third Class, 9s. 11d.

TRAIN RESERVATION

Reservation of seats on the Boat Train can be effected for Passengers and their friends in advance. Applications should be made to one of the London offices not later than 24 hours before departure of the boat train.

PULLMAN PARLOUR CAR SERVICE

In connection with each westbound departure of the s.s. MANHATTAN and WASHINGTON, a Pullman Parlour Car Service will be operated from Waterloo to Southampton. Supplementary fare of 4s. 6d. is charged in addition to the First Class rail fare of 16s. 6d.

Pullman Car reservations can be made at the time of booking and rail tickets secured.

SPECIAL NOTE

Passengers are cautioned against entering into any game of chance or gambling with people they may meet on the train between London and port of embarkation.

P. & C. 56547 2000 7/9/36

UNITED STATES LINES

Embarkation Arrangements

for

October, 1936

Southampton

to

NEW YORK

UNITED STATES LINES

EMBARKATION ARRANGEMENTS

(Subject to change)

Westbound—OCTOBER, 1936

STEAMSHIP	SAILING DATE	Special Train leaves Waterloo Station, London	Embarkation at Southampton
PRESIDENT HARDING	Thur. Oct 1	9.00 p.m.	10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.
WASHINGTON	Thur. Oct 8	*8.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	Thur. Oct 15	9.00 p.m.	10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.
MANHATTAN	Thur. Oct 22	*8.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m. to 11 p.m.
PRESIDENT HARDING	Thur. Oct 29	9.00 p.m.	10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.

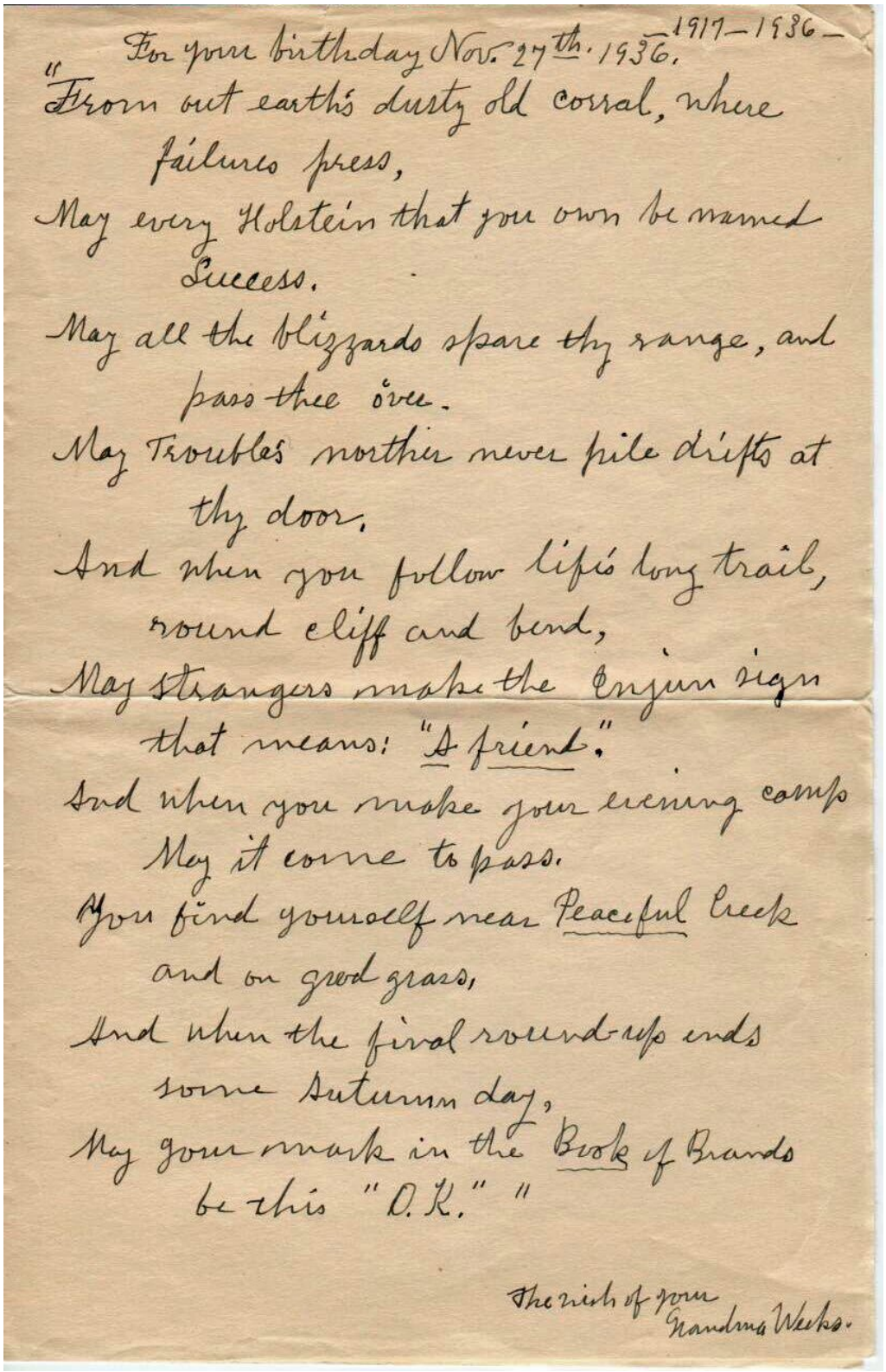
Berth 103

*** Special PULLMAN PARLOUR CARS in connection with MANHATTAN and WASHINGTON boat trains.**

Meals and refreshments available on all trains.

Inquiries should be addressed to Passenger Dept., United States Lines, Head Office, 7, Haymarket, London, S.W.1 ('phone Whitehall 4162. Telegrams "Seapostes," London); City Office, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 ('phone Monument 3400): or to the Southampton Office, Canute Chambers, Canute Road ('phone 6381. Telegrams "Seapostes," Southampton); or to any of the regular Travel Agencies.

William, at home in Clarendon on his 19th birthday, received this poem from his grandmother:



For your birthday Nov. 27th. 1936. 1917–1936

"From out earth's dusty old corral, where
failures press,
May every Holstein that you own be named
Success.
May all the blizzards spare thy range, and
pass thee over.
May Troubles norther never pile drifts at
thy door.
And when you follow life's long trail,
round cliff and bend,
May Strangers make the Injun sign
that means: "A friend."
And when you make your evening camp
May it come to pass.
You find yourself near Peaceful Creek
and on good grass,
And when the final round-up ends
some Autumn day,
May your mark in the Book of Brands
be this "O.K." "

The wish of your
Grandma Weeks.

For your birthday Nov. 27th 1936
– 1917 – 1936 –

"From out earth's dusty old corral, where failures press,

May every Holstein that you own be named Success.

May all the blizzards spare thy range, and pass thee o'er.

May trouble's norther never pile drifts at thy door.

And when you follow life's long trail, round cliff and bend,

May strangers make the Injun sign that means: "I friend".

And when you make your evening camp may it come to pass,

You find yourself near Peaceful Creek and on good grass,

And when the final round-up ends some Autumn day,

May your mark in the Book of Brands be this "O.K." "

The wish of your Grandma Weeks.

After he returned to Vermont, William gave many colorful talks to local organizations about his trip:

Hello 4H Friends:

Dairy work in Vermont has received a great deal of attention in the past few years. In many towns the cattle are tested for Tuberculosis and before the year is out most of the cattle in the state will have been tested. Many farmers have kept milk production records for a long time and know what their cattle are doing and how much it costs to product 100 pounds of milk. There are many others who keep good cattle and have a farm business of sufficient size to secure good returns on their investment.

4H Work has come into the dairy farm picture during the past few years. Club members who have taken an active interest in dairy work and grown improved cattle are now at the point of wanting to know the future possiblities of the dairy business.

William Weeks of North Clarendon is one of the 4H Club members who knows what he is doing and where he is going. I will ask Mr. Weeks to tell you about his 4H Dairy work.

Before I attempt to tell you about my Holstein herd, I want to say that I would never have had a Holstein herd or even owned a Holstein cow, if I hadn't happened to join the 4H Club. In 1924, I joined our local branch of the 4H Club and during the first few years my entire attention was turned to garden and handicraft projects. However, with encouragement from my parents and our club leader, I exhibited a registered Holstein calf at Rutland Fair in 1924. I will never forget this incident, for on parade day, my calf started out of line leading her six year old owner with all the style imaginable through a ditch partially filled with water. This was my first experience in showing dairy cattle and strange as it may seem, I was not inspired by it.

The few years that followed found my interests still wandering far from 4H Calf club work but I think this was due to my young age and early failures in the show ring. I exhibited at our county fair but never tasted first prize during the first four years of my 4H career.

Of course there is always a first time and my first 4H success came in April 1929. The customary county wide 4H Dairy tours were never very "dry" meetings since some hour during the day was usually set aside for a real baseball game. I have always considered myself a good baseball catcher and for that reason alone I attended a dairy field day at the Brandon State School farm. A cattle judging contest was in order and after a great deal of arguing with Mother, I grudgingly participated. There were several other fellows in the same boat with me. I must say however, that I found judging very interesting work and although I had done my best, I experienced the greatest surprise of my life when I was awarded a gold medal as a token of my high rating in the contest. This incident has served as an inspiration to me a great many times.

By 1930 I had entirely forgotten my garden and handicraft projects and my every interest was pertaining to cows. During this year I raised two bull calves and my friends both young and old gave me the nickname of "Bull".

I might say that they hesitate to use this handle now as their viewpoint was changed when I won first and second in a class of ten at Rutland Fair.

My first real business in the Holstein world was the sale of these two bulls, one for $100., the other for $85. With a part of this money I purchased a tiny heifer calf. She is now the Queen of my herd.

In the fall of 1931 came one of my biggest disappointments. At Rutland Fair, after winning first prize with one of my poorer individuals, I expected to duplicate easily with my beautiful calf. She placed second in a strong class while the winner won the trip to Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass. However, on the next day, I had the satisfaction of defeating this animal in the open division.

After the 1932 season I believed that I had reached a very high goal. My animals had won three first prizes at Rutland Fair in addition to one first prize in open competion. Although in the judging contest I placed first, the thing that I prized most was the trip to Eastern States Exposition given in connection with the Grand Champion 4H dairy animal in Vermont. The calf that lost the year before had won for me this time. To top off the seasons winnings, I was awarded the championship in the dairy herd project for Rutland County. Never before had I realized the true meaning of the 4H slogan, "Make the Best Better". Accordingly, I immediately made extensive plans for 1933 and when county fair time came along, I had already been out on the circuit a short time. At Rutland Fair I won the greatest assortment of pri_es of my life. I showed the 1st. and 2nd. prize cow, 1st. and 2nd. prize yearling heifer, 1st. prize heifer calf, 1st. prize yearling bull, and 1st. and 3rd prize herd. In the judging contest I won first but as the year before I prized more greatly the winning of the Championship 4H animal of Vermont by my heifer calf. She is the second animal to win a free trip to Eastern States Exposition for me.

It is perhaps clear why these two trips have meant so much to me. During the 15 days that I have spent at the Eastern States Exposition, I have met people from nearly all parts of North America that are really interested in dairy cattle. I believe that nothing adds to ones education more than meeting people.

To get back to the subject, my Holstein herd, I must not forget the herd sire. It is commonly believed that the bull is one half the herd. I believe that he is perhaps more than that and I spent over a year searching for my herd sire.

He is not a proven bull. His dam hasn't got a big record. I didn't select him because he was a show bull nor because I couldn't afford a more expensive bull. I got him because every daughter of his sire is a better producer than her dam, and because every time his sire, Sir Inka May, is bred to a daughter of his grandsire, North Star Joe Homestead, the offspring proves sensational, and because his dam never had a poor daughter or a poor son, and because he was a full brother that has made good. And furthermore one look at his own first calves, made me say, I'll bet a dollar he'll make good too.

Perhaps I have talked more about myself than my Holstein herd. I thought that by showing you the successes and failures of building the herd, I would also show you what the herd is. I now own 7 females of which three have two year old records of around or over 300 pounds butter fat on twice a day milking. I also own the herd sire and a few bull calves for sale.

Whenever I am showing or working with a cow I think of the words of Hon. Frank O. Lowden. He once said, "The cow is the most wonderful laboratory. She takes the grasses of the pasture and the roughage of the field and converts them into the most perfect food for man. In that food is a mysterious something which scientists have found essential to the highest health of the human race and which can be found no where else. Men have searched for centuries the fabled fountain of youth. The nearest approach to that fountain yet discovered is the udder of the cow."

It is the truth of these words that gives the cow a place with the 4H club as two of my best friends.

Being in school most of the time however, I can devote but little attention to my herd right now, but it is my hearts desire to study agriculture in college and then build a Holstein herd of the very highest quality. If college is impossible, and this may be the case, I will strive for the same goal - an outstanding herd of Holstein cows.

Our 1934 4H Dairy work is planned to assist every member in securing a start with good cattle. Assisting him with information to make a success of the project. Our members who have yearlings will be advised as to best feeding and management to follow. Then the members who have producing animals will keep milk production accounts to learn if their work was well carried through the first two years.

Club meetings will be planned so as to discuss problems of the project and to learn new practices. What to look for in feeding calves, yearlings and producing cows. How to fit and show at the Fairs, how to register an animal, how to make a blanket and halter. Have a knowledge of improvement breeding, milk testing record keeping, bacteria and production of clean milk. Dairy exhibiting and tours will also enter into the project to widen the importance of the work. Over seventy members are now enrolled, we hope to increase the number to 100 before February 15th. County Breeders, civic organizations and bankers will be asked to help us in making this project more valuable.

During 1936, I touched on the shores of eight foreign countries and without retracing my steps travelled 40,000 miles by boat and rail. With fifteen minutes allotted to me this afternoon, I'll have to talk at the rate of better than 2,000 miles per minute.

In October 1935, with a couple of dollars in my pocket I left Vermont bound for St. Louis, Missouri, where I accepted a position with the show herd of the Carnation Milk Company at the National Dairy Show. With four fellow workers and 19 head of cattle, I traversed the remaining distance to the Pacific coast in a freight car, crossing the states of Kansas, Nebraska, South Dako Wyoming, Montanna, Idaho, and finally arriving at Seattle Washington. There I remained at the Carnation Farm for three months, milking and feeding registered Holstein cows three and four times daily.

Early in January, twenty four head of cattle were consigned to a gentleman in South Africa from the farm. Naturally someone was required to take charge of the cattle on their voyage across the Atlantic ocean and on their journey to their inland African destination. Fortune smiled my way, and we sailed from the port of Seattle on the Dutch motor ship "Mapia". After loading much lumber from Canadian ports, it was January 18th when we docked at our

when we docked at our first major port San Francisco. Of keen interest to me was that huge structure that spans the beautiful bay and joining Oakland and San Francisco, the bridge at the time being well under construction.

Eleven days of rolling the Pacific Ocean with the brilliant Mexican sun above found us approaching the entrance of Panama Canal. With greatest of ease the sleepy looking longshoremen and natives moored our 18,000 ton liner thru the three locks and across the 40 mile wide isthmus. The temperature was extremely high but the cattle on board, natives of a colder land, did not seem to respond unfavorably.

Continuing on to New Orleans, la., we were greeted by a severe cold snap with thermometers nearly at 32 degrees freezing the cattle were still taking the trip in comfort despite their mere stall space of eight X three feet. Departing at last from the good old U.S.A. and with darkness hovering over the dirty Mississippi, the cow No. 4128 presented her bovine friends and the ships company with a lovely black heifer calf. Two days later a second calf arrived and with this event we left the lonely mountains of Haiti and steered away for/

for 23 long days at sea without sight of land nor other ship. Well across the Equator and but a few days from the port of Cape Town, South Africa, another addition to our bovine population appeared. This time a husky little bull.

The visit to that southernmost city of Africa, Cape Town was rushed. News reporters were amazed to find the cargo of cows aboard our ship. Those tiny calves were photographed more often than a professional model.

To all visitors, Cape Town offers its unequaled Table Mountains, towering from the red roofs of the houses to the sky. Projecting 3500 feet right up from the sea, entirely of rock and assuming the form of a huge box, this mountain presents itself to the traveler, a really marvelous spectacle.

Eight more days on the Indian Ocean found the voyage over at last. For seventy eight days those cows had not set foot on Mother Earth nor seen green grass. One by one the powerful cranes on the docks at Durban, Natal, brought each cow safely ashore. Never a mishap had occured on the ocean, and not twenty four animals as had started the voyage, but 29 were on the list when herded to the Quarantine station for a thirty day stay.

Six/

Six hundred miles over African dessert and plain brought the cows to the little Transvaal settlement of White River; the cows destination and mine.

The section of South Africa where I remained for six months was very beautiful with its splendid orchards of grape fruit, oranges, and avocado pears; its irrigated meadows of Kukuyu and Tuberosa grass; and above all its exceptional climate. The soil is little more than natural brick, the red clay being baked in the sun, and 14,000 acres of this type of soil comprised the farm where 150 black natives, an Afrikaans lad, and myself were the crew.

The natives of South Africa toil from six in the morning until six at night for a period of six months, then retire to their kraal for a similar period. While working, each native is given a ticket containing thirty squares wherein a mark is made by the boss for each satisfactory day's work. When the ticket is filled it is redemable for a months wage which varies between three and five dollars.

The cheif food of the native is"mealy meal porridge" which corresponds to corn meal mush in America. One pot of porridge and one cook boy usually serves 120 natives./

The pot is kept steaming at all hours and a hungry native has only to scoup out a generous handful with his unwashed hands, roll the porridge into a ball formation, and eat. A few natives are fortunate enough to have meat provided once weekly by their employers and though this is seldom cooked, the boys seem to understand exactly how to prepare an excellent meal for a white man, when their turn com es a kitchen boy.

A few educated natives can speak and understand the English language but never when beig told to work. Therefore any white boss must learn at least "kitchen kaffir" and preferably several native lingos such as Zulu, Basuto, or whatever tribe language as is spoken in the area.

Natives on the average have five or six wives, which they must purchase with cattle, the price for one wife varying between 15 and 30 head of cattle. The native boss boy at our farm used to send 22 children down the road each morning on their way to school. His seven wives worked the same as the men by cutting thatching grass for the roofs of their huts.

Fifteen miles from my cottage, lay the vasy tract of waste land known as the Kruger National Park. Larger than the British Isles, it is set aside for the/

wild animal life of South Africa. No one is allowed in the Reserve on foot, and no animals are are killed, hence the animals may be viewed in their natural surroundings by tourists passing in their automobiles. Most interesting of the beasts are the lions. These fellows fear nothing and it is not unusual to find them with their fore paws resting on the bumper of one's car. They are not really treacherous because deer and elk abound in plenty to serve as food, and with the exception of maneaters, the lion always prefers animal flesh to human flesh for food. The maneater lion is quite the same as any other at birth, but at some time of his life he has picked up the quill of a porcupine in his fore paw. He cannot extract the quill and its presense prevents him from killing a beast. Therefore he becomes hungry and searches for natives whom he can kill with a single blow. The lion is very kind to his prey, he does not tortue, but rather kills it immediately.

One could go on and on with the various animals, but to mention a few would include the kudu, impala, baboon giraffe, water buck, steinbuck, leapord, rhinoceros, hippopotimus, elephant, jackel, and the springbok. All of these may be seen living in their natural environmen

unmolested by civilization.

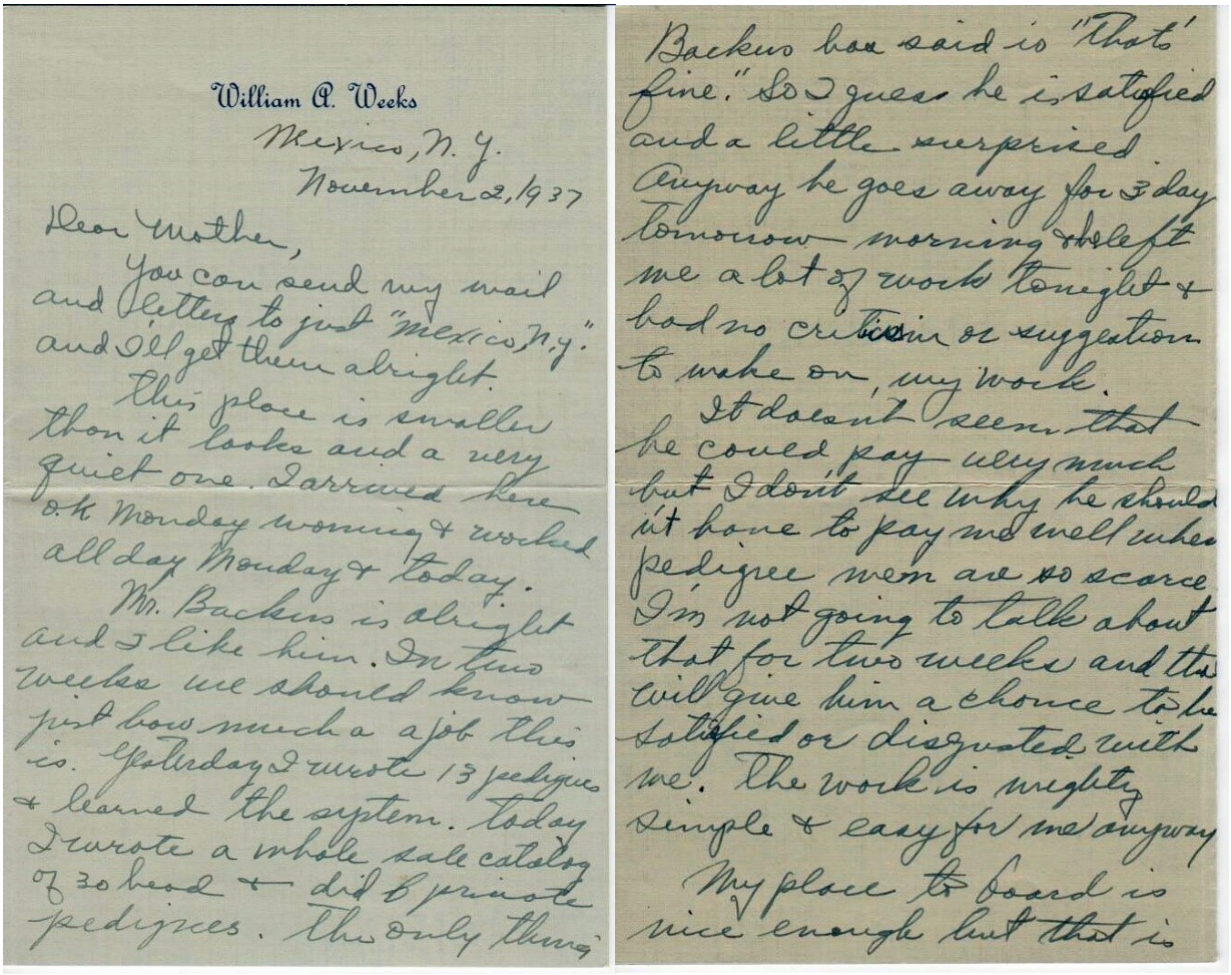
Amazing to the traveler are the South African cities, with their modern buildings and up to the minute methods Particularly so is Johannesburg, the largest South African city and the gold center of the world. Less than half a century ago this settlement claimed a population of less than 1,000people, and today there are 800,000 mostly whites, but several thousand of the natives, and also the Hindus imported from India. Gold mining has long been the industry of importance in Jo-Burg, as it is known to the Afrikaaans people. At the outskirts of the city are found huge mountains not natural ones but man made, the result of the gold mining process by which sand is heaped in piles rather than being replaced underground.

Not as large but of interest is the city of Kimberly known throughout the world as the land of diamonds. Then there is Bloomfontein, the center of the beef and meat packing industry, a typical settlement of the early Dutch people. Cape Town and Durban are the ports with the latter the largest in the Union. Much sugar cane is grown nearby for export, as is considerable wool. Incidently when talking of the wool business

down there, I enquired where the Merino sheep were imported from. The reply I received was " Addison, some place in America". Further investigation proved that those sheep were exported from Orwell, Vermont to the Transvaal, in South Africa.

After seeing much of this very interesting country my thoughts began to turn toward home and Vermont, so after 40 days at sea via the Canary Islands, London and Southampton, England; Cherbourg, France; and Cobh, Ireland, I f und myself greeting the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. After twice crossing the Atlantic ocean and the Equator, crossing the U.S. and sailing the Pacific mmmm and Indian oceans, and visiting in Europe, I must say that right here in Rutland County Vermont, is a great place to be.

After working on the home farm for a year, William took a job working for Backus Pedigree Company in Mexico, New York. His job was to write pedigrees for purebred Holstein cattle:



William A. Weeks
Mexico, N. Y.
November 2, 1937

Dear Mother,

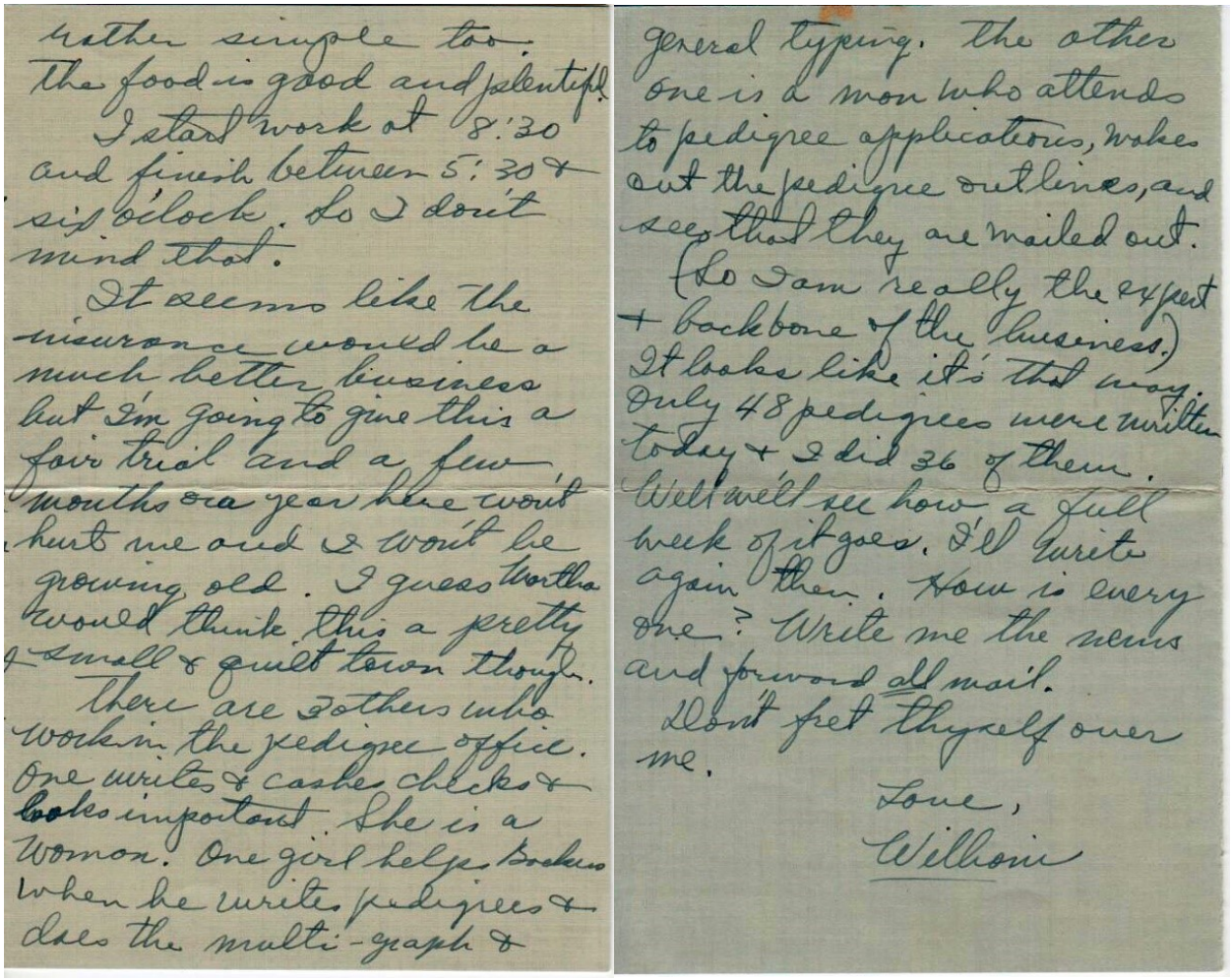
You can send my mail and letters to just "Mexico, N.Y." and I'll get them alright.

This place is smaller than it looks and a very quiet one. I arrived here o.k. Monday morning & worked all day Monday & today.

Mr. Backus is alright and I like him. In two weeks we should know just how much a job this is. Yesterday I wrote 13 pedigrees & learned the system. Today I wrote a whole sale catalog of 30 head + did 6 private pedigrees. The only thing Backus has said is "That's fine." So I guess he is satisfied and a little surprised. Anyway he goes away for 3 day tomorrow morning & left me a lot of work tonight & had no criticism or suggestions to make on my work.

It doesn't seem that he could pay very much but I don't see why he should let home to pay me well when pedigree men are so scarce. I'm not going to talk about that for two weeks and then will give him a chance to be satisfied or disgusted with me. The work is mighty simple & easy for me anyway.

My place to board is nice enough but that is



rather simple too. The food is good and plentiful.

I start work at 8:30 and finish between 5:30 & six o'clock. So I don't mind that.

It seems like the insurance would be a much better business but I'm going to give this a fair trial and a few months or a year here won't hurt me and I won't be growing old. I guess Worthington would think this a pretty small & quiet town though.

There are 2 others who work in the pedigree office. One writes & cashes checks & looks important. She is a Woman. One girl helps Backus when he writes pedigrees & does the multi-graph & general typing. The other one is a man who attends to pedigree applications, makes out the pedigree outlines, and sees that they are mailed out. (So I am really the expert + backbone of the business.) It looks like it's that way. Only 48 pedigrees were written today + I did 26 of them. Well we'll see how a full week of it goes. I'll write again then. How is every one? Write me the news and forward all mail.

Don't fret thyself over me.

Love,
Willard

Mexico, N.Y.
November 2, 1937

Dear Mother,

You can send my mail and letters to just "Mexico, N.Y." and I'll get them alright.

This place is smaller than it looks and a very quiet one. I arrived here o.k. Monday morning and worked all day Monday and today.

Mr. Backus is alright and I like him. In two weeks we should know just how much of a job this is. Yesterday I wrote 13 pedigrees and learned the system. Today I wrote a whole sale catalog of 30 head and did 6 private pedigrees. The only thing Backus has said is, "That's fine." So I guess he is satisfied and a little unsurprised. Anyway he goes away for 3 days tomorrow morning and he left me a lot of work tonight and had no criticism or suggestions to make o my work.

It doesn't seem that he could pay very much but I don't see why he shouldn't have to pay me well when pedigree men are so scarce. I'm not going to talk about that for two weeks and that will give him a chance to be satisfied or disgusted with me. The work is mighty simple and easy for me anyway.

My place to board is nice enough but that is rather simple too. The food is good and plentiful.

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It seems like the insurance would be a much better business but I'm going to give this a fair trial and a few months or a year here won't hurt me and I won't be growing old. I guess Martha would think this is a pretty small and quiet town though.

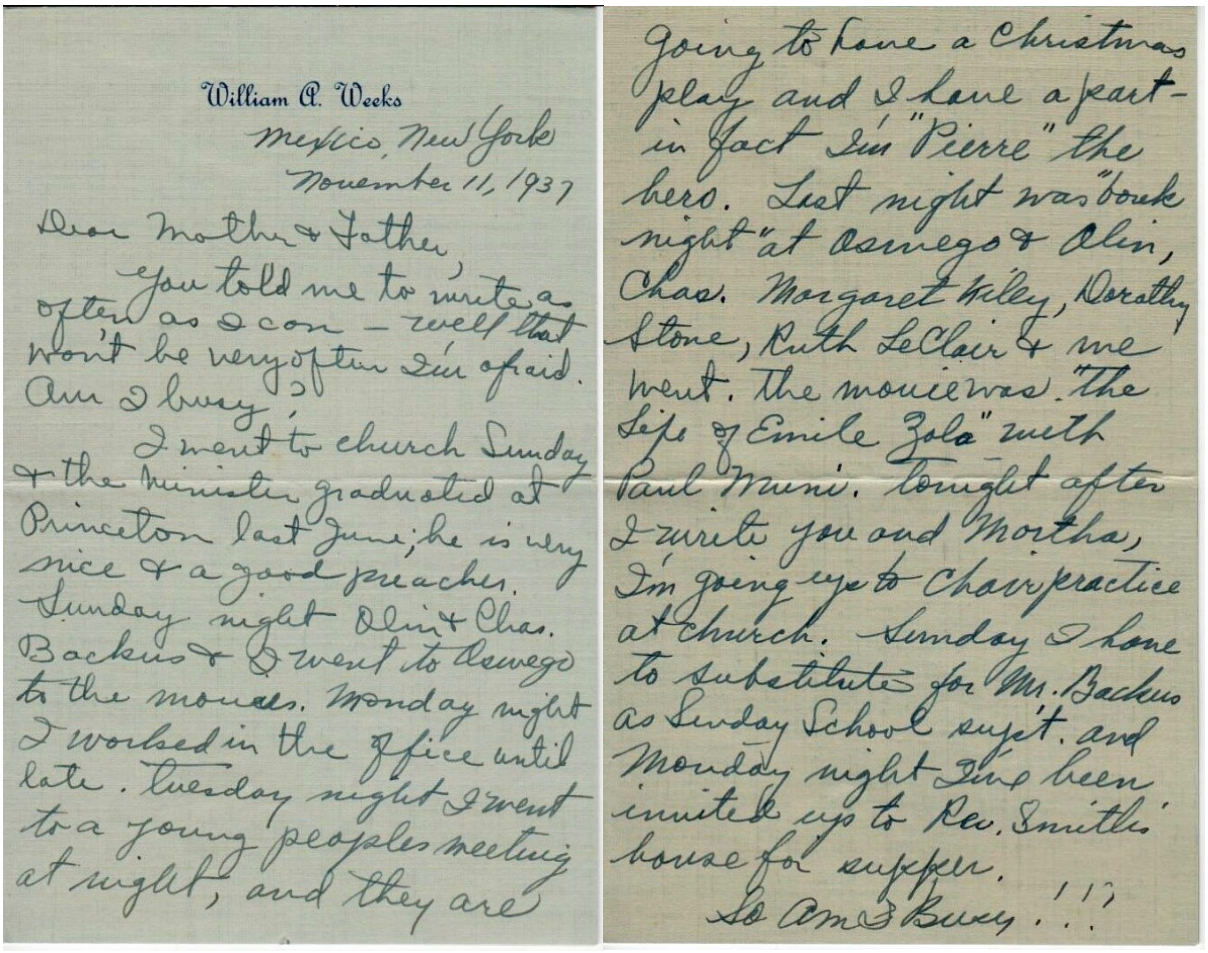
There are 3 others who work in the pedigree office. One writes and cashes checks and looks important. She is a woman. One girl helps Backus when he writes pedigrees and does the multigraph and general typing. The other one is a man who attends to pedigree applications, makes out the pedigree outlines, and sees that they are mailed out.

(So I am really the expert and backbone of the business.) It looks like it's that way. Only 48 pedigrees were written today and I did 36 of them. Well we'll see how a full week of it goes. I'll write again then. How is everyone? Write me the news and forward <u>all</u> mail. Don't fret thyself over me.

Love,

William

As promised, William write home a week later:



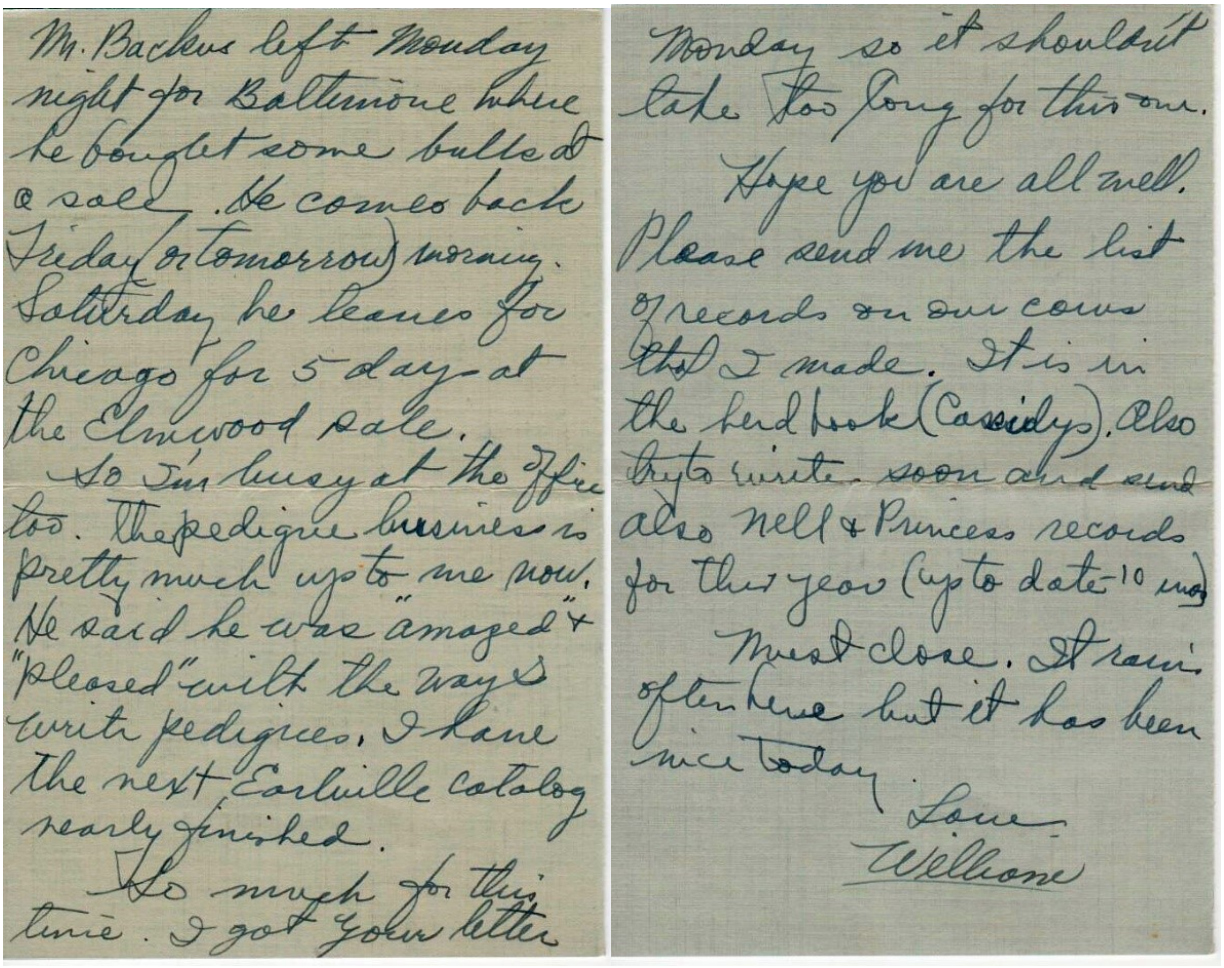
William A. Weeks
Mexico, New York
November 11, 1937

Dear Mother & Father,

You told me to write as often as I can – well that won't be very often I'm afraid. Am I busy!

I went to church Sunday & the minister graduated at Princeton last June; he is very nice & a good preacher. Sunday night Olin & Chas. Backus & I went to Oswego to the movies. Monday night I worked in the office until late. Tuesday night I went to a young peoples meeting at night, and they are going to have a Christmas play and I have a part – in fact I'm "Pierre" the hero. Last night was "book night" at Oswego & Olin, Chas. Margaret Riley, Dorothy Stone, Ruth LeClair & me went. The movie was "the Life of Emile Zola" with Paul Muni. Tonight after I write you and Martha, I'm going up to Choir practice at church. Sunday I have to substitute for Mr. Backus as Sunday School supt. and Monday night I've been invited up to Rev. Smiths' house for supper.

So Am I Busy . . .



Mr. Backus left Monday night for Baltimore where he bought some bulls at a sale. He comes back Friday (or tomorrow) morning. Saturday he leaves for Chicago for 5 days at the Elmwood sale.

So I'm busy at the office too. The pedigree business is pretty much up to me now. He said he was "amazed" & "pleased" with the way I work pedigrees. I have the next Earlville catalog nearly finished.

So much for this time. I got your letter Monday so it shouldn't take too long for this one.

Hope you are all well. Please send me the list of records on our cows that I made. It is in the herd book (Cassidys). Also try to write soon and send also Nell & Princess records for this year (up to date-10 mos)

Must close. It rains often here but it has been nice today.

Love
Wellsie

Mexico, New York
November 11, 1937

Dear Mother and Father,

You told me to write as often as I can – well that won't be very often I'm afraid. Am I busy?

I went to church Sunday and the minister graduated at Princeton last June; he is very nice and a good preacher. Sunday night Olin and Charles Backus and I went to Oswego to the movies. Monday night I worked in the office until late. Tuesday night I went to a young people's meeting at night, and they are going to have a Christmas play and I have a part – in fact I'm "Pierre" the hero. Last night was "book night" at Oswego and Olin, Charles, Margaret Kiley, Dorothy Stone, Ruth LeClair and me went. The movie was "The Life of Emile Zola" with Paul Muni. Tonight after I write you and Martha, I'm going to choir practice at church. Sunday I have to substitute for Mr. Backus as Sunday School superintendent and Monday night I've been invited up to Rev. Smith's house for supper. So Am I Busy!!?

Mr. Backus left Monday night for Baltimore where he bought some bulls at a sale. He comes back Friday (or tomorrow) morning. Saturday he leaves for Chicago for 5 days at the Elmwood sale.

So I'm busy at the office too. The pedigree business is pretty much up to me now. He said he was "amazed" and "pleased" with the way I write pedigrees. I have the next Earlville catalog nearly finished.

So much for this time. I got your letter Monday so it shouldn't take too long for this one.

Hope you are all well. Please send me the list of records on our cows that I made. It is I the herd book (Cassidy's). Also try to write soon and send also Nell and Princess records for that year (up to date -10 ___).

Must close. It rains often here but it has been nice today.

Love,

William

Epilogue

Shortly after this final letter was written, William celebrated his 20th birthday on November 27, 1937. Although he enjoyed his job with Backus Pedigree Company, in the end love won out and he returned home to Vermont. He married his high school sweetheart, Martha Shakespeare, on March 12, 1938. The young couple bought a farm in the "Sugar Hill" area of East Wallingford, Vermont.

On January 21, 1939, a blizzard raged outside their remote farmhouse in East Wallingford, making roads impassable. That stormy day, at the age of 21, William delivered his first child, Thomas Shakespeare Weeks, alone with Martha in the farmhouse.

William went on to do many things in his life, but few can say they had done and seen as much by the tender age of 21 years as he had.